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SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS

Roman and English

*With Revised Text, Introductions, and Notes Glossarial,
Critical, and Historical.*

BY

CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.C.L.,

LATE BISHOP OF E. ANDREWS

AND FELLOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE; AUTHOR OF 'SHAKSPEARE'S
KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF THE BIBLE.'

IN THREE VOLS.—VOL. I.

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SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS

VOL. I.

CORIOLANUS

JULIUS CÆSAR

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

KING JOHN





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NOTE.

IF this attempt to edit the twelve Historical Plays of Shakspeare in a thoroughly readable form for families and for students is favourably received, it is the Editor's hope that (life and health permitting) they may be speedily followed by three more volumes under the title of 'Shakspeare's Select Comedies and Tragedies,' containing the same number of Plays—six of each kind—edited upon the same plan. This division of the Plays into Histories, Comedies, and Tragedies, is that which was adopted by the editors of the original collection of them, in the volume known as *the first Folio*; only, in that collection, the three Roman Plays, which are certainly no less Historical than the English, are placed among the Tragedies.



TO
THE BOYS,
PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME,
OF
WINCHESTER COLLEGE,
WITH EARNEST DESIRE THAT THE
BEST ASPIRATIONS OF OUR MUNIFICENT FOUNDER FOR
THEIR TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL WELFARE
MAY BE FULFILLED IN THEM,
This Edition
OF SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS
IS INSCRIBED,—
IN ALL THANKFULNESS
FOR BENEFITS WHICH THE EDITOR HAS RECEIVED
AS FELLOW OF THAT COLLEGE, —
ON THE
500TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION,
OCTOBER 20, 1882.





P R E F A C E.

IN the prefatory "Address to the Reader," by John Heminge and Henry Condell, who had been Shakspeare's "friends" and "fellows" on the stage, and who combined to publish the first *Collection* of his plays—known as "the first folio"—in 1623, seven years after his death, it is remarked that "it had been a thing worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings." The reasons for such a wish are sufficiently obvious in every case; but they become infinitely stronger under circumstances such as those in which the plays of Shakspeare must have been, for the most part, originally composed, and were—oftentimes, if not always—without his name and authority given to the world. The number of plays contained in that first folio—which does not include *Pericles of Tyre*—is 36. Of these, 16, or nearly one-half, had previously appeared, and some of them more than once or twice, singly in quarto; but the other 20 had remained in MS., more or less at the mercy of managers and players;

or at least no previous editions of them are now known to exist. The editors of the folio, out of a natural desire to enhance the value of their own volume, while they boast in the title-page that its contents are "published according to the true original copies," have not scrupled to speak of the earlier impressions as derived "from stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors;"¹ and they would lead us to believe that they themselves had, to a considerable extent at least, the benefit of the poet's own MSS. But even if we accept their statement to that effect, still we are obliged to doubt how far they made a judicious use of them; inasmuch as in some places the earlier quartos give a text superior to that of the folio.² And, at all events, the

¹ "As Malone long ago remarked, this statement concerning the imperfection of the quartos, one and all, is *not strictly true of any but two of the whole number*—viz., *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry V.*"—Dyce's Pref. to Edit. of 1857, p. 3. In his prefatory notice to *King Richard III.*, he observes that of that play "the text of the folio is inferior to that of the quartos." But Brewer condemns Malone's statement as "incautious," because it is not necessary to suppose that the editors of the folio intended to condemn *all* the previous printed copies.—English Studies, p. 245.

² For testimony to the manifold delinquencies of the first folio, see Lettsom's Preface to Walker's Critical Examination, p. liv.; and Grant White, vol. i. p. cclviii. Paul Stapfer's judgment is as follows: "As it swarms with printers' mistakes, unintelligible passages, false lines, wrong punctuation, and errors and absurdities of every kind, it cannot be appealed to as the true text, and can only serve as the basis for conjecture."—P. 11. And for a detailed comparison of texts of folio and quartos to the disparagement of the former, see Dyce's Pref. 1857, pp. 3-6. He concludes: "In short, Heminge and Condell made up the folio of 1623, partly from those very quartos which they denounced as worthless, and partly from MS. stage-copies, some of which had been depraved in not a few places by the alterations and botchery of the

"wish" they have expressed remains on record, and may suffice to convince us that, probably, in no one instance have we now a play of Shakspeare in the condition in which it would have come to us, had he himself been his own editor; although it must be admitted that some of the quartos which were published in his lifetime are declared in their titles to have been enlarged and *corrected* by his own hand.¹

From the want of such revision as an author himself is alone competent to give, and which it had been Ben Jonson's better fortune to give to *his* first folio, "printed under his own inspection" (in 1516, the year of Shakspeare's death, and twenty-one years before he himself died), it may, I think, be reasonably doubted whether the plays of Shakspeare, notwithstanding all their popularity, have ever yet been read so extensively as they deserve to be; and still more, whether they have been enabled to render the full amount of service as *a standard and model of literary excellence* which they would have done, had they not, in their publication, been deprived of advantages which the works of almost every author have been permitted to enjoy. It

players, and awkwardly mutilated for the purpose of curtailing the pieces in representation."

¹ "I firmly believe that not one of Shakspeare's dramas was originally printed from his own manuscript."—Dyce, Pref. to second edition, p. xv. *sq.* note; and comp. Pref. to edit. 1857, p. 6. On the other hand, Professor Brewer supposes "that he had by him at the time of his death manuscripts of those plays which had never been printed and some of the printed quartos; that he was employed in altering and enlarging or recasting the latter when death surprised him at his unfinished task; and that on his deathbed, by his own directions, his papers were transferred to Heminge and Condell, to prepare for the press."—English Studies, p. 244.

adds to our astonishment at the transcendent abilities of our greatest poet, that he was also a man of judgment and discretion in the transactions of ordinary life, or, as Paul Stapfer calls him, "a practical, prudent Englishman."¹ When, in the latter period of his life, he retired to Stratford, emancipated from the necessities, the hurry, and the bustle of his theatrical profession, had he taken in hand to supervise and edit his own works, it may reasonably be supposed that he would have shown the same practical good sense and sound judgment in dealing with many a passage which (it must be confessed) now disfigures them.² As "a good and prudent man"—and no one doubts that he is entitled to that character—in performing the office of critic to himself, he would have brought to the task a determination to apply the rules of Horace:—

"Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomtis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta, parùm claris lucem dare coget,
Arguet ambigüè dictum, mutanda notabit,
Fict Aristarchus."—*De Art. Poet.*, 445-450.

It is true that our author's plays, wherever they are

¹ "A man of business," according to Mr Halliwell-Phillipps.—*Outlines*, p. 120. Comp. *Brewer's Studies*, p. 239.

² "It is not improbable that some of Shakspeare's works, perfect in their art when represented before a select audience, might have been deteriorated by their adaptation to the public stage, and that in some instances the later copies only have been preserved." Hence "may have arisen inequalities in taste and art which otherwise appear to be inexplicable, and which *would doubtlessly have been removed* had Shakspeare lived to have given to the public an edition of his works during his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon."—Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, ed. 1882, p. ix.

read, excite, for the most part, unbounded admiration, and communicate intense delight. It is also true that in his text, as it now stands, there are long passages, continued through entire scenes,—and those, in many instances, of the most sublime character,—in which no sensible reader, however critical and fastidious, would wish to alter a single word, even at the present day;¹ nay, which a modern Aristotle or Longinus might select as affording endless material for commendation, and none for blame;—passages, in style not less vigorous than Dryden or Johnson; not less free from any blemish of uncouthness or ungracefulness in the movement of the verse than the most finished productions of Pope, or Goldsmith, or Gray; and, at the same time, in diction more purely and thoroughly vernacular. But then in how many of the plays, even of the first and second class, are there not only single passages, but almost entire scenes, of which this cannot be said; which tend to produce upon the reader's mind an impression widely and sometimes painfully the reverse! I do not now refer to instances of mere coarseness or indelicacy, necessarily offensive in a more refined age, which are easily removable, and in some editions have been removed, and for which it may be to a large extent our poet is not responsible;²—of licentiousness

¹ So far I dissent from Mr Courtenay, who has remarked: "I fear nearly every speech in Shakspeare contains something that a delicate and correct critic would expunge or alter!"—Vol. i. p. 145.

² See Sh. and Bible, pp. 250-252; also Mr and Mrs C. Clark in Sh. Key, p. 52. "There are certain passages of gratuitous coarseness that have been preserved in most editions of Shakspeare's works, as being by possibility his; but we believe from their irrelevant and *tacked on* effect

and immorality in Shakespeare—in the strict sense of the terms—there is, as Coleridge has observed, positively none: nor, again, do I refer to points of style disapproved of now, but not offensive to the taste of the Elizabethan and subsequent age,—such, for instance, as the introduction of plays upon words and petty conceits in serious passages;¹ neither am I speaking of the difference to be traced in our author's increasing ease and power and accuracy of composition, as we pass on from his earlier to his middle-aged and later plays.² To mark that progress is itself a valuable object of study and of interest. Moreover, a *juvenile* production, having merits of its own, may be read with pleasure *as such*; and not only so, it may serve at the same time to illustrate defects in matter and in style, to which the attention of the young student of literature should be early drawn, in order to avoid them. Thus we may read *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare's first attempt at tragedy, not with the highest approval of a strict judgment, but with the gratified feelings due to it, as a wonderful production of our poet's earlier years. But the case which I have in view is of a different kind. Every reader of Shakspeare's plays can call to mind passages by which (apart from blemishes such as those I just now alluded to) his taste has been offended and his

that they are merely *excrecences supplied by the actors* of those parts in which they occur. . . . We think that wherever there is irrelevancy or dramatic purposelessness in gross passages occurring in Shakspeare's plays, *these may very confidently be believed to be none of his writing.*"

¹ See note on *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1. 229.

² I do not say "latest," for in some of these—*e.g.*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is (however it may be accounted for) an evident falling off in *ease* and *accuracy*.

patience tried ;—instances, for example, of obscurity, of redundancy, of bombast, of slipshod diction, of far-fetched images, of quibbles devoid of wit, of allusions to obsolete customs, having for the antiquarian perhaps some little interest, but none for the ordinary reader ; instances often requiring long explanation, and when explained, not worth the words that have been spent upon them.¹ And concerning these instances, I remark that in regard to some, *it is possible* Shakspeare himself was not responsible for them ; while in regard to others, *it is highly probable* he would have removed them if he had been consulted, or if he had had the opportunity of doing so as his own editor.²

And hence I draw a further observation. It is not that Shakspeare requires to be *modernised* in the sense in which Chaucer has been *modernised*, any more than our Book of Common Prayer, produced fifty years earlier, requires to undergo that process. Neither does Shakspeare require to be *improved*, in the sense in which Dryden, as he supposed, improved the *Tempest*—in conjunction with Davenant—and *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* (in his “All for Love”) ; and John Dennis improved, as he supposed, *Coriolanus* ; or Voltaire improved, as he supposed, *Julius Cæsar*. But what he does require, is to be relieved of passages, or parts of scenes — as compared with the whole, very inconsiderable parts—which *possibly* are not his own,

¹ The reader may compare the remarks of Hallam, certainly not less strong, to the same effect.—Hist. Lit., vol. iii. pp. 576-578.

² Pope, in his Preface, speaks of “Shakspeare’s works having come down to us defaced with innumerable blunders and absurdities which are not to be attributed to the author.”

and which, if his own, his riper and more deliberate judgment would, *in all probability*, have condemned.¹

It will appear an act of great, but not, I trust, inexcusable boldness on the part of the present editor, if he confesses that one of his objects in this publication has been to endeavour, in some measure, to do for our immortal bard the special service which, were he living now, he might desire to do for himself,—to relieve him from, at least, the more obvious imperfections which at once derogate from his supreme excellence, and diminish the gratification to be derived from the perusal of his works; and so to obtain for him some portion of the justice of which, from the circumstances which attended both their production and publication to the world, he has been hitherto deprived. And when it is remembered that no less than twenty out of the thirty-seven plays were not published in any known edition till seven years after the author's death, it will easily be understood, in respect to those plays at least, how much ground there must be to suspect the operation of other

¹ It is remarked by Mr Hudson, a devoted admirer and competent judge of Shakspeare, that had "he lived longer, possibly instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he would have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had written."—Shaks. Life, Art, and Characters, vol. i. p. 49. From this point of view it is only right that I should add here the contemporary criticism of Ben Jonson. "I remember," says he, in his Discoveries [see works, vol. ix. p. 175, ed. Gifford], "the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by which he was most faulted, and to justify my own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

causes than those of the author's own mind, or hand, in the formation of the text as it now exists. The philologist, the grammarian, the lexicographer, the antiquarian, the deeper student of Shakspeare's 'Mind and Art,' will still seek and demand our poet's works in the entirety of the common text; but the ordinary reader, and especially the young student of either sex, will not, I think, be sorry to receive an edition of all the more celebrated and important plays,—if the editor's design is to be fully carried out,—presented in such a form that they may *read the volumes through from beginning to end with unalloyed pleasure and unabated interest*; or at least with no difficulties unexplained, no stumbling-block left to obstruct their path; while no injury is done to the delineation of the characters, or the development of the plots; and, at the same time, every benefit is secured which exhibition of the most perfect models of literary excellence can afford to those who are capable of appreciating and would wish to study them.

In regard to the present portion of my design, it so happens that of the historical plays generally accepted as genuine, there is not one that does not attain to a certain degree of excellence, sufficient to render it not unworthy of its author; whereas, when we go beyond the twelve, which it is proposed to include in the second portion, there is not much that does not fall very far short of the distinguished merit which it is almost painful not to associate with the name of Shakspeare: consequently it may become a real gain to have an edition which in that respect also may be called *expur-*

gated—that is, *which shall separate the chaff from the wheat, the gold from the dross*. It is Walter Savage Landor who writes: “I am sometimes ready to shed tears at Shakspeare’s degradation in comedy. I would almost have given the first joint of my forefinger rather than that he should have written, for instance, such trash as that in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.”¹ There can be no doubt that Shakspeare wrote the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, but there is no evidence that he wished or intended it to go down to posterity.

From what has now been said, it will be seen that this undertaking is neither, on the one hand, like that of Bowdler in his ‘Family Shakspeare,’ or of Chambers and Carruthers in their ‘Household Shakspeare,’ who aimed at nothing more than to remove words or passages which they considered indecent or profane;² nor, on the other hand, like those of Kean and of Charles Kemble, who, in preparing the plays which they respectively made use of, were restricted by the limits of the time now commonly allowed for a single occasion either of reading on the platform or representation on the stage. In one respect, indeed, the plan of this publication may be said to occupy an intermediate position between those two; being less complete than the plan of Bowdler and Chambers, because it does not profess to include *all* the

¹ See ‘Landor,’ by Mr Sidney Colvin, p. 188.

² I cannot say that either of those undertakings has been executed successfully. Passages which ought to have been expunged have been allowed to remain in both; and in the former, especially, passages have been expunged, under a mistaken notion of irreverence, which ought to have been allowed to remain. See my work on Shakspeare’s Knowledge and Use of the Bible, pp. 51-53, and *passim*.

plays, nor *any* in so full and unabridged a form; and more complete than the plans of either of the latter, both as regards the number of the plays¹ and the far nearer approach which it makes to the integrity of the originals. But while I am entitled to shelter myself under the authority of those two eminent players, in having presumed to do for the purposes of the study, the class-room, and the family circle, a work not unlike, in the main features of its text, to that which they did for the purposes of the platform and of the stage, I am conscious that I have set to myself a task both more ambitious and of far greater delicacy and difficulty; a task concerning which, however, I may fairly plead that it has not been undertaken lightly, or executed hastily;

¹ The Collection of Charles Kean, in 2 vols., 1860, contains 12 plays. The Collection of Charles Kemble, in 3 vols., published after his death by Mr Lane in 1870, contains 16 plays. I must not omit to add that the School Shakspeare, by Rev. J. Pitman, in 1 vol. 8vo, double columns, 1822, 1834, 1851, is a praiseworthy publication, comprising "26 plays, so arranged as to contain, together with the more celebrated passages, such a portion of the general plot as may suffice to show their relation and mutual dependence," while of the remaining 9 plays only a few select scenes or passages are given; and that the School Shakspeare, by Rev. H. N. Hudson, in 3 vols. crown 8vo, Boston, U.S.A., 1875, containing 21 plays, with introductions and notes, and expurgated on Bowdler's plan, is, so far as it goes, a more elaborate performance, and deserves much higher commendation. The single plays, with notes, &c., in the Rugby series, in that of the Clarendon Press, and of Professor Meiklejohn of St Andrews, also deserve mention. In the two last named, especially, the editorship leaves nothing to be desired; indeed, in Mr Wright's case, perhaps, it is rather overdone. The volume of Mr Brandram (9 plays) cannot fail to be useful to those for whom it is intended. It does not, however, contain any one of the historical plays. And lastly, The Shakspeare Reading-Book, by Mr Bowen, 1881, containing large portions of 17 plays, 8 of them historical, provides 571 pages of "the best reading in the English language (next to the Bible)" at the low price of 3s. 6d.

for it has been upon my mind for nearly twenty years, and while occupying a subordinate place among graver cares and pursuits, has cost me no inconsiderable amount of thought and pains.

It will be obvious that the principle upon which my undertaking is based not only enables but requires me to take liberties with the text of my author which no other editor could properly use. I proceed to explain in what these liberties principally consist.

I. I have formed a text of my own, taking for its basis the 2d edition¹ of Dyce (which an eminent Shakspearian critic, in the 'Edinburgh Review' for July 1869, pronounced to be "the best text of Shakspeare yet produced"), and comparing it with others, more especially the Variorum (1821), the Globe (1864), and Leopold (1877) editions, and Mr Hudson's American edition.

II. I have made free use of the conjectures of critics, such as Theobald, Pope, Hanmer, Collier's Corrector, S. Walker, Lettsom, and Dyce, wherever the state of the text appeared to me to require them.

And here it will be desirable to produce examples which go to prove the want of certainty in the text as at present commonly received, and so far to justify the application of conjectural emendation on a wider scale.

(a) In *Coriolanus* (first printed in fol. 1623), act ii. sc. 3. 256, the name of Censorinus (with other words to fill up the line) was inserted by Pope—and has been readily accepted by all subsequent editors—because the

¹ A third edition, with some variation, especially in the first four volumes, was carried through the press in 1877 by Mr Forster, after Mr Dyce's death.

accident of Shakspeare's having followed the narrative of Plutarch in that place left no room for doubt that, from some cause or other, an unintentional hiatus had taken place.

(b) In *King Richard II.* (printed four times in 4to before fol. 1623), act ii. sc. 1. 283, a passage of Holinshed, in like manner, enabled Malone to detect and supply the omission of a line necessary to the sense, though neither the folio nor previous quartos had given any authority for so doing.

(c) In the same play, act i. sc. 3. 128-132, five lines which had appeared in all the previous quartos were omitted in the folio, and thereby, as Malone observes, "the speech was rendered unintelligible." They were restored by Pope, and have been retained by subsequent editors. Dyce, with negligence very unusual in him, does not notice either the omission or restoration. But, to add to the uncertainty of the passage, upon the following verse, 133, he gives this note from Mr Lettsom—"Capell, not without reason, has rejected this and the next four lines." Again, in the same scene, the folio omits the couplet 238 *sq.*, though found in the first three quartos. Moreover, *ibid.*, 267-273, seven trumpery lines, not to be found in the folio,¹ but

¹ In Dyce's preface of 1857, reprinted in his 2d edition, 1864, we read as follows: "In *King Richard II.* the editors of the folio chiefly adhered to the quarto of 1615, copying some of its mistakes; and though they made one or two short additions and some slight emendations, they occasionally corrupted the text, and greatly injured the tragedy by omitting sundry passages, one of which, in act i. sc. 3., extends to 26 lines." It is remarkable that this fact is not stated by Dyce in his notes upon the play itself. See my note, vol. ii., *ibid.*

restored by Theobald from the previous quartos, still retain their place in all our modern editions—*e.g.*, Globe, Leopold, and Dyce, though in this case Johnson is of opinion that the lines restored were "*expunged in the revision by the author*" himself! And once more, we have a similar, not to say a still worse case, in act iv. sc. 1. 53-60, where eight lines, not in the first folio, have been introduced from the previous quartos; and where Johnson again, though he follows former editors in printing them, admits that he does so "*against*," as he believes, "the mind of the author"!¹

(*d*) In *King Richard III.*, act i. sc. 4. 254. At this place four lines found in the folio, but not in the previous quartos, are, after Capell and Staunton, omitted by Dyce in his second edition. They are retained, however, in the Globe and Leopold editions. On the other hand, in sc. 3. 114, the folio omits a line, necessary for the sense, which is supplied by the quarto of 1597.

Act ii. sc. 1. 84. Here words, amounting to a whole line, are omitted in the folio, "making the passage," as Mr A. Wright remarks, "absolute nonsense."

Act iv. sc. 2. 102-121. These nineteen lines, con-

¹ Speaking of this play (*King Richard II.*), Mr Hudson remarks: "In the folio text, 1623, several passages, *including in all just fifty lines*, are unaccountably wanting, the omissions in some places making a palpable break in the continuity of the sense."—Vol. ii. p. 34. It may also be mentioned that the dialogue of 20 lines, act ii. sc. 1. 73-93, in which John of Gaunt, at the point of death, makes puns upon his name, was all put in the margin by Pope, as being either spurious or unworthy of its author. (For references in defence of it, see my margin.) Pope did the same with 2 other lines of the same scene—*viz.*, 190, 191; with 4 lines, 220-224, in act iv. sc. 1.; with 1 line, *ibid.*, 266; and with 5 lines, *ibid.*, 289-293.

taining "a very striking and characteristic portion of the scene," are omitted in the folio, as Mr Dyce has pointed out in his preface to edition of 1857, though he fails to mention the fact in his notes upon the place.

Again, in this play, act v. sc. 3., twenty-two lines occur, upon which Ritson remarks that they "are not Shakspeare's, or are so unworthy of him that it were to be wished they could with propriety be degraded to the margin;" to which Stevens adds: "I rather suppose these lines (though genuine) to have been *crossed out of the stage manuscript by Shakspeare himself*, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor of his play"! See my note (a) upon that scene.

Upon the text of this play in general, the observations of Dyce in his 2d edition deserve to be well pondered, as illustrative of the uncertainty which, as it affects many other portions of our author's plays, I have desired to bring under the reader's notice:—

"So remarkable are the variations presented to us by the old copies of *King Richard III.*, so greatly does the text of the quartos (or, properly speaking, that of the earliest quarto) differ from the text of the folio, that a modern editor, who must necessarily give an eclectic text of this tragedy, is not a little perplexed in his choice of readings. Nor is the difference in question confined to words and phrases, to amplification of sentences, and appropriation of speeches; for *the quartos contain important passages which are not found in the folio; while the folio, on the other hand, supplies passages no less important which are wanting in the quartos.* The text of the folio is, on the whole, *inferior* to that of the

quartos, and, as Malone observes in a note,¹ *would seem to have been tampered with by the players*: accordingly I now adhere to the quartos in sundry places where my former edition exhibited the text of the folio."—Notice prefixed to *King Richard III.*

(e) In *Antony and Cleopatra*, one of the most correctly printed plays in the first folio, we have evidently some words omitted, necessary to complete both the sense and the metre, in iv. 10. 8, which have been variously supplied by different editors. See Hudson's note, p. 652. There are other apparent instances of the same kind in the same play, v. 1. 2 and 18. See Malone's notes upon both passages.

III. Following the example which Steevens, Capell, and other editors have set to some extent, I have wished to get rid of broken or imperfect lines, wherever it could easily be done—by insertion or omission—without detriment to the dialogue. This license, however, I have exercised subject, for the most part, to Mr Sidney Walker's canon on 'Shaksp. Versification,' p. 273:—"Single lines of four or five, or six or seven syllables, are not to be considered as irregularities; they belong to Shakspeare's system of metre. On the other hand, lines of eight or nine syllables, as they are at variance with the general rhythm of his poetry (at least, if my ears do not deceive me, this is the case), so they scarcely ever occur in his plays—it were hardly too much to say, not at all:" which of course implies that the text in

¹ The note Dyce here refers to is perhaps that on act v. sc. 1., last line, in which Malone speaks of "several alterations made in this play, evidently unauthorised by Shakspeare, in the folio copy."

which they *are* found is to be considered corrupt, and requires emendation. It would be curious to trace the origin and use of "*legitimate* short lines," as this critic calls them, from the Roman (in the Greek, either tragedy or comedy, they do not, I think, occur at all) to the English stage.¹ Considerations of stage effect, arising out of the position of the actors, or of a turn in the action itself, may sometimes render them useful or necessary; but, off the stage, they tend rather to distract the reader, and to convey to the hearers a feeling of dissatisfaction, while they certainly give an imperfect and somewhat slovenly appearance to the versification.

Upon the same principle of rendering the verse more readable, exclamations, forms of address, or other short phrases *extra metrum*, such as are noticed by Walker in sect. lii. of his 'Shaks. Versification,' have been omitted in cases where they can be spared without any real detriment or weakening of the dialogue. Two instances occur in 1 *King Henry IV.*, i. 3., viz., "O, sir," line 17, and "I tell thee," line 118. In both instances Dyce prints the words as separate lines.

IV. In proceeding to speak of the other omissions

¹ Plautus has no examples of such "*clausulæ*;" but as he employs no less than twenty different kinds of metre of various lengths, he had little temptation to have recourse to them. A few instances are to be found in Terence, but never extended far into the verse, and almost always occurring at the beginning or end of scenes. Seneca abstains from them altogether. In Virgil's *Æneid* they are evidently the mark of an unfinished poem, but throughout the examples (between fifty and sixty in the twelve books) there is not one that is carried on later than the fourth foot. Among our old English dramatists, Ben Jonson and Ford appear to have avoided them; but they are frequent in Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher, and not less so in Dryden, both in his rhymed and blank verse plays.

which I have made, and which constitute one principal feature of this edition, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing some remarks of Mr Halliwell-Phillipps in his 'Hamlet Notes,' 1879, in the hope that intelligent judges will be found to justify the course which I have pursued, when they see the grounds that may be alleged for it stated so plainly by a Shakspearian critic of such acknowledged eminence. "Whoever has seen a manuscript play of the time of Shakspeare intended for the use of a theatre, with its alterations, erasures, inserted slips, and marks of omission, would be apt to believe that the tragedy of Hamlet, as we now have it, is a playhouse and not the author's text, including in all probability *some of his rejected portions*. That the repulsive speech of Hamlet at the end of the third act owes its violence of thought to the older play, and was one of the latter, can hardly be doubted. It were a bold step for an editor to erase it, *yet in so doing he would confer an immense literary service*,"—p. 65. The boldness thus recommended upon such high authority, is precisely that which I have ventured to exercise, and to apply upon a wider scale; and I am not without hope that in so doing, "a literary service" of some value will have been performed, at least to those for whose benefit this edition is more especially designed. To speak, then, of the more considerable omissions, to which I just referred: over and above the words or passages expunged on the score of indelicacy—those "peccant redundancies," as the writer of the Life of Ben Jonson calls them, the blame of which is due, if not to the actors, to the Age rather than to the Author—they may be classed under the follow-



ing heads, as indicated in the early part of this preface:—

(a) *Obscurity or Uncertainty of Text.*

Coriolanus, i. 1. 18, note (b); *ibid.*, 272 sq., note (1); 4. 62 sq., note (c); 5. 4 sq., note (a); 6. 91, note (a); *ibid.*, 100-2, note (b); 9. 10 sq., note (a); ii. 2. 140 sq., note (c); 3. 56-7, note (a); iii. 3. 33-4, and 36-8, note (b); *ibid.*, 158-9, note (f); iv. 7. 53-5, note (b).

Jul. Cæsar, iv. 1. 40-3, note (b).

Ant. and Cleop., iii. 7. 81-2, note (b); 13. 197-202, note (b).

K. Richard 2, ii. 2. 37-40, note (b); v. 3. 45, note (c).

1 *K. Henry 4*, iv. 1. 51, 56-7.

2 ———, iv. 1. 97-9, note (a).

K. Henry 5, Chor. 2. 31-2, note (a); iv. 1. 212-15, note (a); 2. 3-6, note (a); iv. 4. 4.

3 *K. Henry 6*, iv. 5. 22, note (b).

K. Richard 3, iii. 1. 53-4, note (a); iv. 4. 309-10, note (d); v. 2. 23-4, note (a); 3. 190-200, note (a); 5. 28, note (a).

K. Henry 8, i. 1. 89-91, note (c); v. 2. 58, note (a); 4. 28, note (b).

(b) *Allusions more or less obscure to obsolete customs.*

1 *K. Henry 4*, ii. 1. 73-80; iii. 1. 253-61; iv. 2. 4-8.

2 ———, iii. 2. 43-4.

K. Richard 3, iv. 4. 176-7.

K. Henry 8, v. 3. 56-8, note (b).

(c) *Trumpery, and quibbles¹ devoid of wit.*

K. John, ii. 1. 451-8, note (h); *ibid.*, 519-20, note (h); iii. 1. 199-201, 203-5, 213-26, note (b); *ibid.*, 287-93, note (c).

K. Richard 2, iii. 2. 184-5, note (d); v. 1. 88-94, note (e); v. 3. 91, note (d).

K. Henry 5, v. 2. 133-5; *ibid.*, 277-305, note (c).

K. Henry 8, v. 2. 133-5.

¹ With respect to the many worthless quibbles or plays upon words which I have allowed to remain, see on *K. John*, ii. i., note (i). Also the notes of Malone and others on 2 *K. Henry 4*, iv. 4.—Variorum, vol. xvii. p. 190, sq.

(d) *Buffoonery in excess.*

1 *K. Henry 4*, ii. 4. 19-76, 81-6, 90-5, 102-4, 111-13, 301-7, 359-61, 462-6; iii. 3. 29-32, 43-4; iv. 2. 56-7.

2 ———, i. 2. 73-83; v. 3. 28-9, 42-8.

(e) *Far-fetched images, and slipshod diction.*

Coriolanus, i. 9. 26-8, note (b); *ibid.*, 49-51, note (c).

K. Richard 2, v. 1. 11-15, note (b); *ibid.*, 46-50, note (c).

(f) *Redundancy and bombast.*

Coriolanus, ii. 1. 146-9, note (c); v. 4. 18-21 (*qu.* to be restored in part: note omitted by mistake).

K. John, ii. 1. 203-6, note (d).

It is proper that I should state, that (with the exception only of passages which all persons of right feeling would pronounce *prima facie* objectionable) no omissions have been made till after full, patient, and mature deliberation. The principle upon which the editor has proceeded may be called in question; but his application of it, he ventures to hope, cannot fail to be approved by those who will take the pains to weigh it carefully and candidly. With this view, *many of these omitted passages*—I believe I may say, *all that can be thought to have any interest attaching to them*—have been given in the notes;¹ so that the reader will be able to pass his

¹ I find that I have omitted to do this in one instance, where perhaps it ought to have been done—viz., *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 182, and I therefore notice it here:—

Com.

Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

I cannot suppose that the words assigned to *Coriolanus* were intended for him. Tyrwhitt and Malone differ somewhat as to their meaning and application. I agree with the former in thinking that "*Menenius*" should belong to what Cominius says, and I would also assign to him the "ever, ever." Dyce and the *Globe* have no comma after "*Menenius*;" the *Leopold* and the *Clarendon Press* have one, and therefore take it in the vocative case. The latter has no note upon the words.

own judgment as to the sufficiency of the grounds upon which they have been withdrawn from the text. And in any case, where it can be shown that a passage has been altered or rejected without sufficient reason, so as to cause a real loss to the reader, I readily promise that it shall be restored *jure postliminii*, if opportunity shall occur, in a future edition.

V. On the other hand, there are cases in which I have purposely abstained from omission or alteration, when such, perhaps, upon the principle of this edition, might have been expected. For instance, I have never allowed myself to remove an *archaism*, merely as such; and so, for example, where the Variorum edition, without any metrical necessity, reads "since" for "sithence," I have retained the latter, which is found in North's Plutarch, is frequently used by Hooker, and occurs once in our authorised version of the Bible. And so, in regard to "whilst" which the Variorum adopts for "whiles,"—*e.g.*, 2 K. Henr. 6, iii. 2. 348.

Again, when the present readings, though not strictly grammatical, admit of reasonable defence, I have generally preferred to retain them. See, for example, K. Richard 3, act iii. sc. 5. 56. And so in the case of double negatives, direct or implied, upon which Dr A. Schmidt remarks: "Had Shakspeare taken the pains of revising and preparing his plays for the press, he would perhaps have corrected such passages. But he did not write them to be read and dwelt on by the eye, but to be heard by a sympathetic audience."—'Sh. Lex.,' vol. ii. p. 1420. With regard, however, to a noun plural with a verb singular, I have been content to

follow Mr Dyce's example, who writes: "Where the rhyme requires it, an editor must necessarily follow the old copies, but I cannot think that, except where a rhyme is in question, or where some low character happens to be speaking, an editor is called upon to offend his readers by presenting them with nouns plural to verbs singular; for though it is certain that such a grammatical construction is frequent in the old copies, it is also certain that there is no lack in those copies of plural nominatives to plural verbs."—*Pref. to Second Edition*, p. xvi., *sq.*, note. In cases, however, of what Dr Abbott (Sh. Gr., § 412) calls "confusion of proximity," I have invariably allowed the received text to stand.¹ See, for instance, *Jul. Cæs.*, v. 1. 37; *K. Henr.* 5, v. 2. 19; 3 *K. Henr.* 6, i. 2. 50; *K. Rich.* 3, iii. 5. 56.

The reader is requested to observe that wherever there is an *alteration*, *insertion*, or *omission* in the text, it is scrupulously marked either by an asterisk (*) or a special note, or it will be found specified in the list given below of "lines made metrical," etc.; only in the case of *omissions on the score of indelicacy*, no notice is given further than this, that when they extend to a line or more, their occurrence may be inferred from the

¹ It may be open to question whether I have done wisely in this respect. Such slips—for they *are* slips, and would be acknowledged as such, and, if pointed out, corrected by those who make them—are continually occurring even at the present day. Only within a week before writing this note (July 1882), I have met with two examples, both from pens of eminent writers in publications of this year—viz., "It is to be noted that the study of some parts of the Platonic Philosophy *were* enjoined;" and "each of them *were* presented with four yards and a half of scarlet cloth."

numerals placed in the margin, which carry on the reckoning of the lines of the text, as it is found in its integrity; in other words, as if no omission had been made.

So far I have spoken of matters which characterise the text of the present edition in comparison with those which have gone before it. Another main advantage which the editor may claim for this edition, and which is not, he believes, to be found in any other (though some of the single plays published by the Clarendon Press have done excellent service in the same direction), is the care that has been taken in the introductions to the several plays, and in the notes, to test the truth and point out the errors both in the histories themselves as given by Shakspeare, and in the delineation of the principal characters. It is needless to dwell upon the importance of this characteristic, or upon the assistance which, it is hoped, the student of history will derive from it. To correct misrepresentations of leading events, and still more of eminent persons in bygone times, is at once to discharge a duty and perform a service of no mean account to readers of all kinds, but especially to the young. In carrying out this part of my design, which has been executed, I trust, with impartiality and fairness, I have been chiefly indebted to Courtenay's 'Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare;' to the Lectures of Professor Reed 'On English History and Tragic Poetry as illustrated by Shakspeare;' to the Shakspeare 'Commentaries' of Gervinus; to the criticisms of Mr Hudson in 'Shakspeare: his Life, Art, and Character;' and to the 'Constitutional History' of Canon

Stubbs. Mrs Jameson's delightful book on 'The Characteristics of Women' has also been freely used in reference to all the female characters noticed by her which come within the compass of the present work.

Again, it has been an essential part of this undertaking to illustrate Shakspeare from himself. I have, therefore, given references in the margin wherever the use of a peculiar word or phrase is to be found in some other part of his writings. At the same time, for the convenience of the reader, and in order to make the present work complete in itself as far as possible, I have generally confined the comparison of parallels to the plays contained in these three volumes; and only in special instances, where the necessary elucidation could not otherwise be had, have I gone beyond them. In cases of repeated occurrence of the same word or form of expression, the plan which I have commonly followed has been to refer the reader either to the last instance that has occurred, from whence he will often be guided upwards to the first; or directly to the first, in case some more full information is given in that place.

A frequent complaint is brought against commentators, that they are wont to slur over the difficulties of their author, or even to evade them altogether. I can truly say that in *no single instance have I allowed a passage, a phrase, or a word, which appeared to me to require explanation, to go without it.* It may indeed, I should fear, be objected to me that I have transgressed in the opposite direction; that my marginal notes in particular, especially upon the first two or three plays, not unfrequently offer interpretations which no reader, tolerably

well informed, would consider necessary. Upon this I have to say that, my work being intended more particularly as an instrument of education, I have felt that I should be doing a good, and certainly not a superfluous, service, by endeavouring to form in my Shakspearian students a habit of strict accuracy of thought and expression; (which is only to be done by placing them on their guard against passing over anything which they do not *thoroughly* understand, and so falling victims to the fallacy which Cicero warned his son Marcus to avoid — viz., “*incognita pro cognitis habendi, iisque temerè assentiendi*,” ‘*De Offic.*,’ i. 6); and also of teaching them to distinguish various shades of signification, or of construction, in the use of the same word in different situations.¹ As I should recommend the historical plays to be studied first, I shall not think it necessary to give the glossarial interpretations with equal minuteness in the subsequent volumes.

Great attention has been paid to the scansion of the verse—a matter which in almost all editions hitherto has been too much neglected; as if the ear of the author of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Lucrece* could have been tolerant of unmetrical irregularities of which the most ordinary poetaster would have felt ashamed!

With regard to the orthography of the poet's name, having adopted “Shakspeare” sixteen years ago, chiefly on the authority of Hallam, our historian of European literature, I am content to abide by it; though recently

¹ It is Coleridge—a singularly good judge upon such a point—who exclaims: “O! the instinctive propriety of Shakspeare in the choice of words.”—*Notes and Lectures*, p. 186.

I have observed that "Shakespeare" has become more popular. I have no doubt that he himself was not always consistent in spelling his own name; as we know, for example, was the case, half a century later, with the famous Principal of Glasgow University, Robert Baillie, whose name is to be found in his own handwriting spelt four different ways—viz., Baylie, Baily, Bailie, and Baillie:¹ and half a century earlier than Shakspeare, the first Reformed Book of Common Prayer, 1549, printed the name Sunday with no less than seven varieties—viz., Sondag, Soondaye, Sondaie, Sondag, Sundaie, Sunday, and Soonday; but, what is still more remarkable, if we go further back, to the early part of the preceding century, we shall find, as Lord Campbell has informed us, that the name of the Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoigne, who figures in 2 *King Henry IV.*, "is spelt in more than twenty other ways"! ²

It has not been thought necessary to prefix a biography of our author, as all the main elements of his life and character are to be found in the editor's work on 'Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible,' to which frequent references have been made in these volumes.

¹ See Irving's *Literary Scotchmen*, vol. ii. p. 55. George Colman, in a note to the preface of his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, says: "One of our poets we find called *Fleatcher*, *Fletcher*, and *Fletcher*, and the other *Beamont*, *Beamount*, and *Beaumont*. The name of *Shakespeare* is spelt at least a dozen ways;" and he refers to three instances—one in a lease, and two in his will—in which it appears certain that our poet himself wrote his name as *Shakspeare*.

² *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. i. p. 121, note.

In drawing to a close these prefatory remarks, I hope I may be pardoned for making a brief allusion to my own personal circumstances, so far as they are concerned in this publication.

I was originally induced to undertake the work from a desire to present Shakspeare in the most edifying and attractive shape to the young members, boys and girls, of my own family. I soon discovered that for such a purpose the so-called 'Family Shakspeare' of Bowdler, however creditable to its editor from its main object, was capable of improvement in more than one respect; and having formed what I believed to be a far more suitable and satisfactory plan, it soon occurred to me that what had been useful in my own case, might be acceptable also to many others. My renewed connection, twelve years ago, with Winchester College, gave a fresh impulse to the design; inasmuch as, next to the works of a distinctly religious and scholastic character which I had previously published out of regard to that connection,¹ I have felt that I could not better show the gratitude which I owe to the munificent founder of that institution—to discharge the debt would be impossible—than by devoting some portion of my leisure in the

¹ Viz.—(1.) *Christian Boyhood at a Public School*; a series of sermons and lectures delivered at Winchester College. 2 vols. 8vo, 1846.

(2.) *Catechesis, or Christian Instruction, preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion*. 4th edition, 1868: both, London, Rivingtons.

(3.) *Græcæ Grammaticæ Rudimenta in usum Scholarum*. 19th edition, 1879.

(4.) *A Greek Primer*. 7th edition, 1879: both, Oxford, Clarendon Press.

decline of life, less fitted for severer study, to the preparation of these volumes. Even if they serve no better purpose than to supply wholesome entertainment to youthful minds, in the place of much that is unwholesome in the literature of the present day, the time and pains that have been spent upon them will not have been misapplied. But if there be truth, as I cannot doubt there is, in the words of Mr Hudson, where he writes (ii. 244, *sq.*), "The rank of Shakspeare in the school of morals is no less high than in the school of art. He is every way as worthy to be our teacher and guide in what is morally just and noble and right, as in what is artistically beautiful and true;" and again (p. 248), "I am bold to say that, next to the Christian religion, humanity has no other so precious inheritance as Shakspeare's gallery of womanhood."¹ Or if there be truth in the words of Coleridge,² where he describes the plays of Shakspeare as "works truly excellent, and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions;"—if there be truth in these sayings, then it may be hoped that the assistance given by this edition to the study of those plays may be found to produce still more valuable and lasting fruit—that is, to assist in forming God-fearing men and women, loyal citizens, and true patriots.

And there is yet another educational purpose which

¹ Compare Archbishop Trench's sermon preached at Stratford on the Shakspeare Tercentenary, April 24, 1864.

² Quoted in Knight's *Studies of Shakspeare*, p. 511. Compare the judgment of Steele, in 'Tatler,' No. 111, quoted *ibid.*, p. 527.

the same study may be made to serve,—I mean, an extensive acquaintance with our native language, such as to enable us to use it with the best effect. No one can hope to attain to the highest rank as a writer or as a speaker, in the pulpit, in the senate, on the platform, or at the bar, without the command of a copious vocabulary; and, among the other extraordinary gifts of our great dramatist, it has been remarked by a judge of the highest authority upon such subjects that “Shakspeare has displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language.”¹ And it may be added that his use of words is, for the most part, as apt and forcible as it is diversified. “Words and phrases,” to quote the testimony of Dryden, “must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his [Shakspeare’s] language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that, in a manner, he has left no praise for any who come after him” (Works, Scott’s edition, vol. v. p. 319). We have also the poet Gray’s authority (and we could not have a better) for awarding to Shakspeare the highest distinction on this account: “Shakspeare’s language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over Addison’s and Rowe’s in this respect than in his other great excellencies: every word in him is a picture.”—(Mitford’s Gray, vol. ii. p. 153; and comp. Essay, *ibid.*, p. xxxix.)

¹ Professor Max Müller, Lectures on Science of Language, quoted by Keightley, p. 11.

I cannot conclude this preface better than by repeating for the readers of these volumes the wish which Charles and Mary Lamb expressed for the young readers of their 'Tales from Shakspeare,'—viz., that the plays themselves might prove to them in older years, "enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions—to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples, teaching these virtues, his pages are full."

The conjectural emendations and suggestions of the editor, which he would desire to submit to the judgment of Shakspearian critics, may be found, so far as they relate to the present volume, under the following references:—

Emendations bearing on Interpretation of the Text.

Coriolanus, i. 1. 122, note (c); 2. 25, "seems" for "seemed"; 9. 87, note (d); iv. 6. 45, note (a); 7. 54, note (c); v. 1. 30, "t" (for it) inserted; 50, note (a); 80, note (b); 3. 11, "back" inserted; 120, "also" inserted before "bound," and "alack" omitted after it; 221, "first" inserted, and "we will" contracted to "we'll."

Julius Cæsar, iv. 2. 7, "charge" for "change."

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 1. 42, note (a); 5. 142, "no" for "not"; iii. 3. 3, note (a); 4. 18, "And then" inserted, and "out" omitted; 6. 78, "and now they're levying" for "who now are I"; 7. 6, "If they're denounced" for "If not d."; 13. 138, note (b).

Transpositions.

Coriolanus, 1. 10. 36, "Sir, I shall," for "I shall, sir"; v. 6. 67, note (a).

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 42, "and" omitted, and "inhooped" transposed; iii. 1. 8, "Follow the fugitive Parthians" for "The f. P. follow"; iv. 14. 149, "You did suspect" placed before what follows.

K. John, ii. 1. 316—see note (f).

Lines made metrical.

Coriolanus, i. 1. 182, note (d); 265, "on" added at end of the line; 5. 11, note (b); 32, "forthwith" inserted; 7. 7, "get you in" inserted; ii. 1. 269, "come" added at end of the line; iii. 1. 3, "with the foe" inserted; *ibid.* 289, "upon us" omitted; 2. 169, "come on" inserted; 3. 49, "to us" inserted; *ibid.* 107, "out on you" inserted; iv. 5. 149, "Sir" inserted [6. 123, *qu.* read "aprons" = apron-men!]; *ibid.* 138-9, "on us," and "mercy" inserted.

Julius Cæsar, 1. 2. 77, "to" omitted; ii. 1. 101, "our friend" inserted; *ibid.* 219, "alone to" inserted; *ibid.* 322, "ho!" inserted; 2. 84, "plies" for "does apply"; 4. 36, "may chance" omitted; *ibid.* 44, "mine" inserted; iii. 1. 2, "Cæsar" omitted; 2. 72, "all" inserted; *ibid.* 152—see margin; iv. 3. 201, "ay" inserted; *ibid.* 204, "not from her" inserted; *ibid.* 209, "nothing" inserted; *ibid.* 223, "this" inserted; *ibid.* 307, "now" inserted, and the second "let me see" omitted; v. 1. 48, "What!" inserted; 3. 32, "now" transposed from line following.

Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 114, "good" for "noble"; *ibid.* 115, "to him" inserted; *ibid.* 202, "sir" inserted; 4. 79, "at least" inserted; 5. 45, "the very" and "that" inserted, ii. 2. 33, "well" transposed; *ibid.* 143, "good" inserted; *ibid.* 195, "now" inserted; 5. 145, "me" omitted, 6. 79, second "no" inserted; 7. 71, "Prithee" inserted; iii. 1. 15, "'tis" for "this," and "Silius" omitted; *ibid.* 31, "the" omitted; 6. 112, "now" inserted; 10. 19, "again" inserted (see Schm. 'Lex.' 2); 11. 42, "you" inserted; *ibid.* 44, "to him" omitted; *ibid.* 49, "presently" inserted; 13. 224, alteration partly *metri causâ*, partly to avoid the jingle, "call all"; iv. 4. 46, "finish" for "determine"; 6. 29, insertion of "me" and "for in this"; *ibid.* 35, "And feel I am so most" omitted; 8. 22, "younger" omitted; 9. 8, "how now?" inserted; *ibid.* 44, "perchance" inserted; 14. 104, "let it" omitted; *ibid.* 147, "prophetic" for "prophesying"; *ibid.* 160, "woe" omitted; 15. 12, second "sun" inserted; *ibid.* 22, "yet" inserted; *ibid.* 27, "come down" inserted; *ibid.* 83, third "madam" omitted; 84, "empress" transposed; v. 1. 18, "bereft" inserted; *ibid.* 29, "mortal" inserted; *ibid.* 69, "for" omitted; 2. 250, "thou" omitted; *ibid.* "so" and "thee" omitted.

K. John, i. 1. 56, "and" inserted; ii. 1. 163, see note (c); iii. 3. 76, "Hubert" inserted; iii. 4. 125, "that" omitted; iv. 3. 134, "that" omitted.

Besides the various editions of Shakspeare previously mentioned,—among which I desire to express my obligations more especially to the Variorum of 1821, to Mr Dyce's, 1864, to Mr Hudson's 'School Shakspeare,' 1875-76, and to the Clarendon Press edition of several of the plays, 1871-82,—the works which I have chiefly consulted for the Introductions and Notes of this edition are the following:—

- Shakspeare Lexicon, by Dr A. Schmidt of Königsberg. 2 vols. 4to, 1874.
- Glossary by Nares. Enlarged by Halliwell and Wright. 2 vols. 8vo, 1859.
- Glossary by Dyce. 8vo, 1876.
- A Shakspearian Grammar, by Abbott. New edition, 12mo, 1872.
- Bible Word-Book, by Eastwood and Wright. 12mo, new edition.
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- Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, by Mr F. T. Furnivall. 1877.
- Shakspeare's Versification, by William Sidney Walker. Edited by W. N. Lettsom. 1854.
- A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakspeare, by the Same, and Edited by the Same. 3 vols. 12mo, 1860.
- Hazlitt's Shakspeare's Library. 2d edition, 6 vols., 1875.
- The Shakspeare Key, by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. 8vo, 1879.
- Shakspeare Commentaries, by Professor Gervinus. New edition, 8vo, 1877.
- Commentaries on the Historical Plays, by T. P. Courtenay. 2 vols. 8vo, 1840.
- Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakspeare, by H. Reed of Pennsylvania, U.S.A. 12mo, new edition, without date.
- Introduction to History of Literature, by Hallam. 4 vols. 8vo, 1839.
- Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by A. W. Schlegel. 2 vols. 8vo, 1815.
- Notes and Lectures on Shakspeare, &c., by Coleridge. New edition, 12mo, 1824.

PREFACE.

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- Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, by Hazlitt. New edition, 12mo, 1878.
- Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, by Mrs Montagu. First edition, 1769.
- Studies on Shakspeare, by Charles Knight. Royal 8vo, 1851.
- The Shakspeare Expositor, by Thomas Keightley. 1867.
- Shakspeare, his Life, Art, and Characters, by H. N. Hudson (of Boston, U.S.A.) 2 vols. crown 8vo, 1872.
- Shakspeare, his Mind and Art, by Professor E. Dowden. Crown 8vo, 4th edition, 1879.
- Shakspeare Primer, by the Same. 12mo, 1877.
- Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakspeare, by W. W. Lloyd. 12mo, 1875.
- Shakspeare and Classical Antiquity, by Paul Stapfer. Crown 8vo, 1880.
- Characteristics of Women, by Mrs Jameson. New edition, 12mo, 1880.
- Shakspeare's Plutarch, by W. W. Skeat. New edition, 12mo, 1880.
- Holinshed's Chronicles. 6 vols. 4to, 1807-8.¹
- Constitutional History of England, by Professor Stubbs. 3 vols., 1873-1880.
- Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible, by the present Editor. Third edition, crown 8vo, 1880.

¹ It were much to be wished that the Clarendon Press, or some enterprising publisher, would bring out a Shakspeare's Holinshed (with extracts from Hall and Stow)—similar in design to Mr Skeat's Shakspeare's Plutarch, published by Messrs Macmillan. The edition of 1807, in 6 vols. 4to, is now rare and costly, or rather is scarcely to be obtained at any price. "Holinshed was a servile copyist of Hall; but Holinshed's book was that which Shakspeare read."—MALONE, vol. xvii. p. 267.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES.

1. Omissions and Alterations in the Text marked by an asterisk (*).
2. Marginal Notes indicated by numerals.
3. Notes, Critical and Historical, placed at the end of each play, indicated by letters within brackets (*a*).
4. The Editor's work on 'Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible' is referred to as 'B. and Sh.'
5. Dr Abbott's 'Shakspearian Grammar' is indicated by 'Abb.,' and the numerals that follow, mark, *not* its pages, but the sections.
6. 'Edd.' indicates a reading generally received in previous editions.

In Dyce's edition there is no numeration of the lines. That which I have given differs somewhat both from the Globe and Leopold. Indeed, no two editions precisely correspond in this respect, which causes some difficulty and confusion in regard to references.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

OF

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.

Order and Chronology of History.

1. Coriolanus, B.C. 494-490.
2. Julius Caesar, B.C. [Feb.] 44-[Autumn] 42.
3. Antony and Cleopatra, B.C. 41-30.
4. King John, A.D. 1199-1216.
5. King Richard II., A.D. [Sept.] 1398-[Feb.] 1400.
6. King Henry IV., First Part, A.D. 1402 [Sept.]-1403 [Feb.].
7. ————— Second Part, A.D. 1403 [Feb.]-1413 [March].
8. King Henry V., A.D. 1414-1420.
9. ¹ King Henry VI., Second Part, A.D. 1445-1455.
10. ————— Third Part, A.D. 1455-1471.
11. King Richard III., A.D. 1471-1485.
12. King Henry VIII., A.D. 1520-1533.

Order and Chronology of Composition.²

FIRST PERIOD :—

1. * King Henry VI., Second Part, } 1591-92.³
2. ————— Third Part, } 1591-92.
3. * King Richard III., 1593.
4. * King Richard II., 1594.

¹ The genuineness of the first part of King Henry VI. being more than doubtful, only an abridgment, with a sketch of the principal events, has been given of that play. Its history reaches from 1422 to 1445, and its composition is placed at 1590-91, in Professor Dowden's 'Pre-Shaksperian Group,' as "touched by Shakspeare."

² William Shakspeare, born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 22 (?), 1564; baptised, April 26. Died at same place, April 23, 1616; buried, April 25.

³ These and the following dates are taken from Professor Dowden's 'Primer,' p. 56, *sq.*, who speaks of them as "ascertained or conjectured." But compare Mr Halliwell-Phillipps's 'Outlines,' ed. 1882, p. xi.

xlvi CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.

SECOND PERIOD :—

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 5. * King John, | 1595. |
| 6. King Henry IV., First Part, | } 1597-8. |
| 7. ————— Second Part, | |
| 8. King Henry V., | 1599. |

THIRD PERIOD :—

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 9. * Julius Cæsar, | 1601. |
| 10. * Antony and Cleopatra, | 1607. |
| 11. * Coriolanus, | 1608. |
| 12. * King Henry VIII., ¹ | 1612-13. |

*The plays marked * appeared first in the folio of 1623.*

Thus it will be seen that the historical plays are spread over twenty years, embracing every period of our poet's authorship, from its earliest to its latest date; and though they do not perhaps in any instance attain to the very highest excellence either of his tragic or comic vein (unless it be in the character of Falstaff), there is not one that is not of superior merit; while they all possess the signal advantage of combining the representation of historical facts with the delineation of real character. On this account, as instruments of education they are doubly valuable; and so far as the representation of facts or the delineation of character deviates in any way from the truth as now ascertained by the authority of fuller or more trustworthy records, they give occasion for scrutiny, and for the exercise of judgment and discrimination, which constitute elements of the utmost importance in the training of the youthful mind.

¹ Mr Furnivall, *Introd.*, p. cxxiii, places *King Henry VIII.* in "a fourth period," among plays "in which Shakspeare was not sole author." On the other hand, according to Mr Dyce, '*Life of Shakspeare*,' p. 91, "this play would seem to have been produced not long after the accession of James I."—i.e., 1603. And Malone was of the same opinion.—See *Variorum*, vol. ii. p. 401, note.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

TO

PLAYS FOUNDED ON ROMAN HISTORY.

THE Roman "Trilogy," as it has been called (not quite appropriately), naturally takes precedence in this collection, although it must be confessed that neither the first nor the last of the three plays is among the easiest, or most suitable for beginners.

"In these three tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest—something of a grandiosity in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakspeare had not read that history without entering into *its spirit*."—HALLAM, vol. iii. p. 573.

"The public life of ancient Rome is called up from its grave, and exhibited before our eyes with the utmost grandeur and freedom of the dramatic form, and the heroes of Plutarch are ennobled by the most eloquent poetry."—SCHLEGEL, vol. ii. p. 208. "Shakspeare's great Roman plays reproduce the ancient Roman world as no other modern poetry has ever done."—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH, 'Lectures on Plutarch,' p. 51.

The different style of these three plays would seem as if intended to represent the several periods to which they belong. In *Coriolanus* the style for the most part is stiff and rugged, and so serves to remind us of the semi-civilised state of persons living in the days of the early Roman Republic. The style of *Julius Cæsar* corre-

sponds not unfitly with the last days of the Republic, when Roman civilisation had reached its highest point, and the language itself had been brought to perfection mainly by Cicero, and by Caesar himself. The transition to Imperialism, so well exhibited in *Antony and Cleopatra*, is marked by a style in which civilisation begins to show signs of decadence, and to become effete.

"For the material of the Roman tragedies, Shakspeare drew exclusively upon Plutarch. . . . And, however true he may generally be to the profoundest rules of art in his mode of laying the historian [*qu.* biographer] under contribution [*comp.* Gervinus, p. 699 *sq.*], it would be difficult to deny that he sometimes a little overdoes the borrower's part, and rather encumbers his plays with his gleanings."—PAUL STAFFER, pp. 205, 299. "All these plays are pre-eminently ethical studies, not historical sketches."—*Ibid.*, p. 319. I should rather say that in them history is made use of to serve its proper purpose,—*i.e.*, as philosophy teaching by example.

INTRODUCTION TO CORIOLANUS.

1. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—Sir Thomas North, who translated Plutarch's Lives (not, however, from the original Greek, but from the French version of Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre), and published them in folio, 1579, reprinted 1597, supplied Shakspeare, in the life of Coriolanus, with the incidents, and indeed with much of the wording of this play. As authorities for the history, previous to Plutarch (born about 50 A.D.) we have Livy (lib. ii. c. 34-40) and Dionysius of Halicarnassus (lib. viii. c. 20—viii. 59), who were contemporaries, being both born about B.C. 60. Niebuhr, while detecting flaws in the chronological details, admits that the story conveys a *substantially faithful* remembrance of a great man and of great events. See also Arnold, 'Hist. of Rome,' vol. i. pp. 234-243.

"Shakspeare occasionally modified the matter given by the historian, for his fidelity to his model is by no means absolute; important reservations have to be made on this point, and several noticeable exceptions must be observed. [Comp. the same writer's remarks quoted below, p. 125, Note (c).] For instance, Plutarch says positively that Coriolanus, when desirous of obtaining the consulship, conformed without resistance to all the usages of the law. Shakspeare's Coriolanus, on the contrary, revolts against the idea of soliciting the votes of the people, and is *infinitely more haughty and imperious all through the play*, than he is represented in Plutarch."¹—PAUL STAFFER, p. 310. He adds, that "in order to

¹ Yet Plutarch describes him "as so cholerick and impatient that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation." And again, "his behaviour was so unpleasant, by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because he was too lordly, was disliked."—Shak. Plut., p. 2. Whereas

prevent his character from appearing in too offensive a light, and in order also to secure the concentration of our whole admiration on this colossus of haughtiness and passion," the plebeians of the early Republic are unjustly degraded, and "turned into a common street rabble." The foregoing remark is adopted from Hallam, who writes, "Shakspeare instinctively perceived that, to render the arrogance of Coriolanus endurable to the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must abase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome (*'rusticorum mascula militum Proles'*) are indeed calumniated in his scenes, and might almost pass for burgesses of Stratford."—Vol. iii. p. 572.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—"The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing [?] of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius, the lofty lady's dignity in Volunnia, the bridal modesty in Virgilia, the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus, the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last."—JOHNSON. "*Coriolanus* is less rich in poetical style than the other two Roman plays, but the comic parts are full of humour."—HALLAM. "There is more unity in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* than in either of the other Roman Plays; yet grand and powerful as it is, its tragical interest is less than that of *Julius Cæsar*, and its poetical merit less than that of *Antony and Cleopatra*. There is something hard about it both in sentiments and style. The delineation of social and personal pride is not a subject to evoke much sympathy or emotion, and although it may in its course reach sublime heights, its sublimity is wholly independent of moral greatness. Of all Shakspeare's greater works this is the most difficult to construe; the unintelligibility of several passages is doubtless due to some corruption of the text; but besides this, the general style is exceedingly obscure and overloaded with metaphorical and elliptical expressions."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 454.

Of this play, until we come to the last act, a considerable portion of the dialogue is pitched in a key bordering on bombast, and although it is supposed to have been among the latest of our poet's

Shakspeare exhibits him as insolent and haughty only towards the plebeians, and as beloved by his kindred and friends.

dramatic efforts, the style in many places assumes a rugged and indigested form. It was intended, no doubt, to fit the characters of Coriolanus, of Volumnia, and also, in a less degree, and with a mixture of bluntness which is peculiarly his own, of Menenius. But (as I have already observed, above, p. 1) it was intended further, I suppose, to mark what those characters themselves so well exemplify—the spirit of the time when the Roman Republic was in its first formation, and the natural temper of the people, both in the upper and lower classes, had not yet been tamed by moderation and wisdom, or disciplined by experience—had not yet received the check or the polish of civilisation and refinement. Upon these accounts the play, especially on a first perusal, affords perhaps less pleasant reading than most of our author's greater performances; except, indeed, to those who are pleased, at almost any cost, to find themselves transported into regions of thought and language removed to a distance from their own experience. And considering that it was composed, as I have said, at the close of his career (if we accept the reckoning now generally received), we must see in it, I think—scarcely less than in those of his plays which deal most manifestly with the supernatural, such as *The Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*—a deliberate attempt to exercise that creative power of which the main purpose was to invent for us what, with the aid of fancy, we can imagine to have existed, rather than represent to us what, by actual observation, we know to exist. At the same time, we must bear in mind, on the one hand, that he had in the narrative of Pistarch a basis of facts exactly suited to his purpose, being half historical and half legendary; and, on the other hand, that the great Elizabethan age in which Shakspeare lived was, as Mr Froude has remarked,¹ an age of men of colossal grandeur, and that a corresponding “grandiosity”—to borrow Mr Hallam's word—of language and of sentiment, would be far less removed from his experience than it is from our own.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED:—

(a) CORIOLANUS. —“Coriolanus himself has the grandeur of Sculpture: his proportions are colossal; nor would less than his transcendent superiority over his fellow-citizens warrant, or seem for a moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity.”—HALLAM, vol. iii. p. 372, *sq.* The proportions are indeed gigantic, not to say superhuman; so much so, that the boldest of delineators might well have scrupled such a portrait, but that he had so strong a

¹ Short Studies, vol. i. p. 445.

warrant of historic faith to bear him out."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 463. "In the legend of *Coriolanus* the hero's character stands out as a special impersonation of the two great ideas of martial courage and prowess, and of filial piety and submission. From this point it draws deep into the general system of Roman morals and manners. Reverence for parents, the religion of Rome, the sacredness of the domestic enclosure, worship of the household gods, whatever shed consecration on the family and surrounded it with the angels of piety and awe,—these were the corner-stone of the old Roman discipline, the palladiums of the national strength and virtue. To fight bravely, to suffer heroically for their country, were the outposts of manhood, the outside and public parts of manly honour; while its heart and centre stood in having something at home worth fighting and suffering for. Of this something motherhood was the soul; and their best thoughts drew to the point of being more brave for this, that they had much to love."—*Ibid.*, p. 483. See also GERVINUS (who lays stress upon "the innate and cherished selfishness" of *Coriolanus*), pp. 746, 768; PAUL STAFFER, ch. xxii.; C. KNIGHT, pp. 407-410.

(b) MENENIUS.—"Except the well-known fable of the belly and the members, Shakspeare found nothing further concerning Menenius in his English Plutarch than the remark that he was the pleasantest old man in the Senate. From this hint he has formed the lively character to whom he awards the benevolent office, beside the rugged demigod, of being contented to be a man among men. In all his individual qualities this contrast is carried out, although it seems as if unintentional."—GERVINUS, p. 765, *sq.* See also HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 470; PAUL STAFFER, pp. 446-449.

(c) VOLUMNIA.—"The majestic figure of Volumnia is Shakspeare's ideal of the Roman matron."—DOWDEN, 'Primer,' p. 461. See also Mrs JAMESON, pp. 319-329; HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 483, *sqq.*, especially the excellent remarks, p. 486, which may be compared with PAUL STAFFER, who describes Volumnia as "a woman of expedients rather than of principles" (p. 441), and draws out the contrast between her and Virgilia.—P. 449, *sqq.*

(d) THE ROMAN PLEBS.—There has been considerable disagreement among critics in their estimate of Shakspeare's character of the Roman populace. The view taken by Hazlitt, who accuses our poet of "a leaning towards the arbitrary side of the question" between them and the patricians (p. 50, *sq.*), is censured—justly, I think—by C. Knight (p. 496), Dowden (p. 319), and Hudson (ii. p. 470. Compare Gervinus, p. 748. The last-named critic remarks,

somewhat austere, "There is not a single character of this play in which we can take pure pleasure."—P. 726. Might not the same be said, if it were worth while to say it, of human life in general?

4. MORAL LESSONS¹ OF THE PLAY.—Professor Dowden pronounces the subject of the play to be "the ruin of a noble life through the sin of pride;" which he describes as twofold,—(1) "a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic," and (2) "a passionate prejudice of class."—P. 317 and p. 329. No doubt this is perfectly just as far as it goes; but, taking a more comprehensive view, I should be inclined to say that the play embodies a twofold moral and political lesson,—viz., the evil consequences (1) of fickleness and ingratitude on the part of the people towards their public benefactors—a lesson taught so frequently in the history of the Greek republics; and (2) of haughtiness and arrogance and self-will on the part of a man of rank and eminence towards his fellow-countrymen; together with the warning—so powerfully set forth in the catastrophe—that the penalty of the latter error, even when partially amended, is less easily escaped in proportion as rulers, from their superior position and opportunities, have more to answer for. "The silly rabble," as Mr C. Knight (p. 411) justly observes, "escape with a terrible fright: Coriolanus loses his home, his glory, his life, for his pride and his revenge." Moreover, the catastrophe would seem to teach that the ties of kindred cannot be suffered to prevail with impunity where the claims both of country and of religion have been disallowed. Upon the whole, the career of Coriolanus may be taken as a striking proof of the Horatian adage—

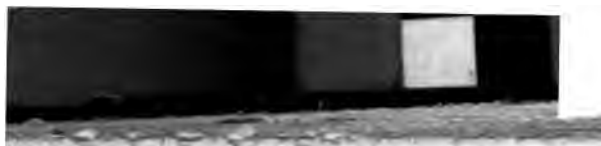
"Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua."

5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—The actual *historical time* included in the play is about four years—B.C. 494-490. See below, p. 115, Note (a). "The spirited style in which the chief occurrences in the career of Coriolanus are condensed into the limits of a tragedy by Shakspeare's art, in contriving the *dramatic time* of his play, is worthy of close examination and high admiration. So spirited is it, that

¹ Though in these Introductions I shall venture to speak of the moral lessons of each play, I fully subscribe to the judgment which Mr Hudson has so well expressed, that the said lessons are nowhere obtruded or exhibited with a consciousness on the poet's own part, but that nevertheless they *exist*, and are to be developed by the reader out of his own consciousness; and that this, so far from being a defect in the author, is his highest merit. See Hudson, vol. ii, pp. 243-245; and compare Dryden, "On the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," pref. to *Troilus and Cressida*; Works, vol. vi. p. 249.

the imagination is hurried away with full credence of the requisite brevity of the period needed for naturally witnessing a stage representation; while only the absolutely demanded hints of *long time* are brought in here and there, as the drama proceeds."—'Shakespeare Key,' p. 164, where all the passages indicative first of *short time*, and afterwards of *long time*, are quoted (pp. 164-170).

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—*Coriolanus* first appeared in print in the folio, 1623. No previous quarto is known to have existed, and yet the play must have been in the hands of the stage-managers not less than thirteen years. This may account in great degree for the unsatisfactory state in which the text has come down to us, and of which all modern editors complain with one consent. The following are the words of Dyce: "In this play the folio swarms with errors."—P. 274. According to Mr Grant White, "*Coriolanus* is the worst printed play in the whole first folio. Every page of it is spotted with corruption. Some of the confusion must be abandoned as hopeless." Mr Hudson testifies to the same effect: "This play was first printed in the folio of 1623, and is among the worst specimens of printing in that volume. The text as there given abounds in palpable corruptions, which, by a long toil of critical learning and sagacity, have in some good measure been removed or relieved; but still there are divers passages which seem to defy the resources of corrective art" (p. 440); and again, at p. 467, he speaks of "the very troublesome text of this play." In the folio edition the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and is without a list of *dramatis personæ*. Rowe supplied both deficiencies. Total number of lines of this play, prose and verse, according to my method of calculation, is 3597. Number of lines, in whole or in part, omitted in this edition (not counting those expunged on the score of coarseness or indecorum) is 59.



C O R I O L A N U S

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(In this list I have added the names of ADRIAN and NICANOR, see Act iv. Scene 3; which are found in no edition that I have seen.)

1 CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS,
a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS² AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

ADRIAN, a Volscian.

NICANOR, a Roman.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA,³ mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA,⁴ friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Partly Rome and its neighbourhood; partly Corioli and its
neighbourhood; and partly Antium.*

¹ This name ought to be Corceus. See Niebuhr, vol. II. p. 234.

² Amphidius in Plut., with the various reading Aphidius. Both Livy and Dion. Halicarn. give the name as Attius Tullus, or rather in the latter it is Tullus Attius.

³ So Plutarch; but Livy and Dionysius give the name of Volumnia to his wife and the name of Valeria to his mother.

⁴ Sister of Publius Valerius, surnamed Poplicola. See Act v. Scene 3, 71.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

*(Discontent of the Populace at Rome—War against the Volscians—
The taking of Corioli, their capital.)*

SCENE I.—Rome. A street.

*Enter a company of (a) mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs,
and other weapons.*

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to
famine?

Citizens. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy
to the people.

Citizens. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our
own price. Is't a verdict? 10

Citizens. No more talking ¹on't; let it be done: away, 1. of a: Abb., 181.
away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians,
"good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if
they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were
wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely;
but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts

2. Rich: Lat. "bona
nomina;" see M.
of V., l. 2. 12

3. Specify, and set off by contrast.

4. Prov. "lean as a rake"—i.e., rache = a greyhound.

5. To hunt and distress them.

6. See Sh. Plat. c. 2.

7. Heavy sticks: hence bats for cricket.

8. Hint, vague intimation.

us, (b) is as an inventory to ³particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become ⁴rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Citizens. Against him first: he's a very ⁵dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud. 30

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it ⁶to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

Citizens. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so! 50

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you

With ⁷bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had ⁸inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor

suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already. 60

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in ⁹your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your ¹⁰knees to them, not arms, must help. ¹¹Alack, 70
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more ¹²attends you; and you slander
The ¹³helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er
cared for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established
against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily,
to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not
up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To ¹⁴stale't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think
to ¹⁵fob-off our disgrace with a tale: but, ¹⁶an't please you, 90
¹⁷deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members,
¹⁸Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

9. The hindrance
you offer.

10. Bent in prayer.
11. Alas.

12. Awaits.

13. Steersmen,
governors.

14. Make it stale,
by repeating it.

15. Cheat, delude.

16. If: Abb., 101.

17. Speak, tell it us.

18. In rebellion.

19. *Victuals*: else-
where always plur.
20. *Whereas*: Abb.,
184.

21. *Acting in com-
mon*: adj.

22. *Inclination*,
desire.

Still cupboarding the ¹⁹viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; ²⁰where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually ²¹participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and ²²affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

100

First Cit.

Well, sir,

What answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

23. *Like your noisy
voices*.

Which ²³ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied ²⁴his receipt; even so ²⁵most fitly

24. *What he re-
ceived*.

As you malign our senators for that

25. *Exactly*.

They are not such as you.

110

First Cit.

Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crownèd head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldièr,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,

With other ²⁶muniments and petty helps

26. *Defences*.

In this our fabric, if that they—

Men.

What then?—

²⁷'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

27. *A petty oath:*
as if in imitation
of "Before God!"

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

120

Men.

Well, what then?

First Cit. The foresaid (c) agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men.

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small—of what you've little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men.

Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

130

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,

"That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
 And, through the cranks and ²⁸offices of man,
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: and ²⁹though that all at once—
 You, my good friends,"—this says the belly, mark me,—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

28. Rooms, or
 apartments of the
 body: see 2 K.
 Henr. 4. 1. 3. 49.
 29. Abb., 287.

140

Men. "Though all at once can not
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran."—What say you to't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly, 150
 And you the mutinous members: for, examine
 Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
 Touching the ³⁰weal o' the common; you shall find,
 No public benefit which you receive
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—
 You, the great toe of this ³¹assembly?

30. The good of the
 public.

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

31. As if quad-
 rasyll; Abb., 477.

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: 160
 Thou ³²rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
 But make you ready your stiff ³³bats and clubs:
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
 The one side must have ³⁴bale.

32. Lean deer, out
 of condition for the
 chase: used meta-
 phor., see below, iv.
 5. 217.

33. See above, 52.

34. Evil, harm.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
 rogues,

35. Do yourselves
 harm by restlessly
 urging what you
 think for your good:
 see 181 sq.; and
 comp. 2 K. Henr. 6.
 III. 2. 257.

That, ³⁵rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever ³⁶your good word. 170

36. Ironical.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To ³⁷make him worthy whose offence ³⁸subdues him,
And curse that justice ³⁹did it. Who deserves great-ness ¹⁸⁰

37. To regard and treat as worthy.

38. Subjects him to punishment.

39. The justice which inflicted it: Abb., 344.

40. Which would: see above, 180.

41. Emblem of glory.

42. Suit, petition.

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who most desires (*d*)
That ⁴⁰would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Trust ye? Hang ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your ⁴¹garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their ⁴²seeking!

190

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!

43. Disayl; Abb., 480.

44. Join, take the side of.

45. Enfeebling = weakening and reducing below their fort.

46. Compassion.
47. Heap of dead game.

48. Pitch, throw.

They'll sit by the ⁴³fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; ⁴⁴side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages (*e*); making parties strong
And ⁴⁵feebling such as stand not in their liking ²⁰⁰
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ⁴⁶ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make ⁴⁷a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could ⁴⁸pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They're dissolv'd: hang 'em! 210
 They said they were ⁴⁹an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
 That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
 That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one—
 To ⁵⁰break the heart of ⁵¹generosity,
 And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their ⁵²emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velútus, and I know not—Heaven! (f)
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me. It will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater ⁵³themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you ⁵⁴fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscres are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad ⁵⁵on't; then we shall ha' means to ⁵⁶vent
 Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
 JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that ⁵⁷you have lately told
 us,—

The Volscres are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility;
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I'd wish me only ⁵⁸he.

49. See B. and Sh.,
p. 25.

50. Enough to.
51. The nobility:
comp. Lat. "gen-
erosus."

220 52. Each striving
to shout louder than
the rest: see Ant.
ii. 3. 4.

53. Subjects, causes,
for insurgents to
urge.

230 54. Scraps, term of
extreme contempt.

55. Of it: see
above, 11.
56. Get rid of super-
fluous population.

57. See above, 120.

58. For "Aem,"
Abb., 208.

Com. (g) You've fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is 'a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise. 250

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am ⁵⁰constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What, art thou ⁶⁰stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol: where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us. (*h*) 260
[*To the Citizens.*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volscres have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful ⁶¹mutiners,
Your valour ⁶²puts well forth: pray, follow on.

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

The Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes? 269

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ⁶³spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon. (*i*) And such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at ⁶⁴the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—can not
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries 280

50. Firm to my word.

60. Not willing to comply, but intending to stand off.

61. Mutineers: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 222.
62. Shoots out, buds.

63. Forbear to sneer at.

64. See B. and Sh., p. 19; on "whom"—which, see Abb., 264.

he general's fault, though he perform
most of a man; and giddy censure
cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
the ⁶⁵business!"

Besides, if things go well,
that so ⁶⁶sticks on Marcius, shall
emerits rob Cominius.
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
shall be honours, though, indeed,
he merit not.

Let's hence, and hear
⁶⁸dispatch is made; and in what ⁶⁹fashion
in his singularity, he goes
present action.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

65. Trisyll.: see
Walker, Sh. Vera.,
p. 171.

66. Is settled.

67. Deserts, merits,
as in Lat.

68. Settling of the
business.

69. Capacity.

70. His own singu-
lar = peculiar,
character

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

A. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
of Rome are ¹enter'd in our counsels,
how we proceed.

1. Made acquainted
with.

Is it not yours?
It hath been thought on in this state,
I be brought to bodily act ere Rome
convention? 'Tis not four days gone
ward thence; these are the words: I think
the letter here; yes, here it is:

2. Some means of
disappointing it.

³press'd a power, but it is not known
for east or west: the ⁴dearth is great:
the mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Marcius your old enemy,
at Rome worse hated than of you,
Lartius, a most valiant Roman—
he lead on this preparation
tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
of't."

[*Reads.*

10 3. Impressed, forced
into military
service.

4. Scarcity of food.

First Sen. Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready 20
To ⁵answer us.

5. Meet us in battle.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great ⁶pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves ; which in the hatching,
It seems, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
To ⁷take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

6. Purposes.

7. Subdue.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; ⁸hie you to your ⁹bands : 30
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they ¹⁰set down before 's, for the ¹¹remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

8. Hasten.

9. Troops.

10. Besiege us.

11. To cause them
to remove, and
raise the siege.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from ¹²very certainties. Nay, more,
Some ¹³parcels of their power are ¹⁴forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ¹⁵ever strike 40
Till one can do no more.

12. Veritable, real.

13. Portions.

14. Out in the field.

15. Keep on striking.

All. The gods assist you !
Auf. And keep your honours safe !

First Sen. Farewell

All.

Farewell
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A room in MARCIUS' house.

*Enter (a) VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : they sit down on two
low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in
a more comfortable sort : if my son were my husband, I
should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won
honour than in the embracements where he would show
most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the
only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness ¹plucked

1. Attracted every
eye towards him.

all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings, entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows ²bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 16

2. For saving the life of a Roman citizen: see Sh. Plut., c. 2.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than ³thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

3. Abb., 237.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Reseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear ⁴hither your husband's drum;
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children ⁵from a bear, the Volscies shunning him: 30
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were 'got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his ⁶mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow

4. Ellipse of *I*: Abb., 401; comp. "prithoe" = I pray thee.
5. Sending its sound as far as here.
6. I.e., flee from — shun.

⁷Or all, or lose his hire.

7. Gauntletted.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood

8. Either to mow all: Abb., 136.

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man

Than ⁹gilt his trophy.(b)—Tell Valeria

41 9. Gilding.

We are ¹⁰fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit *Gent.* 10. Prepared.

Vir. Heavens ¹¹bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

11. Keep safe.

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.
What are you sewing here? A fine ¹²spot, in good faith.
—How does your little son? 51

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a
very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o'
Wednesday half an hour together: 'has such a confirmed
countenance. I saw him run (c) after a gilded butterfly;
and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it
again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught
it again: and whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas,
he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he
¹³mamocked it! 63

Vol. One ¹⁴on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. ¹⁵A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you
play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your ¹⁶patience; I'll not over the
threshold till my lord return from the wars. 73

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come,
you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with
my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all
the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca
full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible

12. *Piece of embroidery.*

13. *Tore it to pieces.*

14. *Of his; see above, l. 234.*

15. *Sprightly boy: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iii. 2. 34.*

16. *Your leave.*

as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.
Come, you shall go with us. 84

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam? 92

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are ¹⁷set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make ¹⁸it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us. 17. See above, 2. 32. 18. Abb., 226.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but ¹⁹disease our better mirth. 103

Val. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then. —[*To Volunnia.*] Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 19. Make uneasy, disturb.

Vir. No, ²⁰at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth. 20. In short: Abb., 144.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli. (a)*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager ¹they have met.

Lart. My horse to ²yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not ³spoke as yet.

1. Cominius' army and the enemy.

2. Diskyll: Abb., 480.

3. Encountered: See Ant. II. 2. 156.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him
I will for half a hundred years.—Summon the town. 10

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—
Now, Mars, I 'prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our 'fielded friends!—[*To Trump.*] Come, blow
thy blast.

4. Beat of drum
summoning to
arms.

5. Pray thee: see
3. 26.

6. Engaged in fight.

7. To summon the
town.

*They sound a parley. Enter on the walls, some Senators
and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

8. The sense re-
quires more; but
see *Troil.* I. 1. 28.

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you 'less than he,
That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark, our
drums

9. Sounding to call
out.

Are 'bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls, 20
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*] Hark you
far off! [*To Mar.*]

10. To the sound
at a distance.

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar.

O, they're at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over.

11. Out of: *Abb.* 156.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue 'forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

12. Impenetrable.

With hearts more 'proof than shields.—Advance, brave
Titus: 30

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscé,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum; and exeunt Romans and Volsces fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the ¹³south light on you,
 You shames of Rome! (*b*) You coward souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run 40
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agu'd fear! ¹⁴Mend, and charge home;— 14. *Do better.*
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

13. *The region of distempers: see Troil. v. 1. 21.*

14. *Do better.*

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good ¹⁵seconds:
 'Tis for the ¹⁶followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like. 50
 [*Enters the gate.*]

15. *Supporters.*

16. *Pursuers: see Sh. Plut., c. 5.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol.

Nor I.

Third Sol.

Nor I. [*Marcus is shut in.*]

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All.

To ¹⁷the pot, I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*]

17. *Destruction: met. from the melting-pot.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcus?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone, 60

To ¹⁸answer all the city.

18. *See above, 2. 21.*

Lart.

O noble fellow! (*c*)

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

19. See Sh. Plut., c. 5. Cato was not born till 250 years after death of Coriolanus.

Even to ¹⁹Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

70

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

O, 'tis Marcius!

20. *Stay*: not used elsewhere as substantive in this sense.

Let's fetch him off, or make ²⁰remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V.—*Within Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, with ¹spoils.

1. See Sh. Plut., c. 5.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom.

And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

2. *Trumpeter.*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a ²trumpet.

Mar. See here these spoilers! (a)

Cushions, leaden spoons,

3. *Worth a doil*, the smallest piece of money: see Sh. Key, p. 65.

Irons ³of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: (b)valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the ⁴spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

10

4. As monosyll. Abb., 463.

Lart.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise has been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar.

Sir, praise me not;

My work hath yet not warm'd me : fare you well :
 The blood I drop is rather ⁵physical
 Than dangerous to me : to Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

20 5. Medicinal : see
 J. Cæsa. II. I. 262.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. ⁶Thy friend no less
 Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

6. May she be a
 friend to thee, no
 less than to those
 whom, &c.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [*Exit MARCIUS.*]
 Go [*to Trump*], sound thy trumpet in the market-place ; 30
 Call thither all the officers o' the town,
 Where they forthwith shall know our mind : away !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near the camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends : well fought ; we are
 come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our ¹stands
 Nor cowardly in ²retire : believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ³struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts we've heard
 The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own,
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts ⁴encountering,
 May give you thankful sacrifice !

1. Resistance.
 2. Retreat.
 3. Used our weapons
 against the enemy.

4. Meeting—after
 the battle.

10

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

5. *Lately.* Com. 'Tis not a mile; ⁵briefly we heard their drums:
 6. *Expend, waste.* How couldst thou in a mile ⁶confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late? 20

Mess. Spies of the Volscas
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
 Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
 That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
 He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
 Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [*within*] Come I too late?

7. See above, 4. 66.
 8. *Small drum.*

Com. The shepherd knows not ⁷thunder from a ⁸tabor,
 More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue 31
 From every meaner man's.

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
 But mantled in your own.

9. *Embrace: see*
Sh., Key, p. 30.

Mar. O, let me ⁹clip ye
 In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
 As merry as when I ¹⁰wedded.

Com. Flower of warriors, 4
 How is't with Titus Lartius?

10. *String.*

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
 Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
 Ransoming him or pitying, threatening th' other;
 Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
 Even like a fawning greyhound in the ¹⁰leash,
 To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
 Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
 Where is he? call him hither.

11. *Report.*
 12. *Ironical.*

Mar. Let him alone;
 He did ¹¹inform the truth: but for our ¹²gentlemen,
 The common file—a plague!—tribunes for them!—
 The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
 From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcus, 60
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They've plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcus,
Their bands i' the ¹³vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

13. Vanguard: see
Sh. Plut., c. 5.

Mar. I do beseech you, 70
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the ¹⁴present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We ¹⁵prove this very hour.

14. I.e., time.

15. Try, bring to
the test.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those 80
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any ¹⁶fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave¹⁷ thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcus. (a)

16. Is concerned,
anxious, for.

90 17. I.e., his sword.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscas? none of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select*: the rest
 Shall ¹⁸bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. (b)

18. See above, l.
 284.

100

Com. March on, my fellows :

19. Sign given.

Make good this ¹⁹ostentation, and you shall

20. Share the spoil.

Divide²⁰ in all with us.

[Exeunt]

SCENE VII.—*The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers and a Scout.*

1. Gates.

Lart. So, let the ¹ports be guarded : keep your duties,
 As I've set them down. If I do send, dispatch
 Those ²centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
 For a ³short holding : if we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

2. Companies of
 100 men.

3. To hold the town
 for a short time.

Lieu.

Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, get you in, and shut your gates upon us.
 Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us. [Exeunt]

SCENE VIII.—*A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

Alarum. *Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
 Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf.

We hate alike :

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
 More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after !

Auf.

If I fly, Marcus,

Halloo me like a hare.

Mar.

Within these three hours, Tullus, I
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls.

And made what work I pleas'd : 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me 'mask'd ; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

1. Covered, disguised.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the ³whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

2. The scourge used by your boasted progenitors, the Trojans.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In your condemn'd ³seconds.

3. See above, 4. 48: "in" = by, or in the case of; Abb., 102.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. *Flourish.* Enter, from one side, COMINIUS and Romans; from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly ¹quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty ²plébeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!" (a)

1. Made to tremble.

2. Pronounce plébeians; see Walker, Sh. Ver., p. 161; Abb., 492.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general, 12
Here is the steed, we the ³caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——

3. The mere appendages, horse-cloth.

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a ⁴charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done—that's, what I can; induc'd
As you have been—that's, for my ⁵country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath ⁶overta'en mine act.

4. Right to praise her own son.

5. Tri-syllable: Abb., 477.

20

6. Come up to.

Com.

You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft—no less than a 'traducement—
To hide your doings (b): therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

7. *Calmness.*

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

30

8. *I.e., be remembered.*

Com.

Should ⁸they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And ⁹tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,—
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,—of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your ¹⁰only choice.

9. *Probe, heal.*

10. *Sole—i.e., of you alone: Abb., 219: see Sh. Plut., c. 6.*

Mar.

I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

40

[*A long flourish. They all cry, "Marcius!
Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd ¹¹soothing (c). No more, I say!
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or ¹²foil'd some ¹³debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be ¹⁴dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

11. *Cajoling.*

12. *That I defeated.*
13. *Feeble.* On
"here's many,"
see Abb., 335.

14. *Served up as food.*

50

Com.

Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that ¹⁵give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you—
Like one that means ¹⁶his proper harm—in manacles,

15. *Represent.*

16. *Harm to himself.*

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be't known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of ¹⁷the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim ¹⁸belonging; and from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,¹⁹
 With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—Bear
 Th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you:—
 I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
 To ²⁰undercrest your good ²¹addition
 To the ²²fairness of my power.

Com.

So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The ²³best, with whom we may ²⁴articulate,
 For their own good and ours.

Lart.

I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to ²⁵beg
 Of my lord general.

Com.

Take't; 'tis yours. What is't?

Cor. I ²⁶sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor-*rich (d) man's house; he us'd me kindly:—
 He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity: I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com.

O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor.

By Jupiter, forgot:—

60

17. Abb., 270.

18. *Troppings*: see
 Sh. Plut., c. 6.
 19. See Sh. Plut.,
 c. 7.

70

20. *Further adorn.*
 21. A quadrisyl-
 labla.
 22. *Fullest and best*:
 comp. K. John, iv.
 3, 46.

80

23. *Chief men of*
the Volscians.
 24. *Enter into arti-*
cles, make terms:
 see Sh. Key, p. 54.

25. See Sh. Plut.,
 c. 6.

26. *Once 'lay':* see
 below, iv. 4, 10.

90

I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on ¹good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscæ, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find
I' the ²part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I've fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By th' elements

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't it had; for ³where

I thought to crush him in an equal force

True sword to sword, ⁴I'll poach at him some way:—(a)

Or wrath or (b) craft may get him.

First Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour, poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor ⁵sanctuary;

⁶Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol;

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice—

⁷Embarquements all of fury—shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it

At home, ⁸upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against ⁹the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;

1. *Favourable terms.*

2. *Partly*: in the case of those who are at the mercy of the conquerors.

3. *Whereas*: see above, l. 96.

4. *Poach, thrust*—in future: see Sh. Key, p. 64.

5. As dissyll.; see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 163.

6. *The fact of his being unarmed*: see 2. K. Henr. 6, v. 4. 42.

7. = *Embarques, Hindrances*: Hamn. reads 'embankments.'

8. *Under . . . guardianship*: Keight. suggests 'household hearth.'

9. *The law of hospitality.*

earn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
be hostages for Rome.

30

First Sol.

Will not you go?

Auf. I am ¹⁰attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
Is south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

^{10.} *Waited for; see
above, l. 72.*

First Sol.

Sir, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

(*Coriolanus a Candidate for the Consulship.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they
were not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, ¹who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

^{1.} For 'whom;' *Abb.*, 274.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would
devour noble Marcus.

Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.— 10

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You
are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor ²in, that you
have not in abundance?

^{2.} Prep. doubled: *Abb.*, 407; *R. & Sh.*,
p. 24.

Brut. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you
are ³censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-
and file? do you?

^{3.} *Estimated.* On
'file,' see above, l.
6, 52.

21

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

4. I.e., If you are angry.

Men. Why, 'tis 'no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

30

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

5. I.e., the populace.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your ⁵helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias* fools, as any in Rome.

41

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

6. Commonsensibles—or wealth's-men; statesmen.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the hind-part of the night than with the forehead of the morning; what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such ⁶weals-men as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. (a)

52

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

7. Taken off out of respect.

8. Bent in obedience: see 1. K. Henr. 4, iv. 3. 74.

9. Siphon—pipe tap for a barrel.

10. Players in masks.

11. Declares war.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' ⁷caps and ⁸legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a ⁹fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like ¹⁰nummers; ¹¹set up the bloody flag against

all patience; and, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

73

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a ¹²botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. ¹³Good-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

12. Mender of old clothes.

13. Good evening.

87

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, with Attendants.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. ¹⁴Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

14. He throws it up in exultation. Jupiter, God of the sky: see l. i. 218.

Vir. Val. Nay, 'tis true.

98

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—a letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will ¹⁵make a lip at the

15. Laugh at, scorn.

16. *Quackish, in comparison with.*

physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but
¹⁶empiric cutic to this preservative.*—Is he not wounded!
 he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no,

110

Vol. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for't.

17. *He: Abb., 402.*

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings ¹⁷a
 victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

18. *Not 'in his pocket.' See above, l. 3. 13.*

Vol. ¹⁸On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time
 home with the oaken garland.

19. *Christened; classic use—
 éwaisévous: see Judges viii. 16.*

Men. Has he ¹⁹disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but
 Aufidius got off.

118

20. *If: see above, l. 1. 18.*

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that:
²⁰an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so
 fidiused (b) for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's
 in them. Is the senate ²¹possessed of this?

21. *Informed.*

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has
 letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole
 name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former
 deeds doubly.

22. *See above, l. 9. 50.*

Val. In troth, ²²there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without
 his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

130

23. *Pook / in scorn at the expression of doubt.*

Vol. True! ²³pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he
 wounded?—[*To the Tribunes*] God save your good wor-
 ships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be
 proud.—Where is he wounded?

24. *Scars: Lat.*

25. *The consulship.*

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be
 large ²⁴cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand
 for his ²⁵place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin
 seven hurts i' the body.

26. *See above, 128. —Menenius finishes his enumeration mentally.*

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—²⁶there's
 nine that I know.

141

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five
 wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an ene-
 my's grave. [*A shout and flourish within.*] Hark! the
 trumpets. (c)

A ²⁷ sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

27. Tune on cornets.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows "Coriolanus:"—welcome,
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! 150

[Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petitioned all the gods
For my prosperity.

[²⁸ Kneels.

28. To receive her blessing: see S. & B., p. 199, sq.

Vol. [raising him] Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By ²⁹ deed-achieving honour newly-named,—

160

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?

29. Gained by deeds: Abb., 372.

But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious ³⁰ silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

30. To his wife—
silent and weeping
for joy: see Much
Ado, II. 1. 317, and
comp. K. John, III.
4. 37.—On abstr.
for concr., Schmo.
'Lex.,' II. 1421, sq.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[To Valeria] O my sweet lady,
pardon.

171

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome ³¹ home;—
And welcome, ³² general; and ye're welcome all.

31. To Coriol.

32. To Comin.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep,
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy:—welcome:

A curse begin at very root ³³ on's heart

That is not glad to see thee!—You are ³⁴ three

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We've some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to ³⁵ your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

80

33. Of his: see
above, I. 1. II.
34. Cor., Com., and
Lart.
35. Of you: see
Dyce Gloss. s. v.
'four,' and comp.
below, 3. 144.

36. *Therefore let no more be said about these 'crab-trees.'*

We call ³⁶a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.*

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*to Vol. and Vir.*] Your hand, and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them ³⁷charge of honours.

37. *Burden.*

190

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is ³⁸one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will ³⁹cast upon thee.

38. *The consulship.*

39. *Bestow.*

Cor. Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way
Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol! 200

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*

BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

40. *Eyes.*

41. *Abb., 221.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared ⁴⁰sights
Are spectacl'd to see him: ⁴¹your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

42. *Chatters of.*

43. *Maid.*

44. *Cheap linen.*

45. *Squalls.*

46. *Boards, ledges.*

47. *Flat roofs.*

48. *Roofs bestrid-*

den.

49. *Rarely-seen*

priests.

50. *Standing-*

place.

51. *Adorned.*

While she ⁴²chats him: the kitchen ⁴³malkin pins

Her richest ⁴⁴lockram 'bout her ⁴⁵reechy neck,

Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, ⁴⁶bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up, ⁴⁷leads filled, and ⁴⁸ridges hors'd

With variable complexions; all agreeing

In earnestness to see him: ⁴⁹seld-shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

210

To win a vulgar ⁵⁰station: our veil'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask, in

Their nicely-⁵¹gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,

As if that ⁵²whatsoever god who leads him

Were slyly crept into his human powers,

And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our office may,

220

During his power, go sleep.

52. *The god who-*
ever he be. 'That'
is redundant. See
above, l. l. 116.

not temperately ⁵³transport his honours
he should begin and end; but will
hath won.

In that there's comfort.

⁵⁵Doubt not
s, for whom we stand, but they,
sient malice, will forget,
cause, these his new honours; ⁵⁶which
ve them, make I as little question
to do't. 230

I heard him swear,
nd for consul, never would he
arket-place, (*d*) nor on him put
resture of humility;
as the manner is, his wounds
beg their stinking breaths.

'Tis right.
his word: O, he would miss ⁵⁸it, rather
but by the suit of the gentry to him,
of the nobles. 240

I wish no better
hold that purpose, and to put it

'Tis most like he will.
be to him, then, as our ⁶⁰good wills,
tion.

So it must fall out
authorities. ⁶¹For an end,
gest the people in what hatred
eld them; that to's power he would
m ⁶³mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
l their freedoms; holding them,
on and capacity,
al nor fitness for the world
the war; who have their ⁶⁵provand
ag burdens, and sore blows
der them.

This, as you say, suggested
when his soaring insolence
he people,—which time shall not ⁶⁷want, 260

53. Bear, carry.

54. Within their
due limits; and so
he will, &c.

55. Be sure of . . .
that they, upon—in
consequence of.

56. I.e., cause.

57. Thread-bare.

58. Being consul.

59. By anything
else except—

60. Best endon-
vours: see above,
l. 9, 20.

61. To cut the mat-
ter short.

62. Prompt, in-
form.

63. I.e., to bear bur-
dens: see 2 Kings
v. 17.

64. Taken from
them.

65. Provender.

66. Move, provoke.

67. Be wanting.

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I've seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves, 27
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A ⁶⁸shower and thunder with their caps and shouts
I never saw the like.

68. 'Shower' of
'caps,' 'thunder'
of 'shouts': see
below, v. 3. 111.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. ⁶⁹Have with you; come. [*Exeunt*]

69. Come along, lit.
take me—I'll go.

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay ¹cushions.

1. See below, iv. 7.
45.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. H
many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
Coriolanus will carry it.

2. Used adverbially—mightily.

First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's ²vengea
proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men t
have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and t
be many that ³they have loved, they know not wheref
so that, if they love they know not why, they hate u
no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither
care whether they love or hate him manifests the t
knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of
noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

3. The people.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he ⁴waved indifferently ⁷twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their ⁵opposite. Now, to seem to ⁶affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

4. *Would fluctuate:*
on syntax see
Abb., 361.

5. *Adversary.*

6. *Atin at.*

22

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as ⁷those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, ⁸bonneted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, ⁹giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

7. *The ascent of*
those: see above,
1. 5. 28.

8. *Took off their*
cap: see below, III.
2. 88.

9. *Seen manifestly*
to be untrue.

32

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

¹⁰ *A scannet.* Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

10. See above, I.
146. sq.

Men. Having determin'd ¹¹of the Volscs, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To ¹²gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours ¹³like himself.

11. *Concerning the*
terms to be made
with them.

12. *Requite.*

40

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think

13. *Suited to his*
merits.

14. *The power of the state in requesting.*

Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch ¹⁴it out—[*To the Tribunes*] Masters
o' the people, 50

15. *Intervention with the people.*

16. *Grant.*

17. *Summoned.*

18. *Proposal to be agreed on.*

19. *Him for whose sake we are met.*

20. *Most happy.*
21. *Keep in mind.*

22. *Away from the purpose.*

We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving ¹⁵motion toward the common body,
To ¹⁶yield what passes here.
Sic. We are ¹⁷convented
Upon a pleasing ¹⁸treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The ¹⁹theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be ²⁰blest to do, if he ²¹remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at. 60

Men. That's ²²off, that's off ;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give't.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak. Nay, keep your place. 70

[*To CORIOLANUS, who rises, and offers to go away.*]

23. *Be ashamed.*

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never ²³shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

24. *Cause, get : 'again' redundant.*

Cor. Your honours' pardon :
I'd rather ²⁴have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

25. *Drove from your seat.*

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words ²⁵disbench'd you not.

26. *Flattered : see above, l. 9. 47.*

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. 80
You ²⁶sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

27. *In a state of careless idleness.*
28. *See l. 4. 13.*

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head ²⁷i' the sun,
When the ²⁸lárums were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Erit.*

Men.

Masters of the people,

How can he stoop to flatter when you see
 He'd rather venture all his limbs for honour
 Than one ²⁹on's ears to hear't?—Proceed, Cominius.

90 29. *Of his*: see
 above, l. 2. 64.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held (a)
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

30. See Sh. Plut.,
 c. 2.
 31. *Raised a power
 to recover.*

The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. ³⁰At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin ³¹made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his ³²Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he ³³bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him ³⁴on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act ³⁵the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his ³⁶meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And in the ³⁷brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He ³⁸lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this ³⁹last, 110
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him ⁴⁰home: he stopp'd the fliers;
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before

100 32. *Unbearded.*
 33. *So as to defend
 when fallen in
 battle.*

34. *So that he fell
 upon—*
 35. Boys in Sh.'s
 time played the
 female parts.
 36. *Reward*: see
 above, l. 115.

37. *Violent shock.*
 38. *Rodded.*
 39. *I.e., battle.*

40. *As he deserves*:
 see l. 4. 43.

41. *Forepart of a
 ship.*

42. *Measured, as in
 music.*
 43. *Deadly, made
 the scene of death.*

120

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his ⁴¹stem: (b) from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was ⁴²tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The ⁴³mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like ⁴⁴a planet: now all's his:
 When, by and by, the din of war ⁴⁵'gan pierce
 His ready sense; then ⁴⁶straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was ⁴⁷fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did

44. *A star, influenc-
 ing men's fate.*
 45. *Began*: Abb.,
 460.
 46. *Straightway.*
 47. *Wearied.*

48. *Steaming.*

Run ⁴⁸reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd

49. *Battle-field.*

Both ⁴⁹field and city ours, he never stood

13

50. *Comp. 1. K.
Henr. 4, 1. 1. 2.*

To ease his breast with ⁵⁰panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

51. *Suitably.*

First Sen. He cannot but ⁵¹with measure fit the honour
Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less

52. *Avarice.*
53. *Esteeming vir-
tue to be its own
reward.*

Than ⁵²misery itself would give; ⁵³rewards
His deeds with doing them. (c)

14

Men.

He is right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

First Sen.

Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor.

I do owe them still

My life and services.

Men.

It then remains

1

That you do speak to the people.

Cor.

I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot

54. *Uncovered—to
show wounds: see
above, 1. 236.*

Put on the gown, stand ⁵⁴naked, and entreat them,

55. *Omit.*

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may ⁵⁵pass this doing.

Sic.

Sir, the people

Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men.

Put them not to't:—

1

Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and

Take to you, as your predecessors have,

Your honour with ⁵⁶your form.

56. *Formalities
prescribed to you by
custom.**Cor.*

It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. [to *Sic.*] Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus ;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only !—

170

Men. Do not ⁵⁷stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our ⁵⁸purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

57. *Instat.*

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all except BRUTUS*
and SICINIUS.

58. *His election*
purposed by us, and
to be submitted to
them to ratify : see
above, 53.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent ! He will ⁵⁹require
them,

59. *Ask their votes :*
see below, 3. 1.

As if he did ⁶⁰contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

180

60. *Dislike, scorn,*
that—

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here : on the market-place
I know they do ⁶¹attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

61. See above, 1. 10.
32.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. ¹Once, if he do ²require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

1. *Once for all, in"*
a word.
2. *Ask for.*

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third. Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it
is a power that we have no ³power to do : for if he show
us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of
the multitude ; of the which we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

3. *I.e., morally.*
justly.

12

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little
help will serve ; for ⁴once we stood up about the corn, he
himself ⁵stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

4. *On one occasion*
when : Abb., 244.
5. *Hesitated.*

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their ⁶consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

6. Agreement to go in one direction.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife. 31

7. I.e., go on, divert yourself at my expense.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:—⁷you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.—Here he comes, and in the ⁸gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by ⁹particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

8. Dress of a candidate: see I. 235.

9. To each of us separately.

All. Content, content.

43
[Exeunt.]

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are ¹⁰not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

10. In objecting to ask for votes.

Cor. What must I say?—

"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, sir;—my wounds;—I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums." 50



Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me. (a)

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. 60

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit Menenius.*—So, here
comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

First Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

First Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the
poor with begging. 71

First Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds
to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your ¹¹good
voice, sir; what say you? 11. Speaking to the
second citizen.

Sec. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There's in all two worthy voices
begged.—I have ¹²your alms: adieu. 81

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. ¹³An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. 12. What you have
given me for my
begging.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.* 13. See above, l. 1.
80.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ¹⁴stand with the tune of 14. Be consistent.

your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people. 92

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn (b) brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a ¹⁵condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and ¹⁶be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it ¹⁷bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, ¹⁸beseech you I may be consul

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds for your country. 105

Cor. I will not ¹⁹seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!— 110

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this ²⁰woolless ²¹toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, as they ²²appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt

For truth t' ²³o'er-peer. Rather than fool ²⁴it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus.—I am half through;

The one part ²⁵suffer'd, th' other will I do.—

Here come more voices. 120

15. Character suitable for a gentleman.

16. Take off my hat: see 2. 25.

17. Adv., plentifully.

18. See above, l. 3. 25.

19. Confirm.

20. See above, l. 235.

21. Gown: Lat. toga.

22. Come before me: see 30. 'Vouches'—testimonies to my character: see K. Henry 8, l. 1. 180.

23. Overtop, look down upon it.
24. Abb., 238.

25. Endured.

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I've seen, and heard of; for your voices have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice. 131

Sixth Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All three Citizens: Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble
 consul! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You've stood your ²⁶limitation; and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice: ²⁷remains
 That, in th' ²⁸official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate. 140

Cor. Is this ²⁹done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your ³⁰approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I, then, change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
 Repair to the senate-house. 150

Men. I'll keep you company.—[*To the Tribunes.*] Will
 you ³¹along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*]

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
 'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
 His humble ³²weeds.—Will you dismiss the people?

26. Appointed time
 for canvassing.

27. Ellips. of 'it';
 Abb., 404.

28. Insignia of
 office.

29. Finished.

30. To signify their
 approval of you—
 to ratify your elec-
 tion: comp. l. 180.

* 30. Abb., 30.

31. Garments: see
 above, l. 325; s. 50:
 comp. 'widow's
 weeds.'

Re-enter Citizens.

32. Abb., 343.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you ³² chose this man!*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir.*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves. 160*Sec. Cit.* Amen, sir:—to my poor unworthy notion,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.*Third Cit.*

Certainly

33. *Scoff'd.*He ³³ flouted us downright.*First Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us*Sec. Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully; he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.34. Meaning—
surely, unless he
had done so, you
would not have
elected him.*Sic.* Why, ³⁴ so he did, I'm sure.*All the Citizens.* No, no; no man saw 'em. 170*Third Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

35. See above, 97.

And with ³⁵ his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he; "aged custom36. No otherwise
than.³⁶ But by your voices will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore:" when we granted that,

37. *Hereupon.*³⁷ Here was, "I thank you for your voices.—thank you,—38. Parted with,
given away.Your most sweet voices:—now you have ³⁸ left your voices
I have no further with you:"—was not this mockery!39. Without sense
enough.*Sic.* Why, either were you ³⁹ ignorant to see't,Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness 180
To yield your voices?*Bru.*

Could you not have told him,

40. Taught by us.

As you were ⁴⁰ lesson'd,—when he had no power

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the ⁴¹ weal; and now, ⁴² arriving41. Common-
wealth.
42. Reaching, ar-
riving at.

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

43. Confirmed:
comp. 'fast friend.'
44. See above, l.
9. 7.⁴³ Fast foe to the ⁴⁴ plebeii, your voices might 19
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than ⁴⁵ what he stood for, so his gracious nature45. The office of
consul.

Would think upon you for your voices, and

his malice towards you into love,
your friendly lord.

Thus to have said,
re fore-advis'd, had ⁴⁷ touch'd his spirit
his inclination; from him pluck'd
gracious promise, which you might,
e had call'd you up) have held him to;
would have gall'd his surly nature,
ily endures not ⁴⁹ article
to aught; so, putting him to rage,
I have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
him unelected.

Did you perceive
icit you in ⁵⁰ free contempt,
lid need your loves; and do you think
contempt shall not be bruising to you,
ath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
mong you? or had you tongues to ⁵¹ cry
e ⁵² rectorship of judgment?

Have you,
denied the asker? and now ⁵³ again,
hat did not ask, but mock, bestow
for tongues?

He's not confirm'd; we may
yet.

And will deny him; I
five hundred voices ⁵⁵ of that sound.
I twice five hundred, and their friends to
iece 'em.
et you hence instantly; and tell those friends
chose a consul that will from them take
ties; make them of no more voice
, that are as often beat for barking
fore kept to do so.

Let them assemble;
safer judgment, all revoke
ant election: ⁵⁹ enforce his pride,
d hate unto you: besides, forget not
contempt he wore the ⁶⁰ humble weed;
s suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,

46. Convert.

47. Put to the test,
as a touchstone.

200

48. Occasion led
you to require.

49. Condition.

50. Undisguis'd

210

51. Give your voices.

52. Guidance.

53. Contrarywise.

54. For 'on :'
Abb., 175.

220

55. To agree to that.

56. Add to them.

57. See above, 158.

58. Redundant.

230

59. Urge against
him.

60. See above, 156.

61. Behaviour

62. Indecently.

63. According to.

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present ⁶¹portance,
Which gibingly, ⁶²ungravely, he did fashion
⁶³After th' inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.**Lay*64. Allowing 'no
imped.' to come in,
and prevent.

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No ⁶⁴impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

240

Sic.

Say you chose him

65. Natural bias:
met. from veins of
timber.

66. Vote.

More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the ⁶⁵grain
To ⁶⁶voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

67. See Sh. Plut.,
c. 1.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd; and what stock he springs of,— ²⁵⁰
The ⁶⁷noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, (c) who was nobly nam'd so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

One thus descended,

260

68. Weighing.

That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
⁶⁸Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru.

Say you ne'er had done't—

69. Assembled.

Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have ⁶⁹drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

70. Sh., uses 're-
pend' with 'in,'
'for,' 'over,' as
well as 'qf': see
Sch. 'Lex.'

71. Vouchsafed on.

All the Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent ⁷⁰in their election.

270

[*Exeunt.*]*Bru.*

Let them go on;

This mutiny were better ⁷¹put in hazard,

Than that we stay, ⁷²past doubt, for greater mischief :
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and ⁷³answer
 The ⁷⁴vantage of his anger.

72. *Without.*73. *Profit by.*74. *The advantage
his anger will give
us.*

Sic. To the Capitol, come :
 We will be there before the stream o' the people ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their ⁷⁵own,
 Which we have goaded onward.

280 75. *I.e., doing.*[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

(Banishment of Coriolanus.)

SCENE I.—Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS
 LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had ¹made new head ?

1. *Raised a fresh
force : see above,
ll. 2. 97.*

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was which caus'd
 Our swifter ²composition with the foe.

2. *Agreement : see
above, ll. 2. 85.*

Cor. So, then, the Volscies stand but as at first ;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make ³road
 Upon's again.

3. *Inroad : see B.
and Sh., p. 41 :
' upon '—upon us.*

Com. They're ⁴worn, lord consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in ⁵our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

4. *Reduced, worn
out.*
5. *Lifetime.*

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

10

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse
 Against the Volscies, ⁶for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

6. *Because : Abb.,
151.*

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword ;
 That of all things upon the earth he hated
 Your person most ; that he would pawn his fortunes
 To ⁷hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

20 7. *Without hope of
recovering them.*

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do ⁸prank them in authority,
Against all ⁹noble sufferance.

8. Deck themselves.

9. S. of the nobility:
see above, l. 10. 27.

10. Proceed—along
the street.

Sic. ¹⁰Pass no further. 30

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

11. Received the
sanction of.

Com. Hath he not ¹¹pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

12. Of men, as
changeable—or not
entitled to vote.

Cor. Have I had ¹²children's voices?

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop, 40

Or all will fall in broil.

13. Men of such
character.

14. At one moment,
and at the next—
straightway.

Cor. Are ¹³these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them ¹⁴now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

15. Put up with it,
and then you will
have to live.

¹⁵Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, 50
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you ¹⁶repin'd;
¹⁷Scandal'd the suppliants for the people,—call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

16. See Sh. Plut.

c. 10.

17. De/am'd.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them ¹⁸sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them! 60

Cor. You're ¹⁹like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

²⁰Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that

For which the people ²¹stir: if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with ²²him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This ²³palt'ring,
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid ²⁴falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of ²⁵corn!
This was my ²⁶speech, and I will speak't again,—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

²⁷Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In ²⁸soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The ²⁹cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

18. *Since*: on pronunciation see Abb., 466.

19. *Likely*.

20. *In every way to improve your business*: ironical.

21. *Are excited*.

22. *With Brutus*.

23. *Shuffling, equivocating*.

24. *Treacherously*: met. from game of bowls.

25. See above, 54.

26. See Sh. Pl., c. 10; and Livy, II. 34.

27. *Mind my words spoken without flattery*.

28. See above, II.

2. 81.

29. *Bad word*: see Sh. Plut., c. 10; on scansion see Abb., 497.

30. *Scurvy wretches, lepers: sense now obsolete.*

31. *Infect with tetter=scab. 'Them'—i.e., the measles.*

Coin words till their decay against those ³⁰measles,
Which we disdain should ³¹tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

100

Bru.

You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic.

'Twere well

We let the people know't.

Men.

What, what? his choler!

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic.

It is a mind

110

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor.

Shall remain!—

32. *Neptune's trumpeter.*

Hear you this ³²Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?

Com.

'Twas ³³from the canon.

33. *Abb., 158. Against rule and law: see above, l. 10. 27.*

Cor.

"Shall"!

O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
³⁴Given ³⁵Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The ³⁶horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current ³⁷in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,

120

34. *Allowed.*

35. *See above, ll. 8. 15.*

36. *Noisy horn.*

37. *For 'into': see Abb., 159.*

38. *Lower—in submission to him.*

Then ³⁸vail your impotence; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have ³⁹cushions by you. You are ⁴⁰plébeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the ⁴¹great'st taste (a) ¹³⁰
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver ⁴²bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are ⁴³up,
Neither ⁴⁴supreme, how soon confusion

39. *See above, ll. 2. Stage direct.*

40. *See above, ll. 3. 190.*

41. *The taste of the majority savours most of theirs.*

42. *Body of magistrates: see below, 201.*

43. *Set up.*

44. *Above the other.*

May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place. 140

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime ⁴⁵in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
power,—

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. What! shall the people give

One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons, 150

⁴⁶More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not ⁴⁷their recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the ⁴⁸navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not ⁴⁹thread the gates:—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
⁵⁰All cause unborn, could never be the ⁵¹native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this ⁵²bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater ⁵³poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—thus we debase
The nature of our ⁵⁴seats, and make the rabble
Call our ⁵⁵cares fears; which will in time break ⁵⁶ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, ⁵⁷take more:

⁵⁸What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This ⁵⁹double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

^{45.} See 5th. Plut.,
c. 10.

^{46.} Double comp.:
Abb., 11.

^{47.} Rightly due to
them.

^{48.} Centre, core.

^{49.} Go out through.

160 ^{50.} Without any
foundation.

^{51.} Subst., natural
cause: Sch. 'Lex.'
Mason suggests
'motive.'

^{52.} Parblind:
Keight. defends
the orig. text,
'bosom multi-
plied.'

^{53.} Number.

^{54.} Chairs of office.

^{55.} I.e., for their
good.

^{56.} See above, l.
4. 49.

170

^{57.} Hear.

^{58.} Let every most
sacred sanction
confirm.

^{59.} Divided honour
—authority.

60. *Any*: see Hebr. vii. 7.
 61. *Gentle birth*.
 62. *Frivolousness*.
 63. *Being so*.
 64. See above, l. 3. 26.
 65. *Fear the change*—i.e., in taking away the power of the tribunes.
 66. *Of it*: see above, ll. 2. 90.
 67. *Risk*—by administering.
 68. *Of the multitude*.
 69. *Shown to you*: Abb., 219.
 70. *Soundness*.
 Insult without ⁶⁰all reason; where ⁶¹gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while 180
 T' unstable ⁶²alightness: purpose ⁶³so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, ⁶⁴beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you ⁶⁵doubt the change ⁶⁶on't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To ⁶⁷jump a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The ⁶⁸multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: ⁶⁹your dishonour 190
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that ⁷⁰integrity which should become't;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For th' ill which doth control't.

Bru.

'Has said enough.

Sic. 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

71. *Contempt*.

Cor. Thou wretch, ⁷¹despite o'erwhelm thee!—

72. *Bald of intelligence*.

What should the people do with these ⁷²bald tribunes!

73. *Authority—the senate*: see above, l. 13.

On whom depending, their obedience fails 200

74. *Declared*.

To the greater ⁷³bench: in a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

75. *Let it throw*.

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,

Let what is meet be ⁷⁴said it must be meet,

And ⁷⁵throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason! (b)

Sic.

This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people [*Exit Ædile*]:—in whose name
 myself 210

76. *Seize, arrest*.

⁷⁶Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

77. See above, l. 1. 153; for 'answer' see below, 400.

A foe to the public ⁷⁷weal: obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll ⁷⁸surety him.

Com. [to *Sicinius*.] Agèd sir, hands off.

^{78.} *Bedl.* Here gu.
as triayil: see
Dyce.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect. 220

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Sen. Pat. &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes!—Patricians!—Citizens!—What, ho!—

Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!—

Peace, peace, peace!—Stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I'm out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,
Speak to the people:—Coriolanus, patience:— 230
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are ⁷⁹at point to lose your liberties:

^{79.} *On the point.*

Marcus would have all from you; *Marcus*,

Whom late you've nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. T' unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What ⁸⁰is the city but the people?

Citizens. True,

240 ^{80.} See *Soph. Oed.*
Tyr., 56 sq.

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,

81. *As yet is ranked
in separate parts.*

And bury all, which ⁸¹yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

250

Sic.

This deserves death.

82. *Either: see
above, l. 3. 36.*

Bru. ⁸²Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,

83. *In the exercise
of.*

Upon the part o' the people, ⁸³in whose power
We were elected ⁸⁴theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

84. *Their special
magistrates.*

Sic.

Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him ⁸⁵to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

85. *See Sh. Plut.,
c. 11.*

Bru.

Ædiles, seize him!

260

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men.

Hear me, my friends, one word:

86. *See above, l. 3.
26.*

⁸⁶Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

87. *Cool, deliberate
measures.*

Bru.

Sir, those ⁸⁷cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him, ²⁷
And bear him to the rock.

Cor.

No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword*]

88. *See above, ll. 1.
127.*

⁸⁸There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw
awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

89. *See Sh., Plut.,
c. 11.*

Com.

Help, ⁸⁹help Marcius, help!
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him: down with him!

[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædile
and the People are beat in.*]

Men. [*to Cor.*] Go, get you to your house; be gone
away!

28

90. *Lost, ruined.*

All will be ⁹⁰naught else.

Sec. Sen.

Get you gone.

Cor.

Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to ⁹¹that?

First Sen.

The gods forbid!—

91. *Open contest:*
see 'stand fast.'

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this ⁹²cause.

92. *Matter.*

Men.

For 'tis a sore

You cannot ⁹³tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

290

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

93. See above, l. 9.
33.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.—

Men.

Be gone;

Put not your ⁹⁴worthy rage into your tongue;

94. *Well-founded.*

One ⁹⁵time will owe another.

95. *Though we*
yield now, we shall
be quits with them
by-and-by.

Cor.

On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

Men.

I could myself

300

⁹⁶Take up a brace o' the best; yea, the two tribunes.

96. *Encounter.*

Com. But now 'tis odds ⁹⁷beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it ⁹⁸stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the ⁹⁹tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to ¹⁰⁰bear.

97. *Incalculable.*

98. *Opposes what*
threatens to fall,
and overwhelm it.

99. *Rabble.*

100. *Endure, be*
subject to.

Men. [*to Cor.*]

Pray you, be gone:

I'll try ¹⁰¹whether my old wit be in request

101. *As monosyll.*:
see Walker on Sh.
Vers. p. 105.

With those that have but little: this must ¹⁰²be patch'd

310

102. *Mended by any*
means we can
contrive.

With cloth of any colour.

Com.

Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, he does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.—

[*A noise within.*

Hers's goodly work!

320

Sec. Pat.

I would they were a-bed!

103. *Used as an*
imprecation.
'what' = why;
Abb., 263.

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, ¹⁰³the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall ¹⁰⁴scorn him further trial 33^o
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, ¹⁰⁵sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry ¹⁰⁶havoc, where you should but hunt
With ¹⁰⁷modest warrant. 34^o

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have ¹⁰⁸help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two; 35^o

¹⁰⁹The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then;

For we are ¹¹⁰peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but our danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 3ⁱ
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

104. *Disdain to allow him.*

105. *Be assured of it: see above, l. 3. 64.*

106. *Cry out for slaughter.*
107. *More lenient authority.*

108. *For 'holpen' = helped: Abb., 343.*

109. *See above, l. 3. 61; 'turn' = put, bring.*

110. *Firmly determined.*

er ¹¹¹deserv'd children is enroll'd
 s own book, like an unnatural dam
 v eat up her own !
 s a disease that must be cut away.
 he's a limb that has but a disease ;
 cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
 he done to Rome that's ¹¹³worthy death ?
 enemies, the blood he hath lost—
 are vouch, is more than that he hath,
 n ounce—he dropp'd it for his country ;
 is left, to lose it by his country,
 all, that do't and suffer it,
 to th' end o' the world.

This is ¹¹⁵clean kam.

erely ¹¹⁶awry : when he did love his country,
 l him.

The service of the foot
¹¹⁷gángren'd, is not ¹¹⁸then réspectéd
 before it was.

We'll hear no more.—
 to his house, and pluck him thence ;
 fection, being of catching nature,
 her.

One word more, one word.
 r-footed rage, when it shall find
 of ¹²⁰unscann'd swiftmess, will, too late,
 pounds ¹²¹to's heels. Proceed by ¹²²process ;
 s—as he is belov'd—break out,
 great Rome ¹²³with Romans.

If it were so,—

What do ye talk ?
 ot had a taste of his obedience ?
¹²⁵smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come,—
 nsider this :—he has been bred i' the wars
 ould draw a sword, and is ill school'd
 l language ; meal and bran together
 without distinction. Give me leave,
 im, and undertake to bring him
 hall answer, by a lawful form,—
¹²⁷to his utmost peril.

111. Who have de-
 served well : Abb.,
 374.

112. See Exod.
 xxxii. 32 ; Mal.
 iii. 16.

113. Worthy of : see
 J. Cua., i. 2. 188.

114. Stigma, mark
 of infamy.

115. Quite crooked.

116. 'Merely' = ut-
 terly, completely.
 Lat. 'merus.'

117. Mortified.

118. If what you
 say be just.

119. Swift and
 cruel as a tiger.

120. Inconsiderate
 haste.

121. To his = its :
 Abb., 228.

122. Course of law.

123. By : Abb., 193.

124. See above,
 322.

125. Smitten : Abb.,
 343.

126. Finely sifted.

400 127. At—if he re-
 fuse : see below,
 416.

First Sen.

Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course
 Will prove too bloody ; and ¹²⁸the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

128. When begun,
 no one can tell how
 it may end.

Sic.

Noble Menenius,

Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
 Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. [to the People.]

Go not home.

129. See above, l.
 10. 32.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll ¹²⁹attend you
 there :

410

Where, if you [*to Men.*] bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
 In our first way.

*Men.*I'll bring him to you.—[*To the Senators*]

Let me

Desire your company : he must come, or what
 Is worst will follow.

*First Sen.*Pray you, let us to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A room in CORIOLANUS's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them (*a*) pull all about mine ears ; present me
 Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels ;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the ¹beam of sight ; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

1. Ray of light
 from the eye.

2. Act.

3. As trisyll.

4. Wonder.

First Pat. You ²do the ³nobler.*Cor.* I ⁴muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them ⁵woollen vassals, things created
 To ⁶buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ⁷ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace or war.

5. From their
 coarse dress.
 6. To make only
 small bargains.

7. Order, rank.

10

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :

Why did you wish me milder ? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out. 20

Cor. ⁸Let go, let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not show'd ⁹them how ye were dispos'd
¹⁰Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

8. *Never mind,
speak no more of it:*
see K. John, III. 3.
34.

9. *The people.*

10. *While they had
still power.*

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too
rough; 30

You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's ¹¹no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. [*to Cor.*] Pray, (*b*) be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little ¹²apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear. 40

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them!—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them? 50

Vol. You are too ¹³absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ¹⁴speak. I've heard you say,

13. *Self-willed.*

14. *Demand atten-
tion.*

15. *Inseparable*:
see K. Rich. 2, ii. 2.
16. *unavoided*:
K. Rich. 3, i. 4. 28,
unvalued.
16. See Abb., 12.

Honour and policy, like ¹⁵unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what ¹⁶each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor.

Tush, tush!

Men.

A good demerit

17. *That which.*

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The ¹⁷same you are not,—which, for your best ends, (I
You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,
That ¹⁸it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to ¹⁹both
It stands in like request?

18. *The same prin-*
ciple.
19. *Both have equal*
need of it.

20. *Urges, enforces.*

Cor.

Why ²⁰force you this?

21. *It is incumbent*
on you.

Vol. Because that now ²¹it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but ²²rooted in
Your tongue, not privy to your bosom's truth. (c)
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to ²³take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to ²⁴your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

22. *Go no deeper*
than: but see Sh.
Key, p. 60.

23. See above, l.
1. 27.

24. *The chances of*
war.

25. *Concerned in*
this matter, and so
are, &c.

26. *Common*
clothes.

27. *A flattering*
word.

28. *The want of*
that 'favour.'

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I'm ²⁵in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our ²⁶general louts
How you can frown than spend a ²⁷fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what ²⁸that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady!—

29. *I.e., not only*:
Abb., 54, and comp.
below, 3. 121.

Come, [*to Cor.*] go with us; speak fair: you may save
²⁹Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol.

I prithee now, my son,

30. See above, ll.
2. 25.

31. *Thy hand* (so
Sch. 'Lex.'). *con-*
ceded to them—as
follows.

Go to them, with this ³⁰bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd ³¹it, here be with them;
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learn'd than the ears), waving thy head—

en, thus correcting thy stout heart,
 mble, as the ripest mulberry (*d*)
 not ³³hold the handling.—say to them,
 their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 the soft way which, thou dost confess,
 for thee to use, as ³⁴they to claim,
 their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 orsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 ast power and ³⁵person.

This but done,
 he speaks it, why, their hearts were yours;
 have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 to little purpose.

Prithee now,
 e rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
 ine enemy ³⁶in a fiery gulf
 er him in a ³⁷bower.—Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

've been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit 110
 strong party, or defend yourself
 ss or by absence: all's in anger.
 nly ³⁸fair speech.

I think 'twill serve, if he
 to frame his spirit.

He must, and will.—
 w, say you will, and go about it.

ust I go show them my ³⁹unbarb'd sponce? must I
 base tongue give to my noble heart
 it must bear? Well, I will do't:
 there but this single ⁴⁰plot to lose,
 d of Marcius, they to dust should ⁴¹grind it,
 e't against the wind.—To the market-place!—
 t me now to such a part, which never
 charge to the life.

Come, come, we'll prompt you.
 prithee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said
 s made thee first a soldier, so,
 ay praise for this, perform a part
 not done before.

32. Bow down
 humbly.
 33. Bear.

34. Ungrammatical
 = for them: see
 below, 146.

100

35. Personal
 ability.

36. Into: see above,
 l. 124.
 37. Prob. *arbour*,
 not *chamber*: a
 sense not found in
 Sh.

38. I.e., *is needed*.

120

39. *Unarm'd, un-*
covered head: see
 88. Comp. K. Rich.
 2, III. 7. 119.

40. *Portion of*
earth.
 41. I.e., *ere I would*
do it.

130

Cor.

Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,

42. *Sung in concert.*Which ⁴²quired with my drum into a voice

That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

43. *Encamp.*⁴³Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up44. *Eyeballs.*The ⁴⁴glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees

45. *Abb., 264.*⁴⁵Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his46. *See Acts iii. 3;*That hath receiv'd ⁴⁶an alms!—I will not do't:

B. and Sh., p. 13.

Lest I ⁴⁷surcease to honour mine own truth,47. *Cease.*

And by my body's action teach my mind

A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice, then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour

48. *I.e., to beg . . . would be dishonour to thee.*Than ⁴⁸thou of them. Come all to ruin: letThy mother rather ⁴⁹feel thy pride than fear49. *Feel at once the effects of thy pride = dangerous stoutness, rather than live in fear of them.*

Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou ⁵⁰list.50. *Verb., generally not inflected.*Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me; ⁵¹51. *For oweest . . . to thyself.*But ⁵¹owe thy pride thyself.*Cor.*

Pray, be content:

52. *Win by quackery.*

Mother, I'm going to the market-place;

53. *Cheat.*Chide me no more. I'll ⁵²mountebank their loves,⁵³Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;

Or never trust to what my tongue can do

I' the way of flattery further.

*Vol.*Do your will. [*Exit.* ¹54. *See above, l. 410.**Com.* Away! the tribunes do ⁵⁴attend you; arm yours

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd

With accusations, as I hear, more strong

Than are upon you yet.

55. *Pass-word, order of the day.*56. *Falseness.**Cor.* The ⁵⁵word is "mildly:"—pray you, let us go:57. *With truth only, as my honour requires: see below, l. 23.*Let them accuse me by ⁵⁶invention, IWill answer ⁵⁷in mine honour.*Men.*

Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then,—mildly! Come on.[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. (a)—*The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home,—that he ¹affects
 Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
²Enforce him with his ³envy to the people;
 And that the spoil got on the Antiates
 Was ne'er distributed.

1. *Atms at*: see II.
 2. 20.

2. See above, II. 3.
 280.
 3. *Hatred.*

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd.

He's coming.

Bru.

How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators

That always favour'd him.

10

Sic.

Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Set down by the ⁴poll?4. *Head**Æd.*

I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?*Æd.*

I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, "It shall be so

I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

20

If I say fine, cry "Fine,"—if death, cry "Death;"

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power ⁵i' the truth o' the cause.*Æd.*

I shall inform them.

5. *As the truth =*
justice, of the case
demande.

6. *Abb., 302.**Bru.* And when ⁶such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to ⁷sentence.

7. *Pronounce for*
judgment.

Æd.

Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint, 30When we shall ⁸hap to give't them.8. *Happen.**Bru.*Go about it.—[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: (b)

being once chaf'd, he

Cannot be rein'd again to ⁹temperance.

9. *Moderation,*
self-control.

Sic. See, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. 40

10. *Smallest coin.*

11. *Submit to be
called knave.*

12. *Outward ap-
pearances.*

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the ¹⁰poorest piece
Will ¹¹bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the ¹²shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen.

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near to us, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience! peace, I say! 50

Cor. First, hear me speak.

13. *Speak.*

14. *Accused.*

15. *See above, l.
6. 74.*

16. *All the case end.*

Both Tri. Well, sir, ¹²say on.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be ¹⁴charged no further than this ¹⁵present?
Must ¹⁶all determine here?

Sic.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
¹⁷Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful ¹⁸censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

17. *See B. and Sh.,
p. 50.*

18. *Punishment.*

Cor.

I'm content. 60

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor.

Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men.

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than ¹⁹envy you.

70

19. *Express dislike
of, malign.*

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. ²⁰Say, then: 'tis true, I ²¹ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take 80
From Rome all ²²season'd office, and to ²³wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the ²⁴lowest hell ²⁵fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune! (c)

Within thine eyes sat ²⁶twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say 90
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people!

Citizens. To the rock with him, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even this, 100

So criminal, and in such ²⁷capital kind,

Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. ²⁸What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You? out on you!—

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know this, I pray you, sir,—(d)

Cor. I'll know no further: 110

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

²⁹Vagabond exile, flaying, ³⁰pent to linger

20. See above, 52.

21. I.e., to answer.

22. Tempered, moderated.

23. Insinuate.

24. See Deut.

xxxii. 22.

25. Envelop.

26. If there eat—if there were grasped.

27. Punishable by loss of life.

28. Why? see above, l. 322.

29. Wandering banishment.

30. The being pent = imprisoned: see above, l. 10. 21.

But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my ³¹ courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying "Good morrow."

Sic.

For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time

³² Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power ; as now at last

120

³³ Given hostile strokes, and that ³⁴ not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it ;—in the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city ;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates : i' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.

Citizens.

It shall be so,

130

It shall be so ; let him away : he's banish'd,

And it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters and my ³⁵ common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenced ; no more hearing.

Com.

Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can show for Rome

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life.

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd, 140

As enemy to the people and his country :

It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common ³⁶ cry of curs ! whose breath I hate

As ³⁷ reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead ³⁸ carcasses of unburied men

150

That do corrupt my air,—³⁹ I banish you ; (e)

Remain ye here with your ⁴⁰ uncertainty !

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair ! Have the power still

To banish your defenders ; till at length

31. *Spirit, resolution.*

32. *Shown hatred.*

33. *He has given.*

34. *Not only : see above, 2. 85.*

35. *Plebeian : see above, 1. 6. 53.*

36. *Pack : see below, iv. 6. 183.*

37. *Vapour.*

38. See Walker, 8h. Vers., p. 245.

39. Comp. K. Rich. 2. 1. 3. 278.

40. *Inconstancy : shown in giving the consulship and then recalling it.*

Your ignorance, which finds ⁴¹not till it feels, (*f*)
 Deliver you as captives to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising, then,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

41. Gr. prov.,
 παθήματα
 μαθήματα.
 160

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
 Senators, and Patricians.]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!

Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting and throwing up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all ⁴²despite;

Give him deserv'd ⁴³vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come,
 come:—

42. Contempt.
 43. Used formerly
 in a stronger sense
 than now; see
 Deut. xxviii. 20;
 Matt. xv. 22.
 170

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

(*Coriolanus General of the Volscians against Rome.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
 COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
¹beast

1. *Populace*: see
 above, II. 3. 15;
 Hor. L. Ep. I. 78.

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
 To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows
 When most struck home, ²being gentle, wounded, craves
 A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
 With precepts that would make invincible
 The heart that ³conn'd them.

2. To be gentle,
 when wounded by
 them: see Abb.,
 333. Coll. Correct.
 'gentle-minded.'
 3. Studied.
 10

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor.

Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish !

Cor.

What, what, what !

4. *Comp. Ant.*,
1. 2. 132; 4. 47.

⁴I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not ; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my mother :
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,

20

5. See B. and Sh.,
p. 22.

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My ⁵sometime general,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles ; tell these sad women,

6. *Footish.*

'Tis ⁶fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you ⁷wot well
My hazards still have been your solace : and

30

8. *Firmly* : i.e., be
fully assured.

Believe't ⁸not lightly,—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—your son
Will ⁹or exceed ¹⁰the common, or be caught
With ¹¹caut'elous baits and practice.

9. See above, III. 1.
252.

10. *The usual deeds*
of men.

11. *Invidious.*

12. *First-born* :
Sch. 'Lex.' ; but
comp. above, I. 3.
6 ; and below, v. 3.
176 : Warburton,
'nobles' ; and so
Walker, III. 206.

Vol. My ¹²first son,
Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile : determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

40

Men. (a)

O the gods !

13. *Recall from*
banishment.
14. *To search for*
you.

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy ¹³recall, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to ¹⁴seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well :

15. *Excesses.*
16. 'Almost redun-
dant' : Sch. 'Lex.'

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the wars' ¹⁵surfeits, to ¹⁶go rove with one

50

That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble ¹⁷ touch; when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.—

17. *Test, proof: &c.,*
of tried nobleness;
see above, II. 3. 198.

Men. That's ¹⁸ worthily
 As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

18. *I.e., said.*

60

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. [to Ædile.] Bid ¹ them all home; he's gone, and ¹ *The people.*
 we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see've sided
 In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done
 Than when it was ² a-doing.

2. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 26.

Sic. [to Ædile.] Bid them home:
 Say their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]
 Here comes his mother.

11

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the ³ hoarded plague o' the gods ³ *See K. Rich. 3.*
 Requite your love! ¹ *3. 217.*

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear ⁴some.—[*To Brutus*] ⁵Will you
be gone? 20

Vir. [*to Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you ⁶mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this, fool—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou ⁷foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?—

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go:— 30
Nay; but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vol. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vir. Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country 40
As he began, and not unknit ⁸himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had!" 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble;—

Curs, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. [*to Sic.*] Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:— 50
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited

⁹With one that wants her wits?

4. *Somewhat.*
5. Are you intend-
ing to go?

6. *Of male species:*
Vol. takes it as
meaning of human
species.

7. *Cunning and in-
gratitude combined*
—the nature of
foxes. It is you
who have not the
nature of man.

8. *Of his own*
accord.

9. See above, III.
1. 300.

Vol.

Take my prayers with you.—

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
 But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em 60
 But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
 Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them ¹⁰home;
 And, by my troth, you've caus'd. You'll sup with me?

10. See above, II. :
 112.

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
 And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
 Leave this faint ¹¹puling, and lament as I do,
 In anger, Juno-like. Come, come.

11. *Whining.*

Men.

Fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A highway between Rome and Antium.**Enter a Roman and a Volsc, meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your
 name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have ¹forgot you.

1. See above, II.
 3. 158.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are,
 against 'em: know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you; but
 your ²favour is well approved by your tongue. What's
 the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian
 state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a
 day's journey. 12

2. *Countenance:*
 see B. and Sh.,
 p. 34 sq.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection; (*a*)
 the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks
 not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope
 to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
 would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to
 heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they
 are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and
 to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glow-

ing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 24

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

3. *Your state.*

4. *Play a conspicuous part.*

5. *Do otherwise.*

6. *This time.*

7. *The men under their command.*

8. *Engaged, taken into service.*

Rom. The day serves well for ³them now. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will ⁴appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot ⁵choose. I am most fortunate, ^{thus} accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home. 35

Rom. I shall, between ⁶this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their ⁷charges, distinctly billeted, already ⁸in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours. 46

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices ¹'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

1. *Under attacks made on them by*

Enter a Citizen.

²Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius ³lies: is he in Antium?

10

2. *Epithet of 'God': form of salutation.*

3. *See above, l. 9. 99.*



Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you? 4. See above. l. 20.

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.

[*Exit* Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends—now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose ⁶bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who ⁶twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable—shall within ⁷this hour,
On a dissension of a ⁸doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes—
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other—by some chance,
Some ⁹trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And ¹⁰interjoin their issues. So with me: (a)
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This ¹¹enemy town.—I'll enter: if ¹²he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

5. See Sh. Key.
p. 31.
6. Here verb: are
like twins.
7. Any short time.
8. Small coin =
trifling matter.

9. Careless, or fool-
ish action.
10. Unites their chil-
dren in marriage.

11. Adj., hostile.
12. Aufidius.

[*Exit.* 30]

SCENE V.—*The same.* A hall in AUFIDIUS's house.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What ¹service is here. 1. Bad attendance.
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—
Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are
you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.
[*Exit.*]

2. Reception.

3. The man who sacked the town, and so gained the name.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better ²entertainment
In being ³Coriolanus.

10

Re-enter second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir?—Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?—Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant.

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

19

Sec. Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: ⁵prithee, call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you ⁶avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

31

Cor. Follow your function; go, and ⁷batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.]

Third Serv. What, you will not?—Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. ⁸And I shall.

[Exit]

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

4

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows!—What's ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with ⁹daws too?

5. See above, l. 3. 26; and below, 29.

6. Leave, quit: comp. below, 30.

7. Grow fat.

8. Abb. 97.

9. Reckoned foolish birds: see l. K. Henr. 6, ll. 4. 18.

Cor. Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
 ce! (a) [Beats him in.

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow? 50

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog,
 ut for disturbing the lords within.

[The two Servants retire.

10. Only I was
 afraid of disturb-
 ing, &c.: Abb., 122.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy
 name?

by speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.

yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not

ink me the man I am, necessity

ommands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? 60

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
 d harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

ou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

as a command in't; though thy-tackle's torn,

ou ¹¹show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. ¹²My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

thee particularly and to all the Volscies

eat hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

urname, Coriolanus: the painful service,

extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

ed for my thankless country, are requited

ut with that surname; a good ¹⁴memory,

d witness of the malice and displeasure

hich thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

e cruelty and ¹⁵envy of the people,

mitted by our dastard nobles, who

ve all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

d suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be

oop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity

h brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—

take me not—to save my life; for if

11. *Appearant*: see
 above, III. 3. 63.

12. For this speech,
 see Sh. Plut. c. 13.

13. Only. Abb., 128.

14. *Memorial*, re-
 minder.

15. *Spite*, hate: see
 above, III. 3. 2.

70

80

16. Fully revenged on, and so even with.

17. *Resentment.*

18. *Personal.*

19. *Shameful injuries.*

20. *Ungrateful*, lit. preyed upon as by a canker-worm: see 1 K. Henr. 4, l. 3. 141.

21. *Try more chances of war.*

I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be ¹⁶full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of ¹⁷wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own ¹⁸particular wrongs, and stop those ¹⁹maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my ²⁰canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to ²¹prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius!

22. See above, ll. 3. 158; and below, 113.

Each word thou hast ²²spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from out yonder cloud speak divine things,
And say "'Tis true," I'd not believe him more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.—Let me twine

23. *Against which.*

Mine arms about that body, ²³where-against
My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And ²⁴scar'd the moon with splinters: here I ²⁵clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,

24. *Wounded*, from 'scar': see Sch. 'Lex.'; but Walker, from 'scarre.'

25. *Embrace thee who hast served like an anvil to whet my sword:* comp. above, l. 6. 37.

26. *Makes to exult.*

Thou noble thing! more ²⁶dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy ²⁷target from thy ²⁸brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me ²⁹out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me—
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling ³⁰helms, fisting each other's throat—
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else ³¹to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From ³²twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood ³³o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

130

27. See 1 Sam.
xvii. 6.
28. Muscular arm.
29. Thoroughly,
outright.

30. Helms.

31. Against.

32. Years of age.

33. Overwhelm it.

140

Cor. You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most ³⁴absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 Th' one half of my commission ; and ³⁵set down—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ³⁶ways ;
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit ³⁷them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But, sir, come in :
 Let me ³⁸commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
 And ³⁹more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : most welcome !

150

34. Excellent.

35. Determine.

36. Course of action.

37. Thy country-
men.38. Recommend,
present.39. Be assured thou
art.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*—

The two Servants come forward.

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration !

Sec. Serv. ⁴⁰By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind ⁴¹gave me his clothes
 made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has ! he turned me about
 with his finger and his thumb as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-

40. Petty oath : see
Sh. Key, p. 452.
41. I.e., to under-
stand : comp.
above, l. 9

42. *It seemed to me.* thing in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, ⁴²methought,—I cannot tell how to term it. 162

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—'would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he you ⁴³wot on.

43. *Know of:* see above, l. 29.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master? 170

First Serv. Nay, it's ⁴⁴no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six ⁴⁵on him.

44. *All one, never mind:* Sch. 'Lex. § 6. 'We need not insist upon the point;' comp. below, 187.
45. *On = of:* see above, 189; and l. 1, 11.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake. 180

46. *I would as soon.*
Lief = dear.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as ⁴⁶liefe be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say "thwack our general"?

Third Serv. I do not say "thwack our general;" but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself. 190

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth ⁴⁷on't: before Corioli he ⁴⁸scotched him and notched him like a ⁴⁹carbonado.

47. See above, 172.
48. *Cut in pieces.*
49. *Meat cut up to be broiled.*

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so ⁵⁰made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand ⁵¹bald before him: our general himself ⁵²makes a mistress of him, ⁵³sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for ⁵⁴the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and ⁵⁵sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage ⁵⁶polled.

Sec. Serv. And ne's as like to do't as any man I can imagine. 210

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in ⁵⁷directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man ⁵⁸in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and ⁵⁹revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; ⁶⁰presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a ⁶¹parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 223

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace ⁶²is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and ⁶³full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; ⁶⁴mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible. 230

Sec. Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. ⁶⁵Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as ⁶⁶cheap as Volscians.—⁶⁷They are rising, they are rising.

All Three. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*

50. Made much of.

51. Bareheaded.

52. Acts as if he were in love with.

53. Grasps his hand as though it were able to bless him.

54. Coriolanus: see above, 144.

55. Pull: see Sh. Key, p. 64.

56. Bared, cut clear: like a head shorn of hair; see 2 Sam. xiv. 26.

57. A word coined: see Sh. Key, p. 62; prob. for 'discreetitude.'

58. In full vigour: met. from chase; see above, l. 1. 161.

59. Make merry.

60. Instantly: see Matt. xxvi. 53.

61. Constituent part.

62. Avail, is 'good for': and so Capell printed.

63. Hunting term — like dogs upon scent of game.

64. Dispirited: Walker suggests 'mule.'

65. And there is good r. for it.

66. Low in the market.

67. The Lords.

SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.**Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

1. *Means of redress.* His ¹remedies are tame i' the present peace
 And quietness of the people, which before
 2. *Disorder.* Were in wild ²hurry. Here do we make his friends
 3. *Had rather.* Blush that the world goes well; who ³rather had,
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
 4. *Thronging*: see *Walker*, ii. 351. Dissentious numbers ⁴pestering streets, than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
 5. *Amicably.* About their functions ⁵friendly.

6. *Did our duty.* *Bru.* We ⁶stood to't in good time.—Is this Menenius? ¹⁰

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
 Of late.

Enter MENENIUS.

Hail, sir!

Bru.

Hail, sir!

Men.

Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd

7. *Except.* *Abb.*, 118. ⁷But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
 And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
 He could have temporis'd. ²

Sic.

Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
 Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.**Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!

8. *See above*, ii. 1. *Sic.* ⁸Good-den, our neighbour

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
 knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic.

Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
 Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens.

Now the gods keep you!

Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
 is a happier and more comely time
 these fellows ran about the streets
 sion.

Caius Marcius was
 ceer i' the war; but insolent,
 h pride, ambitious past all thinking,

And ⁹affecting one sole throne,
 sistance.

I think not so.
 ould by ¹¹this, to ¹²all our lamentation,
 ne forth consul, so have found it. (*a*)
 gods have well prevented it, and Rome
 still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Worthy tribunes,
 ve, whom we have put in prison,
 Volscas with two several powers
 n the Roman territories,
 e deepest malice of the war
 lies before 'em.

'Tis Aufidius,
 of our Marcius' banishment,
¹³his horns again into the world;
¹⁴inshelled when Marcius ¹⁵stood for Rome,
 t once peep out.

Come, what talk you

ee this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
 dare break with us.

Cannot be!

ord that very well it can;
 amples of the like have been
 age. But ¹⁷reason with the fellow,
 unish him, where he heard this;
 ll chance to whip your ¹⁸information,
 e messenger who bids beware
 o be dreaded.

40

9. See above, iii.
 3. 1.
 10. With no one to
 share it.

11. This time: see
 3. 36.
 12. The lam. of us
 all: comp. above, l.
 9. 38.

50

13. Like a snail,
 14. Hid in their
 shell.
 15. Stood up in de-
 fence of: see above,
 ii. 2. 39.

60

16. Lifetime.
 17. Ascertain by
 talking.
 18. Informant:
 abstr. for courier,
 see above, ii. 1. 164.

70

Sic. Tell not me :
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising ;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is ¹⁹deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge ²⁰as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick ²¹on't.
Men. This is unlikely :

He and Aufidius can no more ²²atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate : news is co
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
²³O'erborne their way, ²⁴consum'd with fire and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !
Men. What news !

19. Announced :
see above, l. 1. 90.

20. I.e., Upon all,
from the youngest
to the oldest in-
clusive.

21. See above, III.
1, 185.

22. Untie, be at one :
see B. and Sh., p.
30 sq.

23. Forced on.
24. Partly burnt
and partly taken :
see above, 53.

- Com.* You've ²⁵help
 To melt the city ²⁶leads upon your pates;
 To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burn'd in their cément; and
 Your ²⁷franchises, whereon you stood, confined
 Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
 You've made fair work, ²⁸I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
 If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
- He is their god: he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better; and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
 Or butchers killing mice.
- Men.* You've made good work,
 You and your ²⁹apron-men; you that stood so much
 Upon the voice of ³⁰occupation and
 The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
 Your Rome about your ears.
- Men.* ³¹As Hercules
 Did shake down mellow fruit.—You've made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
 Before you find it ³²other. All the regions
 Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
 Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
 And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
 Your enemies and his find something in him.
- Men.* We're all undone, unless the noble man
 Have mercy on us.
Com. Mercy!—Who shall ask it?
 The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
 Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
 Should say, "Be good to Rome," they ³³charg'd him even
 As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,

25. See above, III.
 1. 342. He takes
 no notice of Men.'s
 question.
 26. See II. 1. 297.

110 27. Privileges.

28. I.e., For me:
 Abb., 200.

120

29. *Mechanics*: see
 J. Com., I. 1. 7;
 2. 272.
 30. *Working-men*
 abstr. for concr.:
 see above, 68.

31. *As if*: Abb.,
 107.

130

32. *Otherwise*.

140

33. *Advised*: on
 syntax see above,
 II. 2. 14.

34. See above, 5. 66. And therein ³⁴show'd like enemies.

Men.

'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face

35. A pretty business / see K. Henr. 8, v. 3. 64.

To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You've made ³⁵fair han
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com.

You've brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of ³⁶help.

36. Remedy.

Both Tri.

Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like be

37. Swarm, crowd.

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your ³⁷clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com.

But I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

38. Directions: comp. 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 1. 55.

The second name of men, obeys his ³⁸points

39. Subaltern: military term.

As if he were his ³⁹officer:—desperation

Is all the policy, strength, and defence,

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

40. See above, 156.

Men.

Here come the ⁴⁰cluster

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your old and greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head

41. Fools' caps, here fools, or heads.

Which will not prove a whip: as many ⁴¹coxcombs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit.

For mine own

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, s
very many of us; ⁴²that we did, we did for the best;
though we willingly consented to his banishment, y
was against our will.

42. That which: see above, l. 1. 150.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men.

You have made

Good work, you and your ⁴³cry!—⁴⁴Shall's to the Capitol?

43. See above, III.
3. 148.

Com. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*

44. *Us* for *see*:
Abb., 215.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:

These are a ⁴⁵side that would be glad to have

45. *Party*: see
above, I. 1. 198.

This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

190

First Cit. The gods be good to us!—Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic.

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

1. See B. and Sh..
p. 175 sq.

Your soldiers use him as ¹the grace 'fore meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;

And you are darken'd in this action, sir,

Even by your own.

Auf.

I cannot help it now,

Unless, by using means, I lame the foot

Of our design. He bears himself ²more proudlier,

2. See above, III.
1. 151

Even to my person, than I thought he would

IO

When first I did embrace him: yet his nature

In that's no changeling; and I must excuse

What cannot be amended.

Lieu.

Yet I wish, sir,—

I mean for your ³particular,—you had not

3. See above, II. 2.
60.

Join'd in commission with him; but either

Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely to be done.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not 20
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good ⁴husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine
When e'er at last we come to our account.

4. *Management.*

5. *Conquer, take.*

6. *Begins to besiege them: see above, I. 2. 32.*

7. *See above, IV. 1. 45.*

8. *Eagle which seems to have the power of fascinating fish.*

9. *As the result of continued success.*

10. *I.e., war to peace, helmet to chair of civil authority: see above, II. 2. title; III. 1. 128.*
11. *Manner, way.*
12. *In full extent.*

13. *Suppress it = the 'one' fault, whichever it is, of the three supposed.*
14. *Construction put upon them.*
15. *See J. Cica., III. 1. 190.*
16. *Totter.*

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll ⁵carry Rome!

Auf. (a) All places yield to him ere he ⁶sits down; 30
And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the ⁷repeal, as hasty
T' expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the ⁸osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which ⁹out of daily fortune ever taints 40
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature in him
Not to be other than one thing,—not moving
From ¹⁰the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and ¹¹garb
As he controll'd the war;—but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not ¹²all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit, 50
To ¹³choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in th' ¹⁴interpretation of the time:—(b)
One fire ¹⁵drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights ¹⁶falter (c); strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Successful Embassy of the Women. Coriolanus murdered at Corioli.)

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*

MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
was ²sometime his general; who lov'd him
st dear ³particular. He call'd me father:
st o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
before his tent fall down, and ⁴knee
into his mercy: nay, if he ⁵coy'd
Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
He would not seem to know me.

Do you hear?

Yet one time he did call me by my name: 10
our old acquaintance, and the drops
have bled together. Coriolanus
ld not answer to: forbad all names;
a kind of nothing, titleless,
had forg'd himself a name ⁶o' the fire
ing Rome.

Why, so,—you've made good work!
of tribunes that have wreck'd fair Rome
e coals cheap,—a noble ⁷memory!
I ⁸minded him how royal 'twas to pardon 20
t was least expected: he replied,
⁹rare petition of a state
whom they had punish'd.

Very well

e say less?

I ¹⁰offer'd to awaken his regard
ivate friends: his answer to me was,
d not stay to ¹¹pick them in a pile
ome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,
poor grain or two, to leave * ¹²t unburnt, 30
ll to ¹³nose th' offence.

For one poor grain or two!

1. Who—viz., Cominius.
2. Once: see above, iv. 1. 25.
3. Personal relation: see Sh. Key, p. 26.
4. Go on your knees.
5. Disdain'd.

6. Out of: Abb., 166.

7. See above, iv. 3. 75.
8. Reminded.

9. Strange. Fol. reads 'bare.'

10. Attempted.

11. Pluck, gather.

12. For it = the chaff.
13. Small.

I'm one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above ¹⁴the moon : we must be burnt for you.

14. Comp. 'beneath
the moon' = on the
earth : see Ant., iv.
15. 78 ; or as far as
the moon and be-
yond it.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

15. See above, l. 3.
26.

Sic. ¹⁵Pray you now, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do

16. In regard to.

For Rome ¹⁶towards Marcius.

17. Suppose.

Men. Well, and ¹⁷say that Marci

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ;—what then ? (a) oblige me to come back

18. Only : see
above, iv. 5. 75.

¹⁸But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ! say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will

19. Used as sing. ;
see Ant., II. 6. 58.

Must have that ¹⁹thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake't :

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

20. Caught at an
opportune moment.

He was not ²⁰taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him
Till he be ²¹dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

21. Fed so as to be
ready for.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

22. I.e., In good
faith = truly.

Men. ²²Good faith, I'll prove him.

23. Whether bad or
good.

Speed how it will, you shall ere long have knowledge
Of my ²³success. [E

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit ²⁴in gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burn Rome; and ²⁵his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
 'Twas very faintly he said "Rise;" dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,—
 And what he would not, being bound by oath (*b*) 80
 To ²⁶yield to his conditions—after me
 He sent in writing:—so all hope is vain,
 Unless in's noble mother and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

24. On a golden throne: see Sh. Plut., c. 19.

25. The injurious treatment he has received: see III. 1. 190.

26. Keep his terms of contract with the Volscians.

SCENE II.—*An outpost of the Volscian camp before Rome.
 The Sentinels at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

First S. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. S. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

First S. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First S. You may not pass, you must return: our general

Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. S. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before 10
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. ¹Good my friends,

1. Abb., 12.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
 And of his friends there, it is ²lots to blanks
 My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

2. Very probable, chances to nothing.

First S. Be't so; go back: the virtue of your name
 Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

3. *Friend*: see
1 Kings v. 1; and
Sh. Key, p. 29.

Thy general is my ³lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read 20
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever magnified my friends—
Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ⁴subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the ⁵throw; and in his praise
Have almost ⁶stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

4. *Deceitful*.

5. *The jack used in
playing bowls*.

6. *Made the lie cur-
rent*: see Ps. v. 6.

First S. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should
not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to
live chastely. Therefore, go back. 32

7. *Taking side*: see
above, l. l. 129.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always ⁷factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. S. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you
have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you
cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

First S. You are a Roman, are you? 40

Men. I am, as thy general is.

8. *Abb.*, 183.

First S. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out ⁸your gates the very de-
fender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given
your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with
the easy groans of old women, the virginal ⁹palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with
such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; there-
fore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you
are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve
and pardon. 53

9. *Hands spread
in supplication*:
comp. Hor., '*manus
supplicatas*;' Ill. Od.
xxiii. l.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would
use me with estimation.

Sec. S. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First S. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go;

best I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your ¹⁰having:—back.

60 10. *Possession*: see K. Henr. 5, II. 3. 28.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you ¹¹companion, I'll say ¹²an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack ¹³guardant cannot ¹⁴office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my ¹⁵entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. —[*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy ¹⁶particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; ¹⁷look thee, here's ¹⁸water to quench it. I was ¹⁹hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and ²⁰conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a ²¹block, hath denied my access to thee.

11. See above, iv. 5. 12.
12. Tell about you.
13. Sentinel.
14. So use your office as to keep me from.
15. See above, iv. 5. 2.

16. See above, iv. 5. 90.

17. Abb., 212.
18. I.e., of his tears.
19. With difficulty: Matt. xix. 23.

20. I.e., adjure: (not used by Sh.)

21. Double sense: comp. iv. 6. 170.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are ²²servanted to others: though I owe My revenge ²³properly, my ²⁴remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall ²⁵poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, ²⁶for I lov'd thee, 90 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*] And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

22. Subjected.
23. For causes peculiar to myself.
24. Pardon of them.
25. Destroy.

26. Because: see above, III. 1. 12.

Auf. You keep a ²⁷constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

27. Unshaken frame of mind: see above, I. 1. 252.

First S. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. S. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you kn
the way home again.

28. *Scolded.*

First S. Do you hear how we are ²⁸shent for keep
your greatness back?

29. See above, 59.

Sec. S. What cause, do you think, I have to ²⁹swoon

30. See above, III.

1. 273.

31. *Insignificant.*

32. *His own hand.*

33. *Worthless
wretches.*

34. Comp. III. 3.
151.

35. *Emphatic.*

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general:
such things as you, I can scarce think ³⁰there's any, y
so ³¹slight. He that hath a will to die by ³²himself fear
not from another: let your general do his worst. For y
be ³³that you are, long; and your misery increase w
your age! I say to you, as I was said to, ³⁴Away! [E

First S. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. S. ³⁵The worthy fellow is our general: he's
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [E

SCENE III. *The tent of CORIOLANUS.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how ¹plainly
I have ²borne this business.

1. *Sincerely.*

2. See above, I. 1.
264; 6. 98.

Auf.

Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought ³them sure of you.

3. *Themselves.*

Cor.

This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I've sent *back to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, ⁴godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I ⁵show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to ⁶grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

4. *Idolised, made
a god of me.*

5. See above, IV. 5.
66.

6. *Honour.*

lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
I be tempted to infringe my vow
same time 'tis made? I will not. See,

*r, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading
young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

He comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
in this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
and child to her blood. But out, affection!
and privilege of nature, break!
He virtuous to be obstinate.—
Is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not 30
onger earth than others.—My mother bows;
Olympus to a molehill should
plication nod: and my young boy
in aspect of intercession, which
nature cries "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
h a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
a man were author of himself,
new no other kin.

My lord and husband!

These ⁷eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
The sorrow that ⁸delivers us thus chang'd
you think so.

Like a dull actor now,
forgot my part, and I ⁹am out,
o a full disgrace.—¹⁰Best of my flesh,
e my tyranny; but do not say,
hat, "Forgive our Romans." [*Kisses her.*] O, a kiss
a my exile, sweet as my revenge!
y the jealous ¹²queen of heaven, that kiss
ried from thee, dear; and my true lip
⁴virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
e most noble mother ¹⁵of the world
unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth; [*Kneels.*
deep duty more impression show
hat of common sons.

O, ¹⁶stand up bless'd! [*Raising him.*

40

7. *I do not see things now as I did then: Virg. gives to the words a different sense.*

8. *Exhibits.*

9. *Comp. 2 K. Henr. 4, v. 3. 64.*

10. *I.e., part: see B. and Sh., p. 370.*

11. *Because I so speak.*

50

12. *Juno.*

13. *Bore away as a prize.*

14. *See Sh. Key, p. 61.*

15. *Of all in the world.*

16. *See above, ll. 1. 120.*

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty as ¹⁷mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

17. *Inasmuch as the mother has to become a suppliant to the son.*

[*Kneels; he hastily raises*

Cor.

What is this?

18. *Whom as a child you had to chastise.*

19. *Barren.*

Your knees to me? to your ¹⁸corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the ¹⁹hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
²⁰Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

20. *Rendering nothing impossible, and so tending to make.*

Vol.

Thou art my warrior;

21. *See above, iv. 6. 104.*

²¹I help to frame thee.—Do you know ²²this lady?

22. *Bringing forward Valeria.*
23. *See above, i. l. 373; and ii. l. 88.*
24. *Concealed.*

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,

The ²³moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's ²⁴curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!

25. *Bringing forward his boy.*
26. *When time has fully developed his growth.*

Vol. ²⁵This is a poor epitome of yours,

Which ²⁶by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor.

The god of soldiers,

27. *Fashion, mould.*

With the consent of supreme Jove, ²⁷inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and ²⁸stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every ²⁹flaw,
And saving those that ³⁰eye thee!

28. *Stand firm.*

29. *Gust of wind.*

30. *Look to—as sailors to a light-house.*

31. *Kneel down, boy! Livy speaks of 'two'; and Plut. uses plural.*

Vol.

³¹Your knee, sirrah!

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor.

I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have ³²forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you ³³denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or ³⁴capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

32. *Bound myself on oath not to grant.*

33. *Refusals of your requests.*

34. *Come to terms of agreement.*

O, no more, no more !
 Did you will not grant us any thing ;
 We have nothing else to ask, but that
 you deny already : yet we'll ask ;
 If we fail in our request, the blame
 is upon your hardness : therefore hear us.
 Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark ; for we'll
 fight from Rome in private.—Your request ?
 Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
 of bodies would ³⁵ bewray what life
 since thy exile. Think with thyself
 how unfortunate than all living women
 come hither ; since that thy sight, which should
 make eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, ¹¹⁰
 now ³⁶ them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
 the mother, wife, and child, to see
 the husband, and the father, tearing
 out his bowels out. And to poor ³⁷ we
 the city's most ³⁸ capital : thou barr'st us
 access to the gods, which is a comfort
 out of which we enjoy ; for how can we,
 if we can we for our country pray,—
 we're bound,—together with thy victory,
 we're ³⁹ also bound ? Or we must lose
 our dear nurse, or else thy person,
 our port in the country. We must ⁴⁰ find
 out what calamity, though we had
 known which side should win ; for either thou
 art a foreign ⁴¹ recreant, be led
 through our streets, or else
 thou shalt tread on thy country's ruin,
 and the palm for having bravely shed
 our children's blood. For myself, son,
 I will not wait on fortune till
 she ⁴³ determine : if I cannot persuade thee
 to show a noble grace to both ⁴⁴ parts
 at the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 assault thy country than to tread—
 thou shalt not—on thy mother's body,
 I fight thee to this world.

100

35. *Discover* : for
 this, and following
 speech of Vol., see
 Sh. Plut., c. 19.

36. I.e., the 'eyes'
 to weep, and
 'hearts' to shake :
 see above, II. 1. 274.

37. For 'us.'

38. *Deadly* : see
 above, III. 3. 101.

120

39. *Either* : see
 above, III. 1. 232.

40. *Experience*.

41. *Renegade*,
traitor.

42. *Through* : Abb.,
 478.

130

43. *Cease* : see
 above, III. 3. 54.
 44. *Parties*.

Vir.

Ay, and on mine,

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living ⁴⁵to time.

45. *As long as time shall last.*

46. *See above, ll. 1. 112.*

Young Mar.

⁴⁶'A shall not tread on me;

140

I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

47. *In order not—
it is necessary.*

Cor. ⁴⁷Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol.

Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As ⁴⁸poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

48. *Destructive: see above, 2. 87.*

150

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be ⁴⁹dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine ⁵⁰strains of honour,
To ⁵¹imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to ⁵²charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?

49. *Followed, as called.*

160

50. *Motions, impulses.*

51. *I.e., to combine terror and mercy.*

52. *I.e., to use thy power mercifully.*

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou'st never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,

170

luck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 turn me back: but if it be not so,
 art not ⁵⁴honest; and the gods will plague thee, 180
 thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 surname Coriolanus ⁵⁵longs more pride
 pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
 the last:—so we will home to Rome,
 lie among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
 oy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 feels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 reason our petition with more strength
 thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
 fellow had a Volscian ⁵⁷to his mother;
 life is in Corioli, and this child
 him by chance.—Yet give us our ⁵⁸dispatch:
 hushed until our city be ⁶⁰a-fire,
 then I'll speak a little.

[after holding Volumnia by the hand in silence.] O
 mother, mother!

have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 eds look down, and this unnatural scene
 a) laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! 200
 e won a happy victory to Rome;
 or your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 most ⁶¹mortal to him. But, let it come.—
 us, though I cannot make true wars,
 me convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 her less? or granted less, Aufidius?
 I was mov'd ⁶²withal.

I dare be sworn you were; 210
 sir, it is no little thing to make
 eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
 t to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
 d to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

53. Called thee, as
 a hen does her
 chickens.

54. Just, in paying
 what you owe me.

55. Belongs: Abb.,
 460.

190 56. Urge by argu-
 ment.

57. For: Abb., 189.

58. Decisive answer.

59. I'll say no more.

60. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 25 sq.

61. Mortality: see.
 Sh. Plut., c. 19.

62. Thereby: Abb.,
 199.

63. Side with: see
 above, iii. l. 335.

Ant. [*aside*] I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a ⁶⁴former fortune.

64. Such as I formerly enjoyed: see *Ant.*, I. 2. 32; and below, 6. 56.

65. You shall return to Rome.

66. See 2. K. Henr. 4. iv. 2. 63.

67. Terms equal for Romans and Volscians. But see below, 6. 93.

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*to Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, ⁶⁵by and by;

But first we'll ⁶⁶drink together; and you shall bear 220

A better witness back than words, which we,

On ⁶⁷like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have (*b*) a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS with SICINIUS.

1. Corner: French coin.

Men. See you yond ¹coign o' the Capitol,—yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

2. Only wait for.

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced, and ²stay upon execution.

3. Disposition: see above, II. 3. 96.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the ³condition of a man? 10

4. Abb., 221.

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet ⁴your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

5. I.e., remembers his dam.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old ⁵horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, ⁶mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in ⁷the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is ⁸long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

30

Men. No, in such a case, the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house : The ⁹plébeians have got your fellow-tribune, And ¹⁰hale him up and down ; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic.

What's the news ?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news ;—the ladies have prevailed,

40

The Volscians are ¹¹dislodg'd, and Marcius gone : A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not ¹²th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic.

Friend,

Art certain this is true ? is it most certain ?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire : Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the ¹³blown tide As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you !

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums eaten, all together ; shouting also, within.*

The trumpets, ¹⁴sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, ¹⁵Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the ¹⁶sun dance. Hark you !

50

[*Shouting again within.*

Men.

This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,

6. See B. and Sh., p. 114 sq.
7. His true ch.

8. By the fault, because of : see above, 2. 184.

9. See above, 1. 9.

10. Drag : see Act viii. 3.

11. Removed from their encampment

12. I.e., the day of

13. Swoon.

14. See Dan. iii. 7.
15. See above, 1. 6. 30.

16. It was a popular superstition the sun dances on Easter Day.

17. See above, 30. A sea and land full. You've ¹⁷pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
18. See above, I. 5. I'd not have given a ¹⁸doit.—Hark, how they joy!
6; IV. 4. 21. [Shouting and music still, within
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, 60
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They're near the city!
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
19. Add to, swell. And ¹⁹help the joy. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter, in procession, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c.,
accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before ¹them:

1. The ladies.

2. Comp. 'uneasy.'

3. Recall him from
exile: see above, IV.
1. 45.

²Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
³Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Corioli. A public place.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in ¹theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. ²Him I accuse
The city ³ports by ⁴this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

1. See above, I. 3.
22.

2. He whom: Abb.,
308; and 346.

3. See above, I.
7. 1.

4. I.e., time: see
IV. 6, 44.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS's faction.

Most welcome!

Con. How is it with our general? 10

Even so

a man by ⁵his own alms empoison'd,
with his charity slain.

Con. Most noble sir,
do hold the same intent wherein
sh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
from great danger.

5. *What he has
given away.*
6. See above, III.
1. 390.

7. See above, I. 15.

Sir, I cannot tell:

at proceed—as we do find the people.

Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst 20
you there's ⁹difference; but the fall of either
the survivor heir of all.

I know it;

pretext to strike at him admits
construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
honour for his ¹⁰truth: who being so heighten'd,
er'd his new ¹¹plants with dews of flattery,
g so my friends; and, to this end,
d his nature, never known before
be rough, unswayable, and ¹²free.

8. *Yourself and
Con.*
9. *Contention—un-
decided.*

10. *Good faith.*
11. *Honours, for-
tunes: see above,*
II. 2. 27.

Con. Sir, his ¹³stoutness
he did stand for consul, which he ¹⁴lost
of stooping,—

30 12. *Independent.*
13. *Unbending
pride: see above,*
III. 2. 151.
14. *Did not succeed
in.*

That I would have spoke of:
anish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
ed to my knife his throat: I took him;
im joint-servant with me; ¹⁵gave him way
his own desires; nay, let him choose
my ¹⁶files, his projects to accomplish,
t and freshest men; serv'd his ¹⁷designments
own person; ¹⁸help to reap the fame
he did ¹⁹end all his; and took some pride
myself this wrong: till, at the last,
l his follower, not partner; and
ag'd me with his countenance, as if
een mercenary.

15. See above, IV. 4.
29.
16. *Ranks of
soldiers.*
17. *Enterprises.*
18. See above, 2. 70.
19. *Stuck up: term
used of garnering
harvest.*
20. *Repaid me with
bland looks.*

First Con.

So he did, my lord,—

21. *At last.*

The army marvell'd at it; and, ²¹in the last,
 When he had ²²carried Rome, and that we look'd
 For no less spoil than glory,—

22. See above, iv.
 7. 29: 'that' = when
 that: Abb., 287.

Auf.

There was it;—

23. All my strength
 shall be put forth
 against him.

For which ²³my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.

24. At the price of.
 25. Tears.

²⁴At a few drops of women's ²⁵rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
 Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall.—But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound,
 great shouts of the people.*]

26. *Messenger.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a ²⁶po
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
 Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con.

And patient fools,

Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
 With giving him glory.

Third Con.

Therefore, at your vantage,

Ere he express himself, or move the people
 With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
 Which we will second. When he lies along,
 His tale pronounc'd after your way (a) shall bury
 His reasons with his body.

Auf.

Say no more:

Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the city.**Lords.* You are most welcome home.

27. I.e., the welcome
 you give me.

Auf.

I've not deserv'd

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
 What I have written to you?

Lords.

We have.

First Lord.

And grieve to h

28. *Coriolanus.*

What faults ²⁸he made before the last, I think
 Might have found easy ²⁹finis: but there to end
 Where he was to begin, and give away

29. Mult.: here
 punishment.

The benefit of our levies, ³⁰answering us
 With our own charge, making a treaty where
 There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

30. Paying us with
 the expenditure we
 have incurred.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldiér;
more infected with my country's love
than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
under your great command. You are to know,
that prosperously I have attempted, and,
through bloody passage, led your wars even to
the gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home 90
more than counterpoise a full third part
of the charges of the action. We've made peace
with no less honour to the Antiates
than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
scribed by the consuls and patricians,
whether with the seal o' the senate, what
we have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
I tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
he hath abused your powers.

100

Cor. Traitor!—how now! (*b*)

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor.

Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

the lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
has betray'd your business, and given up,
certain ³¹drops of salt, your city Rome—
thy, your city—to his wife and mother;
breaking his oath and resolution, like
a wist of rotten silk; never admitting
himself o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
the pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
were wondering each at other.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of ³²tears!

Cor.

Ha!

31. Tears: see
above, IV. I. 24; K.
John, v. 7. 45.

110

32. As diacryl:
Abb., 480.

Auf. No more.

120

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!—
Pardon me, lords; 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. (c) Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own ³³notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; ³⁴that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

33. Sense, consciousness.

34. Who: Abb., 258

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis ³⁵there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—'Boy!'

35. Written there.

130

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All the Conspirators.

Let him die for't! 140

Citizens. Tear him to pieces!—Do it presently!—He
killed my son!—My daughter!—He killed my cousin
Marcus!—He killed my father!—

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!

36. Enfolds: see above, III. 3. 86.

The man is noble, and his fame ³⁶folds-in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have ³⁷judicious hearing. ³⁸Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

37. Judicial.

38. Forbear, let him alone.

Cor.

O, that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his ³⁹tribe,
To use my ⁴⁰lawful sword on!

39. See above, IV. 2. 52.

40. Righteous.

150

Auf.

Insolent villain!

All the Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him! (d)

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORI-

OLANUS, who falls: AUFIDIUS stands on him.

Lords.

Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord.

O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou'st done a deed whereat valour will weep.

fy lords, when you shall know—as in this rage, 160

41. Had in store for you : see above, tit. 1. 297.

42. See above, § 42.

43. *Sentence, punctuation*: see above, III. 3. 54.

I70 44. Grave.

45. Coriolanus's

180

46. See above, iv.
B. 76.

L

NOTES ON CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.—Scene 1.

he condition of the people of Rome at the opening of the which gives the key to the whole situation, is taken from his description of *two different insurrections*,—of which one (1) was provoked by the grinding oppression of the usurers, added in the withdrawal to M. Sacer, and the consequent one of *two*, afterwards increased to *five* (so called) *Tribunes of the people*, appointed to defend their interests; and also of *two*

The other—which was later in point of time, and did not take till after the capture of Corioli—originated in the dearth of corn. Mr Courtenay has remarked that this scene, intended to represent what occurred after the people had ought not to have been placed in *Rome*—vol. ii. p. 412. The objection is obviated when we consider that Shakspeare has intended to combine the two causes of insurrection. See the Citizen's speech in this scene, 76, *sq.* In point of fact, according to Livy, when the second insurrection took place (through the death of Menenius was dead, lib. ii. 33.

The words there omitted are, "the object of our misery." Lex. explains "object" as="the sight of," and quotes *Troil.* as a parallel passage. I suspect the reading. Collier's text substitutes "abjectness."

The common reading is "former," which Walker suspects. I have substituted "foresaid."

I have there altered the common reading,—

"Who desires most that
Which would increase his evil"—

as being unmetrical and otherwise objectionable.—“That,” for “that which,” occurs below in this scene, 236.

(e) “Give out conjectural marriages.” I find no explanation of this; but the matter of intermarriage between upper and lower social classes was made a political and party question in the early days of the Roman Republic.

(f) The common text has “’S death” = God’s death!—an exclamation which occurs nowhere else in our author, and is singularly unsuitable in the mouth of a heathen. See ‘Shakspeare Key,’ p. 451 (where, however, this particular form of oath appears to have escaped the indefatigable compilers), and ‘B. and Sh.,’ p. 114.

(g) “Cominius appears as the modest man opposed to the proud one,—as a character unenvying and free from ambition, contrasted with that which thirsts for fame,—as one who readily acknowledges the worth of the other, and cheerfully gives way to his superior merits.”—GERVINUS, p. 765.

(h) The passage there omitted is as follows:—

“ <i>Tit.</i> [<i>to Com.</i>]	Lead you on.
[<i>To Mar.</i>] Follow Cominius: we must follow you;	
Right worthy you priority.	
<i>Com.</i>	Noble Marcins!”

Several editors, following Pope, have altered the text, which at best is of little consequence—especially off the stage. See Dyce.

(i) I have omitted the line and a half which Brutus there interposes:—

“The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.”

The former clause, though probably imprecative, is doubtful; the latter, though capable of explanation (see Abb. Gr., 356, who explains “to be” as “of being;” and Keightley, p. 70, as “in being”), is unbearably harsh. The omission has required me to insert “and.”

Scene 3.

(a) “These two women represent two very different types of character. Virgilia is essentially womanly, with all that the word conjures up in one’s mind of graceful and tender, delicate and sensitive: Volumnia is a Roman matron. The contrast between them is shown at once in the first scene in which they appear. Whilst Coriolanus is away fighting against the Volscians, the two women stay at home: they are seated on two low stools, and whilst busy

with their needlework they talk together of the one subject with which each, in her own way, is engrossed. . . . A visitor is announced, and Virgilia, whose anxiety renders her little in the mood for company, rises to retire; but Volumnia will not hear of it, and detains her. The lady Valeria enters, and greets them both. A charming little scene of home-life ensues, to which it can hardly be objected that it is more English than Roman in colour: there seems to be no reason why it should not be as true of antique as of modern times, it being nature itself, and taken in the act, with the utmost simplicity."—PAUL STAPPER, p. 449, *sq.*

(b) Of the four lines there omitted, on the score of delicacy, the last has the further objection of an uncertain text. See Dyce's note.

(c) Mr Courtenay objects to this trait of the young Marcius, which Shakespeare has added to the scene as given by Plutarch, in proof of the boy inheriting the spirit of his father. He speaks of it as "cruelty," vol. ii. p. 224. If so, the boyishness of the poet Wordsworth, as recorded by himself, must fall under the same condemnation. See his "Lines to a Butterfly."

Scene 4.

(a) "All the other Volsces, fearing lest Corioli, their principal city, should be taken by assault, came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to make an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that should make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which, at the first, the Coriolans had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time," &c., &c.—'Sh. Hist.' p. 7.

(b) The three lines there omitted, partly on account of the uncertainty of the text, are thus printed by Dyce:—

"You herd of — Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!"

The omission has rendered the insertion of the word "coward" necessary, to make up the metre.

(c) The two lines there omitted—the text being uncertain—are thus printed by Dyce :—

" Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows, stands up! Thou art lost, Marcius."

Keightley suspects that a line at least has been left out.

Scene 5.

(a) I have inserted the word "spoilers," and left out—

" Movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm!"

If the reading be correct, the sentiment is awkwardly and harshly expressed. For "movers" Gould would read "soldiers."

(b) Shakspeare uses "valiant" as either dissyllable or trisyllable. There, if it is to stand at all, the metre seems to require the omission of the preceding "then," which perhaps is otherwise desirable, to mark the abruptness with which Marcius would here naturally address Titus. Accordingly, I have left it out.

Scene 6.

(a) The line there omitted—thus printed in the folios :—

"O, me alone, make you a sword of me"—

has been subjected to various conjectures, none of which appears satisfactory.

(b) The two lines there omitted are—

" Please you to march:
And force shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined."

No good explanation of them has been given, the text being probably corrupt. Keightley conjectures "forth" for "force," and takes "command" as nom. case to "draw."

Scene 9.

(a) Of the passage there omitted—

" Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before"—

the 'Variorum' offers no explanation; yet surely the meaning is far evident. Mr A. Wright somewhat doubtfully explains it

thus: "Cominius appears to mean that the previous reputation of Marcius was so little increased by his present achievement, that he was like one who took but a morsel of a feast, having fully dined before."

(b) The censure of Horace, "*Culpabit duros*," may well apply to the lines there omitted:—

"And to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,
Would seem but modest."

(c) To the following omission also the same censure must be applied:—

"When steel grows
Soft as the parasites' silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!"

Hudson speaks of it "as one of the most troublesome passages in the troublesome text of this play." Walker suggests "silks" and "them;" but this appears to Dyce "very objectionable." See his note.

(d) Dr Abbott would get over the metrical defect in that line, as commonly printed, by making "kindly" a trisyllable. See 'Gr.,' § 484. But even supposing this to be allowed, there will remain the further difficulty, that in the narrative of Plutarch, from which the incident is taken, the host of Coriolanus is described (c. 10) not as a "poor," but a "rich" man (*πλοῦσιος* = "wealthy"—North). I have therefore ventured to interpolate "rich," and to read "a poor-rich man's,"—i.e., one who had been "rich," but was now become "poor" and wretched, as a prisoner. (On Shakspeare's frequent use of compound epithets, see Walker, 'Crit. Exam.,' i. pp. 21-55.) Or, if preferred, the reading might be, "at a rich man's house, now poor." Coriolanus calls him, below, "my poor host." Shakspeare has the words "poor-rich" combined (not hyphenated in old ed.), with the meaning "seemingly rich, but indeed poor" (Schm. 'Lex.,' in *Lucretia*, 140; and again, *ibid.*, 97, "poorly rich." It is strange that no editor, so far as I have seen, has noticed the discrepancy between Shakspeare and his authority, Plutarch, in their description of the Coriolan host. Keightley proposes to insert "very" before "kindly." Walker notices the metrical defect, but nothing further.

Scene 10.

(a) Editors vary much in regard to the stopping at the end of that line. Dyce, following the folio, has a comma, and so has the

'Leopold;' the 'Variorum,' C. Knight, Singer, and Hudson, have a semicolon; Bowdler has a colon; but the 'Globe' has no stop, understanding, I conclude, an ellipsis of some relative form, such as "whereby,"—which is also, no doubt, the intention of the editions with a comma.

(b) This sentiment and what follows in Aufidius's next speech have appeared to critics so *shocking* as to be scarcely natural. Coleridge especially is puzzled by it. "However," he adds, "I perceive that in what is here spoken is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the afterchange in Aufidius's character."—P. 130. And Hudson adopts the same explanation: "The shocking speech of Aufidius, in the first scene where he appears after the taking of Corioli, is a skilful forecast and premonition of his transport of baseness at the close."—Vol. ii. p. 487.

ACT II.—Scene 1.

(a) In the eight prose lines there omitted, "there is not wit enough in the satire to recompense its grossness" (or rather coarseness and partial obscurity)—as Johnston complains of a passage in the following speech of Menenius.

(b) "Fidiused,"—this is explained to mean treated as Coriolanus treated Aufidius. So Schm. 'Lex.' and 'Sh. Key,' p. 62. And if this be correct, the word may be compared with "Master Fer.—I'll *fer* him," &c., in *K. Henry V.*, iv. 4. 27; with the use of the participle "mousing" = tearing in pieces, as a cat does a mouse, in *K. John*, ii. 1. 371; and with the verb "to badger" = annoy, as dogs do a badger. The reading in the folio is "fiddioused;" in Halliwell, "fidi-used." The 'Variorum' gives no explanation; neither does the Clar. Press edition, nor Hudson. Yet surely something is required. Such a mode of expression is generally derived, not from the patient, but from the agent,—as in "Hector," "out-Herod," &c. So in the famous caricature which appeared at the time of the 'Phalaris' controversy, and in which Bentley was represented as being consigned to the Bull, and made to exclaim, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyle'd*;" and in the phrase which Mr Wright quotes (*K. Henry V.*, iv. 4. 28) from Fuller, 'Church Hist.,' v. p. 231, "Bonner begins to Bonner it." Compare Southey's "March to Moscow," *passim*. And it occurs to me that the word here may possibly be formed from "Fidius," the Volscian and Sabine name of the god Hercules,—"*trounced by him as by another Hercules!*" (there is a reference to Hercules below, act iv. sc. 1. 19,

and again, sc. 6. 128); not, however, without allusion to Anfidius's name, which may have been derived from "Fidius." Respecting this Volscian Hercules, see Ov. 'Fast.,' vi. 213; and on Shakspeare's familiarity with Ovid, see Walker, i. 152, and especially Professor Baynes, in 'Fraser's Magazine' for Jan. and May 1880.

(c) I have omitted the following speech of Volumnia, as equally unworthy of her and of Shakspeare. As generally printed, it consists of two lines in prose and two in verse:—

"These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

"Death, that dark spirit, in's nerry arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die."

Mr Grant White is of opinion that "the ranting couplet" was not written by Shakspeare; and Mr Hudson concurs in this judgment.

(d) "The napless vesture of humility." "The custom of Rome was, at that time, that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place with only a *poor gown* on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised either to move the people the more, by requesting them in such *mean apparel*, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 14.

Scene 2.

(a) "In those days, valiantness was honoured in Rome above all other virtues; which they call *virtue*, by the name of virtue itself, as including in that general name all other special virtues besides. So that *virtus* in the Latin was as much as valiantness."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 2. This is very clumsily rendered. If, instead of "valiantness," we read "manliness," as the rendering of *ἀνδρεία*, we shall readily understand the remark of Plutarch,—that word being derived from *ἀνῆρ*, as *virtus* is from *vir*. So far as the proof from etymology goes, the same remarks, indeed, might be applied to Greece,—*ἀρετή*, *virtue*, or *general excellence and goodness*, being derived from *Ἄρης*, the god of war.

(b) Cominius's speech will not suffer from the loss of the harsh and bombastic line there omitted:—

"His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took."

The same might be said, with perhaps equal justice, of what follows at line 121:—

“Which (gate of the city) he painted
With shunless destiny.”

In that case, however, after much doubt, I have allowed the words to remain. For “painted,” Keightley suggests “parted” = broke open.

(c) The words there omitted, on the score of obscurity, are:—

“And is content
To spend the time to end it.”

Mr A. Wright explains them, “to spend the time for the mere purpose of bringing it to an end.” All his achievements are a pastime, a means of killing time. But that is scarcely a ground for eulogy. According to Dr Schmidt, “to end it” is a gerundial clause, and means “while he is bringing the time, or the doing of his deeds, to an end.”

Scene 3.

(a) I have there omitted, as at least “*ambiguum dictum*”—

“Like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.”

“If this be the true reading, Theobald’s explanation must be right: ‘I wish they may forget me as they do those virtuous precepts which the divines preach up to them [a curious notion to be put into the mouth of Coriolanus!], and *lose by them*, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.’ But the passage has been supposed to be corrupt, and various emendations have been proposed,—all, however, more open to objection than the original text.”—A. WRIGHT.

(b) “My sworn brother,”—an allusion to the medieval *Frater Jurati*,—persons who had taken an oath to share each other’s fortunes. See *K. Rich. II.*, v. 1. 20; *K. Henry V.*, ii. 1. 13.

(c) On the insertion of the name of Censorinus with other words not in the folio, to fill up the line, see Pref., p. xxii. Keightley would prefer “he that was so named.” The passage of North’s Plutarch, there followed by Shakspeare, runs thus: “The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of which had sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa’s daughter’s son, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought Rome the best water they had, by conduits. Censor-

thus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 1. Pope has pointed out that Shakspeare, in his use of this passage, has made strange confusion by throwing together, as if they were *ancestors* of Coriolanus, Publius, Quintus, and Censorinus, who were really his *descendants*, and were meant to be so understood, as they are introduced by Plutarch.

ACT III.—Scene 1.

(a) It is with reluctance that I have allowed that passage to stand in the text:—

"The great'st taste
Most palates theirs."

Schm. 'Lex.' explains it, "when the predominant taste of the compound is that of their voices." Wright's explanation, which comes to the same thing, is given in the margin. There can, I suppose, be no doubt as to what the writer meant (see below, 167); but surely Horace's Quintilius would have said to such a clause, "*Corrige, audes*," and would have ordered it to be returned to the anvil.

(b) "The persons of the tribunes having been declared by law inviolate and sacred, this proposition was a positive crime. They had been granted to the people when the intolerable tyranny of the patricians had provoked a general emigration of the plebeians to the Sacred Mount; where they remained for four months, and from whence they only consented to return upon obtaining the establishment of the office of tribunes, who were to be chosen from among their own order, and to be invested with power to defend their rights against the patricians."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 439. See above, sc. 1, note (a).

Scene 2.

(a) "A feature in Shakspeare's dramatic art is the mode in which he makes a scene begin with a sudden reference to a person or persons unnamed, but perfectly understood by the speaker and audience,—as, for instance, when the haughty Coriolanus and his equally haughty mother Volumnia refer to the objects of their scorn, the commonalty, by a simple pronoun."—'Shakspeare Key,' p. 101.

(b) "With Volumnia, the patriotic instinct outweighed that of the patrician. She abhorred the plebeians, indeed, as much as her son

could abhor them; but, in spite of her hatred, she could admit at need the qualifying suggestions of reason. . . . In this respect she was a thorough woman,—that is, prudent, adroit, and acute, with infinitely more tact and common-sense than her son; but at the same time it must be admitted that some of her political doctrines bear an alarming resemblance to that of the justification of the means by the end, and that she was an adept in the art of mental reservation. . . . This whole passage (v. v. 59-71), which appears to be due entirely to our poet, having no foundation in Plutarch, recalls the famous line in *Hippolytus*, for which Aristophanes so severely blamed Euripides, as for a maxim of more than doubtful morality:—

‘My mouth hath sworn, but not my heart.’”

—PAUL STAFFER, p. 451, *sq.* We must remember, however, that her son corrects Volumnia for this when he says:—

“Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear?”

And still more in what follows: “Possess me some harlot’s spirit.” And so the truthfulness of his own character is brought “into stronger relief, though at the expense of his mother.” At the same time, it must be pointed out that Socrates, whose standard of morality was probably as high as was ever reached by heathenism, did not scruple to defend the *telling of a lie to an enemy*. See Church’s ‘Trial and Death of Socrates,’ *Introd.*, p. xxix.

(c) Dyce remarks that “the earlier part of that speech has received incurable wounds from the transcriber or the printer: with the present text, whatever arrangement of the lines be adopted, the verse must halt intolerably.” I have omitted after “your tongue” the words—

“though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance,”—

and introduced “not privy” to make up the sense.

(d) “The ripest mulberry.” That passage was made use of by Malone in his “Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare’s Plays,” as tending to fix the date of *Coriolanus*,—which he assigns to the year 1610, upon the ground that mulberries were not much known in England before 1609. But Mr Wright has pointed out that Shakspeare was familiar with mulberries at least fifteen years before, as appears from *Venus and Adonis*, 1103.

Scene 3.

(a) On this "excellent scene of the banishment" of Coriolanus, see Gervinus, p. 757.

(b) The obscure and harsh lines there omitted are those which follow within brackets:—

" [He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction;] being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; [then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which 'looks
With us to break his neck.]"

(c) "With Coriolanus the violence of his temper was even greater than his pride. Had he simply been haughty, he would have met the insults of the tribune with a calm and cold disdain; but the least word of even unmerited abuse threw him into a frenzy, and worked him up into a rage like that of a passionate woman or child. In the final scene of the tragedy, the epithet of 'traitor,' added to that of 'boy of tears,' causes another frantic outburst, and precipitates him on the daggers of the Volscians. This excessive sensitiveness to personal affronts, it may be noted in passing, is a purely modern quality, far removed from the more self-contained, grave, and manly Coriolanus of antiquity."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 441, *sq.*

(d) In that line I have ventured to correct the "halting metre," of which Dyce complains, by inserting "this" and "sir." ("Sir" is applied to Coriolanus by Cominius, above, sc. ii. 3), as, for the same purpose, two lines before, I have inserted the words "out on you!"

(e) "The attitude of Coriolanus is simply sublime,—standing forth alone, greater by himself than all Rome, hurling back on his judges their sentence of exile, and opposing to the city that thrusts him out his own colossal personality."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 442. Compare Menenius's humble imitation of it, Act v. sc. 2. 105.

(f) The two lines there omitted have exercised the ingenuity of commentators, but with little good effect:—

" Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you, as most abated captives."

Walker suggested "abased" for "abated,"—wrongly, in Dyce's opinion.

¹ Favours us, and tends to—

ACT IV.—Scene 1.

(a) "O the gods!" There seems to be no propriety in assigning this exclamation to Coriolanus, as is done in all the editions. I have therefore transferred it to Menenius, who, in Act ii. sc. 3, has used the similar exclamation, "O me, the gods!" See also below, in this scene, 62. Keightley gives it to Virgilia, and remarks that her only other speech in this scene is, "O heavens! O heavens!"

Scene 3.

(a) Dyce, 'Globe,' and 'Leopold' all read "insurrections!" I readily assent to the truth of the remark, that in such sentences the verb, preceding a plural substantive, is frequently in the singular—see Abb. Gr., 333 and 335—especially in the forms "here's" for "here is," and "there's;" see above, i. 9. 54; ii. 1. 128. But in this instance I prefer to read "insurrection" with the 'Variorum,' on account of what follows in the speech of the Volscæ, "Is it ended, then?"

Scene 4.

(a) "Coriolanus enters the house of Aufidius, with reflections on the changes of the world; how friendship breaks out into enmity for a doil, and hatred into friendship for some trick not worth an egg; so is it with him, he says himself,—with him *who had always so deeply despised the populace for their fickleness!*"—GERVINUS, p. 762.

Scene 5.

(a) "Shakspeare has inflicted on Coriolanus the supreme humiliation of brawling like a common porter with the lackeys of Aufidius, at whose insolence he finally loses all patience. This is the *only modification* introduced by Shakspeare into Plutarch's account: with the exception only of Aufidius's answer to Coriolanus, all the rest of the tragedy is to be found in Plutarch."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 443.

Scene 6.

(a) Dyce retains the common reading of this line:—

"If he had gone forth consul, found it so."

But Malone and others have noticed the want of "have" to make good the construction. I have therefore ventured to insert it, and

at the same time, by a slight transposition, have at once saved the metre and avoided the repetition of "so" (see line 45) at the end of the line.

Scene 7.

(a) "I have always thought this, in itself so beautiful a speech, the least explicable, from the mood and full intention of the speaker, of any in the whole works of Shakspeare. I cherish the hope that I am mistaken, and that, becoming wiser, I shall discover some profound excellence in that in which I now appear to detect an imperfection."—COLERIDGE, p. 130.

(b) The passage here omitted, which was "unintelligible" to Stevens, and is described by Dyce as "a very dark, or rather manifestly corrupted" one, is as follows:—

"And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair,
T' extol what it hath done."

According to Mr A. Wright, the general meaning, though obscurely expressed, appears to be "the orator's chair from which a man extols his own actions is the inevitable tomb of that power, however deserving, which is the subject of praise."

(c) I have allowed Dyce's conjecture to stand, though Hudson objects to it, and prefers "suffer." If I might venture to add one more to the many corrections offered on the reading of the folio, "fouler," I would suggest "foul, and,"—i.e., become weak and corrupt. "A foul" in rowing is when one boat knocks against another; and if this be done in a race, a fresh start is rendered necessary. Shakspeare might have picked up the word from barge-men on the Avon.

Act V.—Scene 1.

(a) "There is," says Mr Dyce, "evidently something wrong in this passage." Several editors have suggested different readings of it, and I have ventured to offer another,—or, rather, have completed the sense by supplying the hemistich lacking in verse 50.

(b) This passage also, which Mr Grant White pronounces to be "incomprehensible," has been subjected to various emendations. I have altered it, chiefly by transposition, so as to give a tolerably easy and sufficient meaning. Malone and others suppose that a line is lost. Mr A. Wright remarks: "Many emendations have

been suggested ; only showing that the text is probably corrupt, as it certainly is obscure."

Scene 3.

(a) "They laugh at." Yet surely it was no laughing matter. Did our poet intend by this to express want of sympathy and compassion on the part of heathen deities? I have elsewhere ('B. and Sh.,' p. 114) observed, with reference to the dialogue in the next scene (22-25), that in this play it appears to be *purposely* left in doubt whether mercy was an attribute of the Deity or no. On the heathen sentiment, τὸ θεῖον—φθονεῖν, see the commentators on Herod., i. 33; iii. 40. Mr W. W. Lloyd (p. 344, *sq.*) compares the intercessions to Coriolanus with those made to Achilles in the ninth book of the *Iliad*.

(b) "Ladies, you deserve to have a temple built you." See 'Sh. Plut.,' p. 38, where we are informed that this was done by the senate, at the common charge of the city. "The temple of *Fortuna Muliebris*, dedicated in the year 286 A.U.C. [*i.e.*, about twenty years afterwards], on the spot at which Coriolanus is said to have met his mother, stood at the fourth milestone on the Via Latina"—A. WRIGHT. "A temple was built to the *Fortune of Women*, in which matrons took the place of the customary vestal virgins as priestesses. This victory gained by Volumnia over her son greatly contributed to the respect and consideration in which women were held in Rome, in spite of their inferior position legally. Valerius Maximus writes that, by order of the senate, men were ever afterwards to yield precedence in the street to the women they met."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 454.

Scene 6.

(a) The transposition which I have ventured to make in this line, by placing the words "his tale pronounced" before "after your way," does at least no injury to the metre, and renders the sense more easily intelligible.

(b) "On two great occasions of his history we see him (Coriolanus) fall, from want of self-government, from overstrained passion and irritability: once, on the occasion of his banishment (iii. 1. 198), and again, at his death. On both occasions, a single word, the opprobrious epithet of 'traitor,' brings on the fatal outbreak of his fury. . . . If he were a traitor, then his glory was turned into shame, his bravery misapplied, his pride dishonoured, his civil virtue changed into selfishness, his truth and fidelity into their reverse, his most honourable efforts covered with the coarsest stains. And

it cannot be denied that he became a traitor to *Rome* after he first heard this word of reproach, and he was one to the *Antiates* when he heard it the second time."—GERVINUS, p. 762, sq.

(c) How could Coriolanus say this after his "scoldings" of the tribunes and of the people in earlier parts of the play? Does he mean, in his dealings with the Volscians? or did Shakspeare intend this as an instance of self-deceit?

(d) On the death of Coriolanus, Livy (ii. 40) writes: "Abductis deinde legionibus ex agro Romano, invidiâ rei oppressum periisse tradunt, alii alio leto. Apud Fabium, longè antiquissimum auctorem, usque ad senectutem vixisse eundem invenio." Shakspeare has followed Plutarch, with whom Dionysius agrees, except that he represents Coriolanus as having been stoned to death. Niebuhr and Arnold follow Fabius in representing that he lived to old age, and died a natural death at Corioli.



INTRODUCTION TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

1. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—“The historical materials of this play were found by the dramatist in the lives of Julius Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Antony, as given in North’s translation of Plutarch. Hints for the speeches of Brutus and Antony seem to have been obtained from Appian’s ‘Civil Wars,’ b. ii. c. 137-147, translated into English in 1578.”—DOWDEN’s ‘Primer,’ p. 117.

Plutarch’s ‘Life of Julius Cæsar’ is, in comparison with many of his other biographies, a very poor and unsatisfactory performance ; so much so as to give occasion for the suspicion that the inferiority, for some reason or other, was intentional. See note at end of Langhorne’s translation.

Shakspeare himself has left us evidence that he knew of at least one tragedy based upon the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar earlier than his own. For in *Hamlet*, iii. 2, Polonius says that he “did enact Julius Cæsar,” and was “killed in the Capitol” by Brutus. Allusions to the story of Julius Cæsar in our early literature are very numerous, and early English plays written upon it are mentioned by contemporary authorities, whom Mr Halliwell Phillippis indicates, ‘*Outlines*,’ p. 295 ; but there is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare derived assistance from any of them. See Grant White, vol. x. p. 211.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—“In this tragedy the plot wants even that historical unity which the romantic drama requires ; the third and fourth acts are ill connected ; it is deficient in female characters, and in that combination which is generally apparent amidst all the intricacies of his [Shakspeare’s] fable. But it abounds in fine scenes and in fine passages ; the spirit of Plutarch’s Brutus is well seized ; the predominance of Cæsar himself is well restrained ; the characters have that individuality which Shakspeare seldom

misses; nor is there perhaps in the whole range of ancient and modern eloquence a speech more fully realising the perfection that orators have striven to attain than that of Antony."—HALLAM, vol. iii. p. 571. See also HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 242. Archbishop Trench ranks the play more highly: "Dramatically and poetically, *Julius Cæsar* stands so high that it only just falls short of that supreme rank which *Lear* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, claim for themselves."—'Lect. on Plutarch,' p. 52. Professor Dowden's estimate is no less favourable: "Everything is wrought out in this play with great care and completeness; it is *well planned and well proportioned*; there is no tempestuousness of passion and no artistic mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery. This is one of the most perfect of Shakspeare's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes."—'Primer,' p. 117. And so, too, Paul Stapfer: "Of all Shakspeare's works none has greater purity of verse or transparent fluency. It belongs to what may be called Shakspeare's *second and most perfect style*. *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, on the contrary, belong to his later period, in which his works abound in metaphors, and in abrupt and elliptical expressions."—P. 317. Schlegel remarks that "Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus [but comp. Hudson, vol. ii. p. 224]. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by the falling off in some degree of the last two acts."—Vol. ii. p. 210, *sq.* But, on the other hand, some weight is to be given to what is said by C. Knight: "The death of Cæsar was not Shakspeare's catastrophe: it was *the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi*."—'Studies,' p. 411.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED:—

(a) JULIUS CÆSAR.—"The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his 'Commentaries;' it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be Cæsar that 'did awe the world?'"—GERVINUS, p. 719. And he proceeds to give what he considers the true explanation of the anomaly as follows: "The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the Republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the

worse shortly before his death, and Shakspeare has represented him according to this suggestion." Hudson is also perplexed and dissatisfied with the delineation of the character, which he regards as little better than "a caricature;" but he accounts for it in a different way. He conjectures that "the poet's idea may have been so to order things that the full strength of the man should not appear in the play, as it did not in fact, till after his fall."—Vol. ii. pp. 224-229. Professor Dowden, dissenting from both, attempts to solve the difficulty by supposing that it is not the bodily presence of Cæsar, which is but of secondary importance, but his spirit, which is the dominant power of the play (p. 287). His view is thus summed up in the 'Primer': "The character of Cæsar is conceived in a curious and almost irritating manner. Shakspeare (as passages in other plays show) was certainly not ignorant of the greatness of one of the world's greatest men. But here it is his weaknesses that are insisted on. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action. Yet the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge."—P. 118, *sq.* To this we may add the view of Paul Stapfer, which, after all, perhaps, is nearest to the truth: "It is not the spirit of any one man, but the *spirit of a new era about to begin*—the spirit of *Cæsarism*—that fills Shakspeare's play, and gives it its unity and moral significance; and therefore it is that this tragedy, in which Cæsar appears in only three scenes, and neither says nor does anything of importance, is called *Julius Cæsar*, and not *Marcus Brutus*."—P. 328.

(b) BRUTUS.—"The struggle between the humanity of a noble and gentle nature, and the political principles of an energetic character, between personal feelings and public duty, *this is the soul of this play*, and the most interesting point of the situation in which Brutus is placed. Considered in himself, Brutus is of much too moral and too pure a nature to be fit for the hard and often dirty work of politics, like the gross degenerate Faulconbridge, or the sharp Cassius."—GERVINUS, p. 704, *sq.* And so, according to Mr Hudson, "his great fault lies in supposing it his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand."—Vol. ii. p. 232. With this Professor Dowden substantially agrees: "Intellectual doctrines and moral ideas rule the life of Brutus; and his [private]

life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes."—'Primer,' p. 118. Nevertheless, Paul Stapfer speaks of him as "a complete and finished character, and one of the finest in all Shakspeare's plays."—P. 336. But this does not prevent him from adding the following weighty remarks,—indeed the more weighty as coming from a Frenchman, and as appearing in a work crowned by the French Academy: "The death of Brutus [brought about, as it is, in a manner of which he had shortly before expressed his grave disapproval] was not merely the penalty he paid for a series of imprudent and mistaken actions, but was also the expiation of a great crime." And then, after reminding his reader that Dante has placed Brutus and Cassius in the lowest abyss of hell, he proceeds: "Dante, it may be thought, is very severe upon our poor noble Brutus. Many extenuating circumstances could indeed easily be pleaded in his favour, and there is *no human tribunal* at whose bar he would not stand absolved; to say nothing of those who would decree him laurel wreaths and statues. But from an absolute ideal point of view like Dante's, abstracting all adventitious circumstances of place, time, and persons, the regicide would deserve a place of honour in the nethermost hell; for no crime could be greater than his—that of high treason against the divine king; for he who had committed it would be guilty of trying to make himself wiser than God, and of taking the place of the Most High in the government of the world. He would have tried by suppressing present evil to assure the wellbeing of the future. But what did he know, and what certitude could he have he was making no mistake? He was not in the secret of the universe; for who has known the thought of the Lord, or been the counsellor of the Most High?"—P. 350, *sq.*

(c) CASSIUS.—"Shakspeare has scarcely created anything more splendid than the relation in which he has placed Cassius to Brutus. Closely as he has followed Plutarch, the poet has, by slight alterations, skilfully placed this character, even more than the historian has done, in the sharpest contrast to Brutus—the clever politic revolutionist opposed to the man of noble soul and moral nature."—GERVINUS, p. 217. "All the practical gifts, insight, and tact which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."—DOWDEN, 'Primer,' p. 118. "Doubtless we grant him none of the deep and loving respect that we pay to Brutus, but he nevertheless deserves, and obtains from us, a certain amount of esteem. . . . His

intellect has not entirely frozen his heart; he loves Brutus greatly, with the love of a brother, and submits to his moral ascendancy, although himself the elder of the two, with a humility that does him honour. He yields to him in everything without any protracted resistance, even when right is on his own side; and we almost lose sight, in his intense interest for all that concerns his friend, of the unpardonable sin he committed in involving Brutus in a plot so wholly repugnant to his nature."—PAUL STAFFER, pp. 351-377. Cassius comes out with advantage from his famous quarrel with his friend and brother-in-law, but not sufficiently to dispel the abhorrence felt at the assassination of Cæsar, which is concentrated mainly upon him.

(d) MARK ANTONY.—"Antony is a man of genius, without moral fibre; a nature of a rich, sensitive, pleasure-loving kind; the prey of good impulses and of bad; looking on life as a game in which he has a distinguished part to play, and playing that part with distinguished grace and skill."—DOWDEN, p. 289. "A daring adventurer rather than a great leader of the State."—'Primer,' p. 118. "In Plutarch, Antony is frankly despicable and positively odious, while Shakspeare adds many happy and delicate touches, which render him, if not altogether lovable, at least an interesting and wellnigh a beautiful character."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 311. But comp. Hudson, p. 240, *sq.*

(e) PORTIA.—"No relation of man and woman in the plays of Shakspeare is altogether so noble as that of Portia and Brutus."—DOWDEN, p. 296. "In his wife—Cato's daughter, Portia—Brutus has found one who is equal to and worthy of himself. Shakspeare has shown her as perfectly a woman—sensitive, finely tempered, tender—yet a woman who by devotion to moral ideals might stand beside such a father and such a husband."—'Primer,' p. 118. "By a self-inflicted wound she proves her vocation, her courage, her ability to be silent and to bear, and her proof succeeds. She now presses into the counsels of her husband, takes her share in his grief and in his secret, and becomes a passive conspirator. But no sooner is this accomplished than her suppressed womanhood comes to light, as the subjugated humanity in Brutus had done when he would not have Antony slain. She overrated her strength when she forced herself into the conspiracy, as *he* in his sphere overrated his powers when he placed himself at the head of the conspirators. On the first failure of her expectations, Portia's heart breaks, and she [as her husband also does afterwards] commits suicide."—GERVINUS, p. 711. "The character of Portia is very distinctly and faithfully

drawn from the outline furnished by Plutarch. . . . It is but a softened reflection of that of her husband. In him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy; a Stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse. . . . If Portia had been a Christian and lived in later times she might have been another Lady Russell; but she made a poor Stoic. . . . It is evident from the manner of her death that it was not deliberate self-destruction, 'after the high Roman fashion,' but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by over-wrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense."—Mrs JAMESON, pp. 363-365.

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—It is history itself that teaches the twofold moral of this play—viz., in the former part, the lesson of the signal punishment which overtakes undue ambition, and unfaithfulness to the laws and liberties of our country; and, in the latter part, the lesson that the correction even of such evils is not to be effected by violence, or through unconstitutional and lawless means, without the retribution of punishment no less signal and disastrous. Mr Furnivall, in pointing out the former lesson, lays stress upon the fact that Essex's ill-judged rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, of whom he was the most petted favourite and general, took place in February 1601, and he does not doubt that "this rebellion was the reason of Shakspeare's producing his *Julius Cæsar* in that year."—Introduct., p. lxvii.

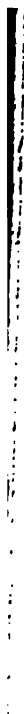
5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—"The time of the play extends over two years and a half. The events of the first three acts took place in February and March, B.C. 44; the meeting of the triumvirs with which the fourth act opens was held at the end of October, B.C. 43; and the battles of Philippi were fought in the autumn of B.C. 42."—A. WRIGHT. "The dramatic time is managed so ingeniously in the play of *Julius Cæsar* as to allow of long intervals elapsing insensibly, and gliding by almost unperceived. The poet has so contrived the indications of *short time* and *long time* to be blended during the progress of the first, second, and third acts, that we pass from the period at which the drama opens—the ides (or 13th) of February, when the feast of Lupercal was celebrated—to the ides (or 15th) of March, while we seem to have beheld but the transition of some few hours. Similarly, during the fourth and fifth acts, the events that followed upon the assassination of Cæsar are made to succeed each other with such imperceptible tokens of ever-advancing time, that we find ourselves arrived at their close with no sense of undue length in dramatic period. By keeping well before the

spectator the presence of night supervening upon afternoon and evening, and then the gradual approach of dawn, of morning, and of day, the dramatist has magically contrived to bring on the date of Cæsar's death in the third act, even while linking it subtly with the very day on which the Dictator was offered and refused the crown of Rome in the first act; so that a whole month is *illusorily* passed, while but the passing from one day to the next is actually accounted for."—'Shakspeare's Key,' p. 175, *sq.*, where the several indications of time, both *short* and *long*, are quoted at length.—Pp 176-184.

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—Like *Coriolanus*, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, and supposing the date now commonly assigned to it, viz, 1601, to be correct, twenty-two years had elapsed between its authorship and first publication. Nevertheless, the text, unlike that of *Coriolanus*, was then put forth "in so sound and clear a state as to leave little cause to regret the lack of earlier copies."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 220. In the folio this play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. A list of the persons represented was first supplied by Rowe. The total number of lines, according to my method of reckoning, is 2328. Only four lines have been omitted, iv. 40-43, as obscure, or corrupt; and one as indelicate.



JULIUS CÆSAR





JULIUS CÆSAR

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} triumvirs after the death of J
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	
CICERO,	} senators.
PUBLIUS,	
POPILIUS LENA,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,	} conspirators against Julius Cæ
CASSIUS,	
CASCA,	
TREBONIUS,	
LIGARIUS,	
DECIVS ¹ BRUTUS,	
METULLUS CIMBER,	
CINNA,	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.	
ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Chios.	
[A soothsayer. See act ii. sc. 4.]	
CINNA, a poet.	
Another Poet.	
LUCILIUS,	} friends to Brutus and Cassius.
TITINIUS,	
MESSALA,	
Young CATO,	
VOLUMNIUS,	
VARRO,	} servants to Brutus.
CLITUS,	
CLAUDIUS,	
STRATO,	
LUCIUS,	
DARDANIUS,	
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.	
CALPHURNIA, ² wife to Cæsar.	
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.	

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

*SCENE.—During a great part of the play at Rome; afteru
Sardis, and near Philippi.*

¹ His real name was Decimus, which is a prænomén, whereas De-
tilitian name. The mistake has come down from an early edition
1578, and has been followed by translators, including Amyot and
spears's authority.

² His fourth wife, the other three being Coputia, Cornelia, and P

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

(*The Conspiracy against Cæsar.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS (the Tribunes), and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being ¹mechanical you ought not ²walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a ³cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me ⁴directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what
trade?

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, ⁵be not out with me:
ret, if you be ⁶out, sir, I can mend you.

1. *Mechanics, artisans.*
2. *Infin. without 'to:' Abb., 349; Milt. P. L., viii. 74.*

II 3. *Here a butcher, a coarse workman generally.*
4. *Without evasion.*

5. *Do not quarrel.*
6. *Out at heels.*

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! 20

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is ⁷with the awl: I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As ⁸proper men as ever trod upon ⁹neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see ¹⁰Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph. 32

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home!

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? ¹¹Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat 40

The ¹²livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot ¹³but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

¹⁴That Tiber trembled underneath ¹⁵her banks,
To hear the ¹⁶replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now ¹⁷cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your ¹⁸sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

7. *By means of:*
Abb., 193.

8. *Fine, pretty:* see
B. and Sh., p. 40.
9. *Own's:* see
Wint. Tale., I. 2.
125.

10. *Just returned
from Spain, where
he had defeated the
sons of Pompey at
the battle of Munda,*
B.C.

11. See *Merch. of
Ven.*, I. 3. 107.

12. *Whole, long as
it is.*

13. Abb., 129.

14. *So that:* Abb.,
293.

15. *Rivers in Lat.
rarely fem. Tiber
never.* Comp. K.
John, III. 1. 23.

16. *Echo, reverbera-
tion.*

17. *Choose this for.*

18. *Class.*

channel, till the lowest stream
 the most exalted shores of all. [Exeunt Citizens.
 their basest ²⁰metal be not mov'd!
 sh tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 own that way towards the Capitol;
 will I: disrobe the images,
 find them deck'd with ²¹ceremonies.
 say we do so?
 it is the feast of ²²Lupercal.
 it is no matter; let no images
 with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 away the vulgar from the streets:
 too, where you perceive them thick.
 wing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 him fly an ordinary ²³pitch;
 would soar above the view of men,
 us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

60

19. *Whether*: Cor.,
 III. 1. 309: Abb.,
 406.

20. I. q., *mettle* =
temper.

21. *Festal orna-
 ments*: see below,
 2. 290.

22. *In honour of
 the god Pan* =
Lupercus, Feby. 13,
 B.C. 44: see Sh. Pl.,
 c. 41.

70

23. See 1 K. Henr.
 6, II. 4. 11; 2, II. 1.
 12.

SCENE II.—*The same. A public place.*

procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, ¹for the
 e; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS,
 US, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among
 a Soothsayer.

Calphurnia,—

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Music ceases.

Calphurnia,—

ere, my lord.

and you directly in Antonius' way,
 doth run his course. Antonius,—
 esar, my lord?

orget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 Calphurnia; for our elders say,
 a, touch'd in this holy chase,
²their sterile curse.

I shall remember:

esar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
 set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Music.

1. *Dressed as one of
 the runners on the
 occasion*: see Sh.
 Plut., p. 163. On
 the confusion of the
 time of this scene
 with the foregoing,
 see above, *Introd.*,
 p. 136; and comp.
 II. 1. 49.

10

2. *Curse of barren-
 ness*: see Sh. Plut.,
 c. 41.

3. See Sh. Plut.,
 c. 40.

4. *Proceed*.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!

[*Music* c

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is th

Bru. ⁵A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of M

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon C

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once ag

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—⁶pass.

⁷[*Sennet.* *Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CA*

Cass. Will you go ⁸see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick ⁹spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:

I'll leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,

Of late, with ¹⁰passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some ¹¹soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

5. Qu. omit 'you,'
metri caused.

6. Pass on.

7. See Cor., II. I.
151.

8. Abb., 349.

9. As monosyl.:
see Cor., I. 5. 13.

10. Conflicting af-
fections.

11. Turnish.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your ¹²passion;
By means ¹³whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

12. *Feelings*: for
'mistook,' see be-
low, II. 1. 50.
13. I.e., of the mis-
take.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cass. 'Tis just

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except ¹⁴immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

60

14. *Ironical.*

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

70

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not ¹⁵jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a ¹⁶common laughèr, or did use

To ¹⁷stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new ¹⁸protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after ¹⁹scandal them; or if you know

That I ²⁰profess myself in banqueting

To all the ²¹rout, then hold me dangerous.

80

15. *Suspicious of*:
Abb., 180.16. *Pronè to jest.*

17. See Cor., I. I.

87.

18. I.e., of love for
me.19. *Defame*: see
Cor., III. 1. 55.20. *Declare myself*
a friend.21. *Multitude,*
company.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

90

If it be aught toward the general good,

22. *Impartially*23. *Prosper.*24. See Cor., iv.
3. 9.25. See Cor., iv. 5.
182.26. See above, l. 46.
27. On Cæsar's
power of swim-
ming, see Sh. Plut.,
c. 34.28. *That strove
against it.*
29. See Cor., ii. 3.
187.30. Trimeter coup-
let: Abb., 501.31. See Sh. Plut.,
c. 16.32. *Look.*33. See B. and Sh.,
p. 16, 96.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both ²²indifferently;
For, let the gods so ²³speed me as I love
The name of honour more (a) than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward ²⁴favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as ²⁵lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For (b) once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with ²⁶her shores,

Cæsar ²⁷said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts ²⁸of controversy:

But ere we could ²⁹arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The ³⁰old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man

Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had ³¹a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;

And that same eye, whose ³²bend doth awe the world,

Did lose ³³his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

100

110

120

130

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble ³⁴temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And ³⁵bear the palm alone. [*Flourish and shout.*

Bru.

Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

140

Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a ³⁶Colossus ; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are ³⁷masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are ³⁸underlings.

Brutus, and *Cæsar* : what should be in that *Cæsar* ?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

150

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a ³⁹spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

39. See *Cor.*, I. 5. 13.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he has grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the ⁴⁰great flood,

But it was ⁴¹fam'd with more than with one man ?

When could they say, till now, ⁴²that talk'd of Rome, 160

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?

Now is it ⁴³Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a ⁴⁴Brutus once that would have brook'd

Th' ⁴⁵eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing ⁴⁶jealous ;

What you would work me to, I ⁴⁷have some aim :

170

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter ; for this ⁴⁸present,

34. *Temperament.*

35. See *Cor.*, v. 3. 128.

36. The Colossus at Rhodes was a bronze statue, 120 ft. high.

37. See below, iv. 3. 243.

38. *Thralls, vassals.*

40. In time of Deucalion : see *Cor.*, II. 1. 84.

41. *Made famous by* : Abb., 193.

42. *That = who.*

43. Comp. *K. John*, III. 1. 184.

44. *Junius Brutus* : see *Sh. Plut.*, p. 105.

45. Inaccurate use of word for ' infernal ' : see Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, I. p. 63.

46. *Suspicious, doubtful* : see above, 78.

47. *Can form some guess.*

48. *I.e., time.*

49. *Provided*: see
1 Kings viii. 25.

50. *Ruminates*.

51. Abb., 350.

52. For relative
pron., see above,
38; Abb., 112.

53. *Likely*.

I would not, ⁴⁹so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, ⁵⁰chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than ⁵¹to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions ⁵²as this time
Is ⁵³like to lay upon us.

180

Cass.

I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cass. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded ⁵⁴worthy note to-day.

54. *Noteworthy*:
see Cor., iii. l. 268.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ⁵⁵ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senator.

190

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have ⁵⁶men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep ⁵⁷o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

200

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well ⁵⁸given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my ⁵⁹name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

55. *Red like a
ferret's*.

56. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 97.

57. *Of = during*:
Abb., 176.

58. *Disposed*: see
Cor., iv. 5. 194.

59. *Person*: see
Acts i. 15.

Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays, 210

As ⁶⁰thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :

Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he ⁶¹be never at heart's ease

⁶²Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, 220

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and all his Train, except CASCA.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath ⁶³chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so ⁶⁴sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not, ⁶⁵then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, ⁶⁶there was a crown offered him ; and
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand,
thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting. 230

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, ⁶⁷marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by
mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony. 240

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it :
it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark
Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown
⁶⁸neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told
you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking,
he would ⁶⁹fain have had it. Then he offered it to him
again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he

60. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 161.

61. *Are*: Abb., 300.

62. *While*: see
B. and Sh., p. 302.

63. *Happened*: see
above, 188.

64. *Grave, serious.*

65. *If I had been.*

66. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 96; and p. 164.

67. *By S. Mary*:
expletive particle,
with slight tinge
of contempt.

68. Double neg.:
Abb., 406.

69. *Gladly*: see
Luke xv. 16.

was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their ⁷⁰sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of foul breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very ⁷¹like;—he hath the ⁷²falling-sickness.

Cass. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, 261
And honest Casca, we've the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the ⁷³tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. ⁷⁴Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked ⁷⁵me ⁷⁶o'pe his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of ⁷⁷any occupation, if I would not have taken him ⁷⁸at a word, I would I might go to ⁷⁹Pluto* among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four ⁸⁰wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 281

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cass. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ⁸¹ne'er look you i

70. See Cor., iv. 6.
166.

71. Probable.
72. Epilepsy: see
Sh. Plut., p. 89,
and p. 96.

73. See Cor., III. 1.
305.

74. See above, 236.

75. Abb., 220.
76. See Cor., III. 1.
168.

77. Business, and
not a trifle: Cor.,
iv. 6. 124.

78. See Cor., I. 2.
107.

79. See Cor., I. 4. 43.

80. See B. and Sh.,
p. 362.

81. Through shame
for pretending to
tell what I did not
understand. But
see Sh. Plut., p. 119.

the face again : but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling ⁸²scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 293

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised ⁸³forth.

Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and my mind ⁸⁴hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so : farewell, both.

[*Exit.* 300

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !
He was ⁸⁵quick metal when he went to school.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this ⁸⁶tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. ⁸⁷And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 310
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so :—till then, think of the ⁸⁸world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable ⁸⁹metal may be wrought
From that ⁹⁰it is dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth ⁹¹bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
⁹²He should not ⁹³humour me. (c) I will this night,
In several ⁹⁴hands, in at his windows throw.
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his ⁹⁵name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :

82. See above, l. 65-66.

83. From home : see M. of V., II. 5. 11. and 37.

84. Keep to its purpose.

85. Not 'blunt,' but sprightly : see above, 33 ; B. and Sh., p. 41.

86. Form of tardiness : see above, 272 ; and comp. II. and below, iv. 2. 17.

87. Yes : Abb., 97.

88. I. e., the state of — as being in subjection to one man.

89. See above, l. 1. 62.

90. Supply 'to which.'

91. Bears a grudge against me : 'hard,' adv. = ill.

92. Cæsar.

93. Tamper with : see Sh. Plut., p. 110, sq.

94. Handwritings.

95. See Sh. Plut., p. 112.

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days ⁹⁶endure.

[E

96. *Shall have to endure*—i.e., if we fail.

SCENE III.—*The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Cæsar with his sword drawn, and CICCERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: ¹brought you Cæsar home! Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ²sway of ear Shakes like a thing ³unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have ⁴riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing ⁵more wonderful?

Casca. A ⁶common slave—you know him well by sight! Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—⁷Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon ⁸a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the ⁹bird of night did sit Even at noonday upon the market-place, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, ¹⁰“These are ¹¹their reasons,—they are natural;” For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the ¹²climate that they point upon.

1. *Escorted*: see B. and Sh., p. 32.

2. *Balance*.

3. *Unsteady*: Abb., 442.

4. See Cor., v. 2. 167.

5. *More so, than usual*: Abb., 6.

6. For these portents see Sh. Plut., p. 97, sq.

7. *Opposite*.

8. *Together in a crowd*.

9. *Screech-owl*.

10. *Such and such*.

11. *The causes of them*.

12. *Country*.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their ¹³fashion,
¹⁴Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca : this disturbèd sky
 Is not ¹⁵to walk in.

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cass. Who's there ?

Casca.

A Roman.

Cass.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
 And, thus ¹⁶unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the ¹⁷thunder-stone :
 And when the ¹⁸cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cass. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman you do want,
 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and cast yourself ¹⁹in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts ²⁰from quality and kind ;
 Why old men ²¹fool, and children calculate ;
 Why all these things change, from ²²their ordinance,

13. *Open way* : see
 K. John, III. 4. 158.
 14. *Quite away*
 from : see Cor., III.
 1. 117.

40 15. *Fit to* : Abb.,
 406.

50

16. *Ungirt*.

17. *Thunderbolt* :
 Cymb., IV. 2. 271.
 18. *Signet*.

60

19. *Into* : see Cor.,
 III. 1. 41 ; Abb., 158.

20. *Deviating from*
their nature : see
 above, 35.

21. *Play the fool* :
 see K. Rich. 2, v. 5.
 60.

22. *That for which*
they were made.

70

Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That heavèn hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name* thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That ²³thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion, in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or ²⁴me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And ²⁵fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; 'is it not, Cassius?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have ²⁶thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe ²⁷the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are ²⁷govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall ²⁸wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cass. I know ²⁹where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[Thunder &

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans ³⁰hinds.

23. See Aristoph. Acharn., 505, on Pericles.

24. Abb., 210.

25. Terrible.

26. *Sinecure*.

27. 'While,' orig. a noun = time: comp. 'alack the day,' K. Rich. 2, III. 3. 8.

*27. Swayed by: see Cor., III. 1. 390.

28. See Sh. Plut., p. 99.

29. See B. and Sh., p. 149, and p. 258.

30. Female deer.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what ³¹offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My ³²answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

31. *Refuse*. Cass. suggests that Romans are worse than 'weak straws,' as serving only to glorify Cæsar.

32. *I shall be called to account for what I have said: see Cor., iii. 1. 213.*

33. *Grinning*.

34. *Practical, in earnest*.

35. *Grievances*.

36. *He does who—*

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
 That is no ³³fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
 Be ³⁴factionous for redress of all these ³⁵griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As ³⁶who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some ³⁷certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of ³⁸honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by ³⁹this, they stay for me
 In ⁴⁰Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the ⁴¹element
 In ⁴²favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody-fiery and most terrible.

37. See Cor., ii. 3. 51.

130 38. *Abb.*, 2.

39. *This time*. See Cor., iv. 3. 35.
 40. See Sh. Plut., p. 116; below, 176.

41. *The sky*.

42. *Feature: see above, 2. 97.*

43. *Without stirring: see Schm. 'Lex.' § 2.*

Casca. Stand ⁴³close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so? 140

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad ⁴⁴on't. What a fearful night is this!
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.—

44. *That he has joined us. (He does not heed the question.) See Cor., i. 3. 64; Sh. Key, p. 72.*

O Cassius, if you could
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

45. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 112; 'look' =
mind, take care.

46. Only Br. may:
see above, l. 44:
Abb., 128.

47. See above, 132.
Portico of the
theatre: below, 160.

48. Hasten.

49. Slow, place.

Cass. Be you content: good Cinna, take ⁴⁵this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair, 151
Where Brutus may ⁴⁶but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's ⁴⁷porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will ⁴⁸hie,
And so ⁴⁹bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. 160
[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
⁵⁰Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest ⁵¹alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well ⁵²conceited. Let us go, 170
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

50. Abb., 333.

51. See K. John,
III. l. 81.

52. Conceited,
judged: see below,
III. l. 210.

ACT II.

(*Cæsar goes to the Capitol.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. BRUTUS'S orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
¹When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

1. Exclamation of
impatience.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. ²It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to ³spurn at him,
But for ⁴the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—⁵that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may ⁶do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
⁷Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his ⁸affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common ⁹proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the ¹⁰base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the ¹¹quarrel
Will bear no ¹²colour for the thing he is, (a)
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, ¹³as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

- 10 2. Our deliverance from Cæsar's tyranny.
3. Be angry with.
4. The people's sake: see Cor., III. 2. 79.
5. Suppose that to be done.
*5. Cause mischief.
6. Compassion.
20 7. Passions had dominion.
8. Experience.
9. The low steps.
10. Our cause of disaffection.
11. Appearance of right.
30 12. Like the rest of his species: see above, I. 3. 68.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found

[*Giving him a paper.*

This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ¹⁴ides of March?

13. The folios read 'first,' which perhaps Sh. wrote; see Sh. Plut., p. 112.
40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The ¹⁴exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the paper and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I ¹⁵have took them up.

50

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome!

My ancestor did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

16. *Sharpen, excite.* Since Cassius first did ¹⁶whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

17. *Directing spirit* The ¹⁷Genius and the ¹⁸mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

18. *Deadly:* see Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your ¹⁹brother Cassius at the door, 70

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru.

Is he alone?

14. *Meteors:* see
1 K. Henr. 4, v. 1.
20.

15. *Abb.*, 343; and
above, l. 2. 53.

17. *Directing spirit*
(good or evil): see
Sh., Key, p. 789.
18. *Deadly:* see
Cor., ii. 2. 120.

19. He had married
Junia, B.'s sister;
see Sh. Plut., p. 110.

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are ²⁰pluck'd about their ears, 20. Pulled down.
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of ²¹favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O conspiracy, 80
²²Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most ²³free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from ²⁴prevention.

21. See above, l.
3. 136.

22. Art thou
ashamed? see Cor.,
II. 2. 72.
23. Unrestrained.

24. Being dis-
covered, and so
prevented.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.*

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? 90

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too. 100

Cass. This, Casca; Cinna, this; and this our friend *
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are welcome all.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper.

Dec. Here (b) lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines
That ²⁵fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way ²⁶growing on the south,
²⁷Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the ²⁸high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands ²⁹all over, one by one.

Cass. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not ³⁰the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes.

And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let ³¹high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

The melting ³¹spirits of women ; then, countrymen,

³²What need we any spur, but our own cause,

To prick us to redress ? what other bond

Than ³³secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not ³⁴palter ? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?

³⁵Swear priests, and cowards, and men ³⁶cautélous,

Old feeble ³⁷carriens, and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain

The ³⁸even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor th' ³⁹insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To ⁴⁰think that ⁴¹or our cause or our performance

Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is ⁴²guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cass. But what of ⁴³Cicero ? shall we ⁴⁴sound him ?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

25. *Variagate*,
diversify : see
Skcat's 'Etym.
Dict.'

26. *Verging toward*.

27. *Observing*, in
accordance with.

28. *Full*, *perfect*.

29. *From first to*
last.

30. *Their discon-*
tent to be seen in
their looks.

31. *Supercilious*,
lofty-looking.

* 31 'Spirits' and
'women' both as
monosyll.

32. See Cor., III. 1.

322; Mark xiv. 63.

33. *Discreet*, not

apt to blab.

34. *Shuffle* : see

Cor., III. 1. 74.

35. *Put to oath*.

36. *Deceitful* : see

Cor., iv. 1. 35.

37. *Curcasses*.

38. *Blameless*.

39. *Irrepressible* :

Abb., 3 and 445.

40. *So as to*.

41. See Cor., I. 2. 36.

42. *Becomes each of*
them illegitimate.

43. See Sh. Plut.,

p. 114.

44. *Search with a*

phennet = *try*.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs 150

Will purchase us a good opinion,

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall ⁴⁵no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not ⁴⁶break with him;

For he will never follow any thing (c)

That other men begin.

Cass.

Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

160

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cass. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark ⁴⁷Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find ⁴⁸of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,

Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—

170

Like wrath in death, and ⁴⁹envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:

Let us be ⁵⁰sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we, then, could ⁵¹come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

180

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle ⁵²masters do,

Stir up ⁵³their servants to an act of rage.

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall ⁵⁴make

Our purpose necessary, and not ⁵⁵envious:

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd ⁵⁶purgers, not murderers.

45. See 2 Corinth. xi. 5.

46. Communicate, disclose our plot.

47. See Sh. Plut., p. 164.

48. Abb., 172.

49. Malice: see Cor., iii. 3. 3.

50. On scansion, see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 274; Abb., 468.

51. Obtain possession of.

52. Comp. K. John, iv. 2. 217.

53. Our hands, &c.: see above, 68.

54. Cause to be regarded.

55. See above, 171.

56. Healers of diseases.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

199

Cass. Yet I fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself,—⁵⁷take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were ⁵⁸much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is ⁵⁹no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

200

Cass.

The clock hath stricken three

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass.

But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite ⁶⁰from the ⁶¹main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ⁶²ceremonies:

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his ⁶³augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

210

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with ⁶⁴trees,

And bears with ⁶⁵glasses, elephants with ⁶⁶holes,

Lions with ⁶⁷toils, and—men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does,—being then most flatter'd.

Let me *alone to work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

220

Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the ⁶⁸eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth ⁶⁹bear Cæsar hard,

Who ⁷⁰rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

57. See B. and Sh.,
p. 43.

58. That would be
a hard thing for
him to do!

59. Nothing to
cause fear: see
K. Henr. 5, II. 4. 30.

60. See above, I. 3.
35 and 68.

61. Strong.

62. Religious ob-
servances.

63. See Cor., II. 1. 1.

64. The lions whom
they attack hiding
behind them: see
Spenser, F. Q. II. 10.

65. Mirrors on
which they gaze.

66. Pitfalls: see
Somerville, Chase,
III. 261. sqq.

67. Nets. French,
'tollie,' Skcat's
'Etym. Dict.'

68. See below, 2.
121; modern time,
not Roman.

69. See above, I. 2.
319.

70. Scolded.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along ⁷¹by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him ⁷²reason ;
Send him ⁷³but hither, and I'll ⁷⁴fashion him.

230

Cass. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave you,

Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks ⁷⁵put on our purposes ;
But ⁷⁶bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and ⁷⁷formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :
Thou hast no ⁷⁸figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

240

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours ⁷⁹neither. You've ⁸⁰ungently,
Brutus,

⁸¹Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

250

⁸²Yet I insisted, ⁸²yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry ⁸³wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath ⁸⁴his hour with every man.

260

71. *By his house.*72. *I.e., for loving me.*73. *See above, l. 3.*

152.

74. *Frames him to our purpose.*75. *Wear = show our designs.*76. *Behave.* On 'it' see Abb., 226.77. *Dignified self-possession.*78. *Ideas.* On double neg. see Abb., 408.79. *See above, 341.*80. *Unkindly.*81. *See above, 50 and 130.*82. *SHU—SHU.*83. *Waving.*84. *See R. & S., p. 16, sq.*

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your ⁸⁵condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear ⁸⁶my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to ⁸⁷come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it ⁸⁸physical
 To walk ⁸⁹unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the ⁹⁰dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the ⁹¹rheumy and unpurgèd air

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

You have some ⁹²sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,

I ⁹³charm you, by my once-commended beauty,

By all your vows of love, and that ⁹⁴great vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,

That you unfold to me—yourself—your half,

Why you are ⁹⁵heavy; and what men to-night

Have had resort to you; for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were ⁹⁶gentle Brutus

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,

Is it excepted I should know no secrets

That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in ⁹⁷sort or limitation,—

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in ⁹⁸the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is not to Brutus his true spouse.*

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

85. *Disposition*:
 see Cor., II. 3. 96.
 86. Abb., 13.

87. See above, 176.

88. See Cor., I. 5. 20.

89. See above, I. 3.

90.

90. *Wet, damp.*

91. *Moist.*

92. *Harmful disorder.*

93. *Conjure.* Pope
 'charge,' and so
 Walker.

* 93. See B. & Sh.,
 p. 369.

94. *Sorrowful*: see
 Pa. xliii. 5, Prayer-
 Book Vers.

95. See above, 248;
 and for this and the
 following speech
 of Portia, see Rh.
 Fluk., p. 115.

96. *In some degree*
 —not fully.

97. *Outskirts.*

279

280

290

300

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman ; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
 I grant I am a woman ; but withal
 A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels ; I will not disclose 'em : 310
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound.
 Here, see the gash* ! can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knocking within.*
 Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart :
 All my engagements I will ⁹⁸ construe to thee, 320
 All the ⁹⁹ charactery of my sad brows :—
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*—Ho !* Lucius, who's
 that knocks ?

98. *Exploit.*99. *Written characters.*

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius ¹⁰⁰ Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how !

Lig. ¹⁰¹ Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you ¹⁰² chose out, brave Caius,
 To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy ¹⁰³ the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
 I here ¹⁰⁴ discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !
 Thou, like an ¹⁰⁵ exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My ¹⁰⁶ mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible ;
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

100. See above, 225.
 In Plutarch (p. 113)
 it is Brutus who
 visits Ligarius.

101. *Condescend to receive.*

102. See Cor., II. 3.
 224.

330 103. See above, I. 2.
 188.

104. He pulls off his
 kerchief.

105. Here, one who
 raises spirits—not
 who casts them out.

106. *That was as
 dead :* on scansion,
 see Walker, II. 35,
 and I. 188.

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole. 340

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick!

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To ¹⁰⁷whom it must be done.

Lig. Set ¹⁰⁸on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru.

Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A hall in CÆSAR'S palace.

1. Dressing-gown.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his ¹nightgown.

2. Properly 'has.'

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth ²have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath ³Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within!

3. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 98.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

4. Immediate.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do ⁴present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth!
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten me ¹⁰
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

5. Paid regard to
omens.

Cal. Cæsar, I never ⁵stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts ⁶most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled ⁷blood upon the Capitol;

6. Comp. above, l.
3.

7. See Hamlet, l.
1. 117.

20

The noise of battle ⁸hurtled in the air ;
 Horses ⁹did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar, these things are beyond all ¹⁰use,
 And I do fear them !

8. *Clashed.*9. *Comp. Mach., II.*
4. 14.10. *Custom.*

Cæs. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general ¹¹as to Cæsar.

30 11. *No less than.*

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
 The heavens themselves ¹²blaze forth the death of princes.

12. *Proclaim :* see
Mark I. 45.
13. *See Sh. Plut.,*
p. 92.
14. *See Matt. xvi.*
28.

Cæs. Cowards ¹³die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never ¹⁴taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day. 40
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :

Cæsar ¹⁵should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible :—
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

15. *Would :* Abb.,
322.

50

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is ¹⁶consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
 And he shall say you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

16. *Used up,*
destroyed.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. 60

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far 70
To be ¹⁷afraid to tell ¹⁸greybeards (a) the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, ¹⁹stays me at home:

She dreamt ²⁰to-night she saw my ²¹statue, 80

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these she ²²plies* for warnings and portents

Of evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 90

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and *²²cognizance'.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now. The senate have concluded

17. *Afraid.*

18. *Old men.*

19. *Detains.*

20. Here used of the night past.

21. Sh. uses both forms, statue and status: see below, 90.

22. *Urges, presses importunately.*

* 22. *Tokens of remembrance*: used here as plural: Abb., 471.

To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a ²³mock
 Apt to be ²⁴render'd, for some one to say,
 "Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 "Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
 To your ²⁵proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is ²⁶liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

100

23. Taunt.

24. Reported.

25. Course of conduct.

26. Subject, i.e., approves what love dictates.

111

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
 TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken ²⁷eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

120

27. See above, l. 223.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long ²⁸o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

130

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be,
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

28. See Cor., l. 1.
120; Abb., 182.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

29. That the resemblance of friendship is not always real.

30. Grieves.

Bru. [*aside*] That every ²⁹like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus ³⁰yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A street near the Capitol.*

Enter (a) ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou ¹beest not immortal, look about you: ²security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy ³lover,
ARTEMIDORUS."

1. Abb., 298.
2. Want of caution, careless confidence: see B. and Sh., p. 42.
3. See Cor., v. 2. 19.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this. 10
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of ⁴emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do ⁵contrive. [*Exit.*]

4. Envy, jealous rivalry.

5. Conspire.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

1. See above, l. 311.

[*Aside*] O ¹constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!— 10
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well: 20

I heard a ²bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. ³Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

2. *Notes of stir and tumult.*

3. *In truth: comp. 'soothsayer.'*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS (a).

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ⁴ninth hour, lady. 4. See above, 2. 121.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol. 30

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any ⁵harm's intended towards him?

5. *Harm that is intended: see above, 1. 322; Abb., 244.*

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more ⁶void, and there 40

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

6. See 2 Chron. xviii. 9.

Por. I must go in.—[*Aside*] ⁷Ay me, how weak a thing

7. *Alas me!*

The heart of woman is! O Brutus ⁸mine,*

8. See Sch. 'Lex.' s. v. 'mine.'

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus ⁹hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—

9. Said to deceive the boy.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

(*Murder of Cæsar—and Funeral.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIOUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ¹ides of March are come.

Art. Ay, but not gone.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cass. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, (a) the rest following. All
the Senators rise.*

Pop. I ²wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

1. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 98.

2. Pop. presses forward to speak to Cæsar, and passing Cassius, says:—

Bru. Look, how he ³makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cass.

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall ⁵turn back,

⁶For I will slay myself.

Bru.

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not ⁷change.

Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He ⁸draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR

and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is ⁹address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs.

What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most ¹⁰puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,—

[*Kneeling.* 40

Cæs.

I must ¹¹prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn ¹²pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the ¹³law of children. Be not ¹⁴fond (*b*)

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

¹⁵With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banish'd:

50

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. (*c*)

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause (*d*)

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the ¹⁶repealing of my banish'd brother?

20 3. *Approaches.*

4. *Casca,* 4. He was to strike the first blow, see 34.

5. *Return home.*

6. I.e., in case we are prevented from killing him.

7. *Change colour.*

8. So Plut. in Life of Brutus, p. 118. But in Life of Cæsar it is Dec. Brut. who does this, p. 100.

9. *Prepared.*

10. *Powerful.*

11. See B. and Sh., p. 40.

12. *What has been previously determined.*

13. *Who are fickle in their resolves.*

14. *So foolish as:* see Cor., iv. 1. 28; and above, ii. 1. 140.

15. *With = by:* see above, i. 2. 158.

16. *Recalling:* see Cor., v. 5. 5.

Brut. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of ¹⁷repeal.

17. See Cor. iv. l.
45.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cass. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

18. Easily.

19. Use entreaty to
move others from
their purpose.
20. Permanent,
undisturbed.

Cæs. I could be ¹⁸well-mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could ¹⁹pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and ²⁰resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

21. Susceptible,
ruled by fancies.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world,—'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and ²¹apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was ²²constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

22. Resolute.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus!

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Casca. (e) Doth not Brutus bootless kneel!
Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches
hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several
other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? (f)—Then fall, Cæsar!

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

23. The rostra in
the Forum.

Cass. Some to the ²³common pulpits, and cry out,
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

24. We hear no
more of Casca after
this speech.

Brut. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. ²⁴Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

66

70

80

90

Dec.

And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's ²⁵Publius?*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, ²⁶good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 100
Nor to ²⁷no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.*Cass.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.*Bru.* Do so:—and let no man ²⁸abide this deed,
But ²⁹we the doers.*Re-enter TREBONIUS.**Cass.* Where's Antony?*Treb.* Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run

As ³⁰it were doomsday.*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:— 110
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And ³¹drawing days out, that men ³²stand upon.*Cass.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, 120

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cass. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,That now on ³³Pompey's basis lies along

No worthier than the dust!

Cass.

So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the ³⁴knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

25. A senator, not one of the conspirators.

26. *Be of g. cheer.*

27. Double neg.: see above, ll. 1. 245.

28. *Answer for.*29. For 'us:' see *Cor.*, v. 3. 114.30. *Abb.*, 107.31. *The continuance of life, from day to day.*32. *Concern themselves about:* see above, ll. 2. 13.33. *The pedestal of the statue of Pompey.*130 34. *Company.*

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the ³⁵most boldest and best hearts of Roma.

Bru. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be ³⁶resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

³⁷Thorough the hazards of this ³⁸untrod state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, ³⁹so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Serv.

I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well ⁴⁰to friend.

Cass. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and ⁴¹my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

35. Abb., 11; B.
and Sh., p. 20.

36. *Informed,*
satisfied.

37. See Cor., v. 3.
126.

38. *New to us all.*

39. *If it please him*
to: Abb., 189.

40. *For a friend:*
Abb., 189.

41. *Evil foreboding*
is rarely at fault.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be ⁴²let blood, who else is ⁴³rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour ; ⁴⁴nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you ⁴⁵bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. ⁴⁶Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no ⁴⁷mean of death,
 As here ⁴⁸by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not,—they are ⁴⁹pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
 As ⁵⁰fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony, 190
 Our arms no strength of malice ; and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do ⁵¹receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cass. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will ⁵²deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

170
^{42.} Have his blood shed.
^{43.} Grown too lofty.
^{44.} See above, 102.

180
^{45.} Have a grudge against me : see above, li. l. 225.
^{46.} I.e., were I to live : Abb., 361.

180
^{47.} Manner.
^{48.} Beside : see Sh. Key, p. 36.

190
^{49.} Compassionate.
^{50.} See Cor., iv. 7.
^{51.} First "fire," dissyll. ; second, monosyll. : see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 138 ; Abb., 460.
^{52.} Embrace you.

200
^{52.} Explain to : see Cor., i. l. 90.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must ⁵³conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

53. See above, l.
3. 170.

210

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,

54. More sorely.

Shall it not grieve thee ⁵⁴dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse!

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

55. And those eyes
all w. as fast as
thy wounds st.

⁵⁵Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

220

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

56. Brought to bay,
as a stag.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou ⁵⁶bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

57. Bearing the
marks of thy
destruction.—Spoil
of thee: see Cor.,
III. 1. 190.

⁵⁷Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.—

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart; (g)

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

Cass. Mark Antony,—

Ant.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius: 230

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

58. Passionless
moderation.

Then, in a friend, it is ⁵⁸cold modesty.

Cass. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;

But what compæct mean you to have with us?

Will you be ⁵⁹prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

59. Reckoned—as
by the prick of a
pin against your
name.

Ant. ⁶⁰Therefore I took your hands: but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

60. To show that I
had accepted the
former alternative.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

240

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:

61. Estimation.

Our reasons are so full of good ⁶¹regard,

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

Ant.

That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

⁶³Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

^{62.} *Bring forward.*

250

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony. (*h*)

Cass.

Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*aside to Cass.*] By your pardon;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

260

He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall ⁶³advantage more than do us ⁶⁴wrong.

Cass. [*aside to Bru.*] I know not what may ⁶⁵fall; I
like it not.

^{63.} See 1 Corin.,

xv. 32.

^{64.} Harm.

^{65.} Be fall.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;

And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

270

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Ant.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever liv'd in the tide of times.

280

Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like ^{*65}dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—

^{*65.} See Cor., ii. 3.

7; and below, 2. 228.

66. Dyce reads
'minds'; Walker
conj. 'times.'
67. *Load, ven.*

A curse shall light upon the ⁶⁶limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall ⁶⁷cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd ⁶⁸with the hands of war ;
All pity ⁶⁹chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With ⁷⁰Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
⁷¹Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With ⁷²carriion men, groaning for burial.

68. See Cor., III. 1.
390.
69. *Being choked.*

70. *Fury, Gr. ; K.
John, II. 1. 63.*

71. See Cor., III. 1.
330, and I. 6. 47 ;
K. Henr. 5, Prol. 7.
72. *Men's corpses :*
see above, II. 1. 135.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar !—

[*Seeing the*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
⁷³Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those ⁷⁴beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
⁷⁵chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No ⁷⁶Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to ⁷⁷the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with CÆSAR'S*]

73. *Sorrow.*

74. *Tears.*

75. See above, I. 2.
223.

76. See above, I. 2.
162.

77. See Cor., I. 1.
277.

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.**Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and ¹compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

1. Abb., 300; ellipsis
 of nom. 'see can
 then compare.'

I I

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.**BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.**Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!*Bru.* Be patient till the last. (a)

Romans, countrymen, and ²lovers! hear me for my cause;
 and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour;
 and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe:
³censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that
 you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,
 any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love
 to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand
 why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not
 that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had
 you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that
 Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved
 me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it;
 as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious,
 I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune;
 honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who
 is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak;
 for him have I offended. Who is here so ⁴rude that would
 not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
 Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any,
 speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 33

2. See Cor., v. 2. 18

3. Judge, estimate.

4. Savage, barbarous.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is ⁶enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences ⁶enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best ⁷lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 45

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ⁸ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts 50

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do ⁹grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glory; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make. 60

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save ¹⁰I alone, till Antony have ¹¹spoke. [*Exit.*]

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public ¹²chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am ¹³beholding to you. [*Goes up.*]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

5. Registered.

6. See Cor., II. 3. 230.

7. See above, 14.

8. See above, I. 3. 154.

9. Humour.

10. Abb., 118.

11. Abb., 343.

12. Rostrum.

13. Obligated: Abb., 372.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

71

Third Cit.

Nay, that's certain :

We all are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens.

Peace, ho ! let us hear him. (*b*)

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;

80

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar ¹⁴answer'd it.

14. *Atoned for.*

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

90

And Brutus is an (*c*) honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the ¹⁵general coffers fill :

15. *Public treasury.*

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

¹⁶When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

16. *Abb., 287 ; B. and Sh., p. 21.*

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the ¹⁷Lupercal

17. *See above, l. 1. 68 ; 2. 228, sqq.*

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

100

Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

Speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once,—not without cause :

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

¹⁸ judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

18. *Discernment.*

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

110

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his saying.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he not, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will ¹⁹dear abide it

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony. 121

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so ²⁰poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But ²¹here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—

I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their ²²napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue. 140

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not ²³stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

19. Answer for it
at a heavy cost:
see above, l. 104.

20. Lowly. The
poorest are above
doing it.

21. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 121.

22. Handkerchiefs.

23. See above, l. 1.
34.

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Cit. Read the ²⁴will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :
 I fear I wrong the honourable men (c)

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

Citizens. The will ! the testament !

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers : the will ! read
 the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [ANTONY comes down.

Fourth Cit. A ring ; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back ; room ; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know ²⁵this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That ²⁶day he overcame the ²⁷Nervii :—

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;

See what a rent the ²⁸envious Casca made ;

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd.

And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be ²⁹resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's ³⁰angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !

This was the ³¹most unkindest cut of all ;

24. On the scansion see Abb., 486. But qu. repeat 'read' in this line, and insert 'great' before 'Cæsar,' in the next.

25. See Sh. Plut., 121, sq.

26. On the day on which . . . B.C. 57 : see Sh. Plut., p. 61.

27. Tribe of the Belgæ in Gaul.

28. Malignant : see above, ll. 1. 171.

29. See above, l. 147.

30. Darling : Sch. 'Lex.'

31. See above, l. 35.

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ; 190
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the ³²base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The ³³dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here, 200
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, ³⁴with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle !

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !

Third Cit. O woful day !

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !

First Cit. O most bloody sight !

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—
 slay,—let not a traitor live !

Ant. Stay, countrymen. 210

First Cit. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
 him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;—

What private ³⁵griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do't ;—they're wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ; 220

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

32. See above, l.
 127, and il. 2. 80.

33. *Impression.*

34. I.e., by : see
 above, l. 291.

35. See above, l. 3.
 123.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor ³⁶dumb mouths, 36. See above, l.
283.
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony 230
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! hear Antony.—most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ? 240

Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ; the will :—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal :—

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five ³⁷drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

250

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On ³⁸this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Cit. Never, never.—Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body ³⁹in the holy place,

And with the brands ⁴⁰fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt !

37. Gr. drach. = 7d.
 about the same as
 Roman denarius :
 see Sh. Plut., p. 121.

38. Really on the
 other : see Hor. l.
 Sat. ix. 18 ; and so
 Plut. But Sh.
 followed North's
 mistake ; see Sh.
 Plut., p. 121.

39. See Sh. Plut.,
 122.

40. Dissyll., see
 above, l. 108.

260

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.*Ant.* Where is he?*Serv.* He and Lord Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him: 270

41. Just as he is wished for: Abb., 191.

He comes ⁴¹upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

42. Probably.

Ant. ⁴²Belike they had some notice of the people How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.]SCENE III.—*The same. A street.**Enter CINNA the Poet.*

1. See Sh. Plut., p. 102, sq.

2. Burden.

3. Out: Abb., 156.

Cin. ¹I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar, And things unlucky ²charge my fantasy: I have no will to wander ³forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.*Enter Citizens.**First Cit.* What is your name?*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly.*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly. 10*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

4. Abb., 230.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, ⁴you were best.*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

5. Suffer a blow: 'me' expletive; Abb., 230.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll ⁵bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and ⁶turn him going. (a)

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! a. Send him off: despatch, kill him.
fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

(*Brutus and Cassius encamped at Sardis.*)

SCENE I.—*Rome. A room in ANTONY's house. (a)*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are ¹prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition ²Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, ³with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some ⁴charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct.

The Capitol.

⁴Or here, or at

[Exit LEPIDUS.]

1. See above, III. 1. 235.

2. There appears to be an error in regard to this name.

3. Condemn him to death, by putting a mark against his name.

10 4. Express, i.e., so as not to pay them in full.

⁴ See Cor., III. 1. 252.

5. *Insignificant*:
see Cor., v. 2. 104.
6. *Void of merit*.

Ant. This is a ⁵slight ⁶unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

7. See above, 1.

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be ⁷prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscriptiõn.

20

8. *When he shall
have br.*

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And ⁸having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

30

Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldièr.

9. *Some sort.*

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in ⁹some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow; (*b*) talk not of him

40

10. *Tool, instru-
ment.*
11. *Hearken to.*
12. *Forces.*
13. See Cor., III. 1. 1.

But as a ¹⁰property. And now, Octavius,
¹¹Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying ¹²powers: we must straight ¹³make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

14. See above, II. 1.
106.

Our best friends made, and our best means ¹⁴stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,

15. *I.e., to consider
how.*

¹⁵How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

50

16. *Like bears tied
to be baited.*
17. See above, III.
2. 201.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are ¹⁶at the stake,
And bay'd about ¹⁷with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before BRUTUS' tent, in the camp near Sardis. (a)*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers ;
PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at some distance.*

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Lucil. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own ¹charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, ²full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not ³doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he receiv'd you, let me be ⁴resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such ⁵familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot ⁶at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They ⁷fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. 31
[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark ! he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

1. *Offices, military post* : but Edd. read 'change,' i.e., of disposition towards me.

10

2. *Wise and honourable* : see III. 1. 243.

3. *Suspected* : see above, II. 1. 137.

4. See above, III. 1. 147 ; 2. 183.

5. *Proofs of familiarity* : see above, I. 2. 305.

20

6. *When they are held in.*

7. *Let fall, drop.*

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cass. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong. 40

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies!
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

8. See above, l. 2.
150.

9. Grievances: see
above, III. 2. 216.

10. Speak of them
at large, freely.

11. Troops under
their command.

Bru. Cassius, be ⁸content;
Speak your ⁹grievances softly,—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, ¹⁰enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience. (b) 50

Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their ¹¹charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard the door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Within the tent of BRUTUS.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.(a)

1. See Sh. Plut., p.
131, sq.

2. Branded with
disgrace: see Sh.
Plut., p. 136.

3. Put off with
disregard.

4. Trifling.

5. See above, l. 2.
130.

6. I.e., for having:
Abb., 366.

Cass. ¹That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—
You have condemn'd and ²noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were ³slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every ⁴nice offence should bear ⁵his comment.

Bru. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd ⁶to have an itching palm; 10

To sell and ⁷mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

7. *Traffic with.*

Cass. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that ⁸speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

8. See above, III
1. 34.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?

20

⁹What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty ¹⁰space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

9. What man of all
who stabbed him
was so villainous
as to do it for any
other cause but love
of justice.

10. *Extent.*

Cass. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To ¹¹hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make ¹²conditions.

30

Bru. ¹³Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

11. *Limit my
authority : see
above, 10, sq.*

12. *Terms on which
to confer the offices
at my disposal.*

13. Here in reproof :
Abb., 185.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your ¹⁴health, tempt me no further.

14. *Safety, welfare.*

Bru. Away, ¹⁵slight man !

40

Cass. Is't possible ?

15. See above, 1. 14.

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cass. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart
break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I ¹⁶observe you ? must I stand and crouch

16. *Take note of
you, as fearing to
offend.*

17. *Passion.*

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your ¹⁷spleen,
 Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish. 50

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cass. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better: 61
 Did I say "better?"

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd
 me.

18. *Tried, provoked.*

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have ¹⁸tempted him.

Cass. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cass. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not

Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love; 70
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I ¹⁹did send to you

19. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 130, sq.

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
 For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for ²⁰drachmas, than ²¹to wring 80
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile ²²trash

20. See above, III.
2. 246.21. See above, I. 2.
179.22. See above, 37.
23. Crooked, dishonest course.

By any ²³indirection;—I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

24. Vile pieces of
money: lit. of
metal only of use
in making calculations.

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such ²⁴rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cass. I denied you not. 90

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not :—he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath ²⁵ riv'd my heart :

25. *Spitt* : see
above, l. 3. 6.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 100
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius :

For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; ²⁶ brav'd by his ²⁷ brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by ²⁸ rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

26. *Defied*.
27. See above, ll. 1.
70.
28. *Memory* (fr. Lat.
rota = wheel), me-
chanically.

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou ²⁹ be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou did'st at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

110

29. See above, ll.
3. 6.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, ³⁰ dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yok'd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;

120

30. What you do
dishonourably, I
will ascribe to mere
caprice.

³¹ Who, much ³² enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,
And ³³ straight is cold again.

31. Abb. 264.
32. Struck with
violence.

Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but ³⁴ mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

33. Struggling.

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

34. See above, 53.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cass. O Brutus,— 130

Bru. What's the matter!

Cass. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

35. Really M.
Phaonius, a crazy
philosopher; see
Sh. Plut., p. 134.

Poet. ³⁵[*within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone. 140

Lucil. [*within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Cass. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean!
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

36. Make allowance
for.
37. Understands.
38. See Cor., iv. 5.
12.

Bru. I'll ³⁶know his humour, when he ³⁷knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?— 151
³⁸Companion, hence!

Cass. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. 160

Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you ³⁹give place to accidental evils.

39. Give way: see
Eph. iv. 27.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cass. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

40. Escaped: Abb.,
400.

Cass. How ⁴⁰scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so!—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

^aUpon what sickness?

Bru. Impatience of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius ⁴²with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
⁴³That tidings came;—with this she fell ⁴⁴distract,
And, her attendants absent, ⁴⁵swallow'd fire.

Cass. And died so?

Bru.

Even so.

Cass.

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine ⁴⁶o'erswell the cup; 180
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And ⁴⁷call in question our necessities.

Cass. O Portia, art thou gone?

Bru.

No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power, 190
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by ⁴⁸proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, ⁴⁹Cicero being one.

Cass. Cicero one!

Mes.

Ay, Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

41. In consequence
of: Abb., 191.

42. As if 'and.'

43. See B. and Sh.,
p. 13.

44. See Walker, II.
334.

45. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 151, sq.

46. Overflow.

47. Consider, exam-
ine into.

48. On scanion
see Abb., 500.

49. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 138.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, not from her, Messala.

Mes. ⁵⁰ Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours !

Mes. No, my lord, nothing.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true. 210

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :

51. *Sooner or later.* With meditating that she must die ⁵¹ once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

52. *Theory.* *Cass.* I have as much of this in ⁵² art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

53. *As living, not dead, like Portia.* *Bru.* Well, to our work ⁵³ alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ? 220

Cass. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

54. *I.e., if to THIS.* *Cass.* ⁵⁴ This :—

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

55. *Necessity.* *Bru.* Good reasons must, of ⁵⁵ force, give place to better.

56. *At Sardis :* but Plut. makes this discussion take place at Philippi, p. 138.
The people 'twixt Philippi and ⁵⁶ this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ; 230
For they have grudg'd us contribution :

57. *Through their country :* see above, II. 1. 228.
The enemy, marching ⁵⁷ along by them,

58. *'By' here in different sense : comp. above, III. 1. 179.*
⁵⁸ By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd ;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cass. Hear me, good brother.

59. *See above, III. 1. 256.* *Bru.* Under ⁵⁹ your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends, 240
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe .
The enemy increaseth every day :

We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is ⁶⁰a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is ⁶¹bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ⁶²ventures.

60. See above, l. 2.
145.

61. *Shut up*: technical naval term.

Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
 We'll ⁶³along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

250 62. *What we have put to hazard = carpos.*
 63. See Cor., ii. 3. 151; 'them' = the enemy.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will ⁶⁴niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

64. *Supply sparingly.*

Cass. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my ⁶⁵gown!—Now, farewell, good Messala:—

65. See ll. 2; stage direction.

Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

260

Cass. O my dear brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cass. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good ⁶⁶brother.

*66. As dissyll.: Abb., 477.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. 270

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

66. *Of music*: see below, 290.

Give me the gown. Where is thy ⁶⁷instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? (b)
 Poor ⁶⁷knave, I blame thee not; thou art ⁶⁸o'er-watch'd.

67. *Boy*: sometimes as a term of endearment.
 68. *Worn out with watching.*

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

- Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall ⁶⁹raise you by and by 280
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall ⁷⁰otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.]

Luc. ⁷¹I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 290

Luc. Ay, my lord, ⁷²an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much,
But thou art willing.

Luc. 'Tis my duty, sir.

Bru. I ⁷³should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. 300

[*Music, and a song, towards the end of*
which LUCIUS falls asleep.]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden ⁷⁴mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle ⁷⁵knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from ⁷⁶thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Now, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I ⁷⁷left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

69. *Rouse.*

70. *Not wish to send you to him.*

71. 'I was,' as monosyll. : see Walker, II. 204.

72. *It is*: Abb., 101.

73. *Ought not to.*

74. *Sceptre.*

75. See above, 274.

76. *Disengages it from his hand.*

77. *Left off*: see Acts xxi. 32.

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this ⁷⁸monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to ⁷⁹stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

310

78. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 103, *sq.*; and p.
136.

79. *Stand on end*:
see Temp., I. 2. 213.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

320

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

330

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—⁸⁰Sirrah Claudius!

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

340

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

80. Used in ad-
dressing inferiors:
see Cor., v. 2. 54.

ACT V.

*(Victory of Octavius and Antony at Philippi.)*SCENE I.—*The plains of Philippi.**Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions :
 It proves not so ; their ¹battles are at hand ;
 They mean to ²warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

1. Combined forces.

2. Summon.

3. Pooh ! comp.
 tush, Pa. x. 5 ; xli.
 14 ; P.B. Vern.

4. Confidence : see
 above, li. 1. 318, sq.

5. Well pleased not
 to encounter us.

6. Awful display :
 see Sh. Plut., p. 137 ;

B. & Sh., p. 31.

7. Appearance.

8. Make us believe.

Ant. ³Tut, I am in their ⁴bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be ⁵content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With ⁶fearful bravery, thinking by this ⁷face
 To ⁸fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

10

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
 Their ⁹bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

9. Being of scarlet ;
 see Sh. Plut., p. 139.

10. See above, 4.

11. See Gen. xxxiii.
 14.

Ant. Octavius, lead your ¹⁰battle ¹¹softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep you the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this ¹²exigent ?

12. *Erigeny, critical moment.*

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. (a) [*March.*

20

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius : we must ¹³out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer ¹⁴on their charge.

¹⁵Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows :—is it so, countrymen !

13. Step forth.

14. When they
 attack us.

15. Go forward.

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 30

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cass.

Antony,

The ¹⁶posture of your blows ¹⁷are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the ¹⁸Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant.

Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting. 40

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
¹⁹Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, ²⁰behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cass. What! Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This ²¹tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd. 50

Oct. Come, come, ²²the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The ²³proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes ²⁴up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's ²⁵three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee. 60

Oct.

So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy ²⁶strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more ²⁷honourable.

Cass. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with ²⁸a masker and a reveller?

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct.

Come, Antony; away!—

16. *Direction.*
17. Abb., 412, 'con-
fusion of pros-
imity.'
18. In Sicily: see
Virg. Ecl., vii. 37.

19. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 119.

20. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 100.

21. *The tongue of
Antony: see* ii. 1.
168.

22. *Let us know
why you proposed
this parley.*

23. *The enforcement
of our arguments
by deeds.*

24. *Back into its
sheath.*

25. In Plut. '23'
wounds, p. 101.

26. *Stock, race.*

27. Abb., 1.

28. See above, i. 2.
210, sq.; ii. 2. 123.

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ; 70
 If not, when you have ²⁹stomacha.

29. *Appetite, inclination.*

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cass. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho,
 Lucilius ! hark ; a word with you.

Lucil.

My lord ?

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cass. Messala,—

Mes.

What says my general ?

Cass.

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. ³⁰Give me thy hand, Messala : 80

Be thou my witness that, against my will,
 As ³¹Pompey was, I am compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus ³²strong
 And his opinion : now ³³I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our ³⁴former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

³⁵Who to Philippi here ³⁶consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and gone ;
 And in their steads ³⁷do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cass. I ³⁸but believe it partly ;

For I am ³⁹fresh of spirit, and resolv'd 100
 To meet all perils very ⁴⁰constantly.

Bru. ⁴¹Even so, Lucilius.

Cass.

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day ⁴²stand friendly, that we may,

⁴³Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But, since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,

30. See Sh. Plut., p. 139.

31. Before the battle of Pharsalia.

32. *Strongly* : see above, 64 ; Sh. Plut., pp. 100, 136.

33. Comp. Hor. l. Od. xxxiv. l.

34. *Foremost* : see Sh. Plut., p. 137.

35. Abb., 264.

36. *Accompanied.*

37. See Sh. Plut., p. 138.

38. See above, l. 8. 152.

39. *Brisk.*

40. *Firmly.*

41. This concludes their private conversation ; see above, 77.

42. *May the gods stand.*

43. See above, lll. 2. 14 and 43 ; Sh. Plut., p. 139, sq.

Let's ⁴⁴reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you, then, determinèd to do?

Bru. Even ⁴⁵by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to ⁴⁶prevent
 The ⁴⁷time of life:—arming myself with patience
 To ⁴⁸stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
⁴⁹Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must ⁵⁰end that work the ides of March begun; (*b*)
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come!
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

44. Take into account.

110

45. See B. and Sh., p. 149, sq.; and p. 257, sq.

46. Anticipate as Cato did.

47. Appointed period.

48. Abide, await.

120

49. See above, iii. 1. 151.

50. As I killed Cæsar, so I must either fall myself in battle, or conquer.

130

SCENE II.—*The same. The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, ¹Messala, ride, and give these ²bills
 Unto the legions ³on the other side:
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

1. See Sh. Plut., p. 140.

2. Written papers: see *ibid.*, p. 141.

3. Under Cassius.

4. Will be sure to give.

And sudden push ⁴gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

1. *Standard-bearer.*

This ¹ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take ²it from him.

2. *The standard which he bore ; see above, l. 89.*

3. See *Sh. Plut.*, p. 142.

*3. On scansion comp. *lv. 3. 194.*

Tit. O Cassius, ³Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it ^{*3}too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :

10

4. For '*farther*.' Abb., 478.

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly ⁴'far' off.

Cass. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to ⁵yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

5. Messala and his escort coming from Brutus.

6. *As quick as thought.*

Tit. I will be here again, even ⁶with a thought. 20 [*Exit.*]

7. *Dim.* : see 2 K. Henr. 4, iii. 2. 268.

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever ⁷thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*PINDARUS goes up.*]

8. See above, l. 81.

This ⁸day I breath'd first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;

9. *Course, circle.*

My life is run his ⁹compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*above*] O my lord !

Cass. What news ?

10. See above, iii. 1. 20.

Pin. [*above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that ¹⁰make to him on the spur ;—

30

Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—

Now, Titinius!—Now,

Some ¹¹light: O, he lights too: he's ta'en; [*Shout*] and, <sup>11. *Allight, dis-*
mount.</sup>
hark!

They shout for joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I ¹²swore thee, saving ¹³of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman; and with ¹⁴this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, ¹⁵search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

50

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is ¹⁶but change, Titinius; for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

60

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

40 12. Bound thee by
oath: see above, ll.
1. 134: Exod. xiii.
19.
13. Abb., 178.
14. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 103.
15. Pierce.

16. Only exchange
of fortune. They
have beaten one of
our wings, and we
one of theirs.

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my ¹⁷success hath done this deed.

17. In Sh. word of
neutral sense =
good or bad fortune.
See Cor., v. 1. 72.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. 70

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the ¹⁸apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

18. *Susceptible*: see
Cor., iii. 2. 36.

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus!

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

80

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MESSALA.*]
Why did'st thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And ^{*18}bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts!

*18. On scansion
comp. above, 7.

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing:
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I ¹⁹regarded Caius Cassius.—

90

²⁰By your leave, gods:—this is ²¹a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

19. See Cor., v. 6.
168.
20. See B. and Sh.,
p. 257 and 368.
21. See Mach., v.
8. 1.

Alarums. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato.

He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

100

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

22. *Into*: see Cor.,
iii. 1. 124.

²²In our own proper entrails.

[*Low alarums.*]

Cato.

Brave Titinius!

Look, ²³whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

Thou ²⁴last of all the Romans, fare ²⁵thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to ²⁶Thassos send his body:His ²⁷funerals shall not be in our camp,Lest ²⁸it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our ²⁹battles on:—

Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. (a)

[*Exeunt.*]

110

23. See above, l. 1.
62.24. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 144.

25. Abb., 212.

26. An island in
the Ægean Sea; see
Plut., *ibid.*27. *Obsequies*: Lat.
funera; North's
Plut. has the plural.28. *The celebration*
*of them.*29. See above, l. 4.
Neither Lab. nor
Flav. has any part
in the play; see Sh.
Plut., p. 150.SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then**BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What ¹bastard doth not? Who will go with me?I ²will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young**CATO is overpowered and falls.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]³Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—See, a noble prisoner!

1. Who is so base-
born that he doth
not? see above, iv.

3. 21.

2. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 148.3. He pretends to
be Brutus.

4. *Make way.**Sec. Sold.* 'Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.*First Sold.* I'll tell the news :—here comes the general.*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant.

Where is he ! 20

5. See *Sh. Plut.*,
p. 149.*Lucil.* 'Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, 30

6. See above, 3. 104.

And see 'whêr Brutus be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

7. See above, III. 1.
310.

How every thing is 'chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V.—*The same. Another part of the field.**Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.**Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.1. See *Sh. Plut.*,
p. 150, sq., for this
scene throughout.*Cli.* 'Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,

He came not back : he is 'or ta'en or slain.

2. See above, IV. 1.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying 'is the word ;

12.

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers him.*]3. See *Cor.*, III. 2.
166.*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.*Bru.* Peace, then, no words.*Cli.*

I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.[*Whispers him.*]*Dar.*

Shall I do such a deed ! 10

Cli. O Dardanius !*Dar.* O Clitus !*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.*Cli.* Now is that noble 'vessel full of grief,4. See *B. and Sh.*,
pp. 362, 374.

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; ⁵list a word.

⁵ See above, iv.
1. 42.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me ^(a) 20
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together: 30
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarums still.*]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volum-
nius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me. ^(b)
I shall have glory by this losing day, 40
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By their vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have ⁶but labour'd to attain this hour.

⁶ See above, I. 99.

[*Alarums. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good ⁷respect;

Thy life hath had some ⁸smatch of honour in it:

50 ⁷ Estimation: see
above, I. 2. 64
⁸ Smack, taste.

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

*Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a⁹ fire of him; 60

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius'¹⁰ saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will¹¹ entertain them—

Fellow, wilt thou¹² bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will¹³ prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 70

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators,¹⁴ save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a¹⁵ general-honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!" 80

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call¹⁶ the field to rest: and let's away,

To¹⁷ part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

9. As dissyll: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 145.

10. See above, 4. 22.

11. Take into my service.

12. Spend—in my employ.

13. Recommend.

14. See above, III. 2. 62.

15. True public spirit.

16. The troops who have been engaged.

17. Divide into shares: see B. Matt. xxvii. 35.

NOTES ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.—Scene 2.

(a) This seems to contradict what Brutus himself has just said. Coleridge's note is as follows: "Warburton would read 'death' for 'both,' but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death." Mr Hudson is not sure whether the confusion is to be attributed to the poet or the speaker, whom the poet may have meant to represent as not having "a very firm mental grip. This is not the only instance where the latter end of his thought appears to forget the beginning."

(b) "The depreciation of the personal bravery of the dictator, as one of the means used by Cassius to excite his friend, is Shakespeare's own. It has been strangely said to be taken from Suetonius (Jul., c. 64), who relates the story of Cæsar saving himself by swimming, at the same time holding his writings above the water, to keep them dry. But this is mentioned by Suetonius among the instances of his fortitude or constancy. Plutarch [Sh. Plut., p. 86] tells the story without comment, but certainly with no view to depreciate Cæsar."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 232.

(c) The interpretation I have given in the margin is that of Johnson, and is, *upon the whole*, I think, the more probable. Warburton refers the "he" not to Cæsar but to Brutus; "he should not play upon my fancies or caprices as I do upon his;" and this is preferred by Mr A. Wright, and apparently in 'Sh. Key,' p. 559.

It is supported by what follows, and by what Cassius has said at the beginning of his speech ; but the passages of Plutarch, indicated in the margin, would seem to have been in Shakspeare's mind, and lead the other way.

ACT II.—*Scene I.*

(a) "The strain of subtle casuistry used in this speech is very remarkable, and may well provoke a question as to what sort of character the poet meant his Brutus to be. Coleridge found it very perplexing. Certainly it is such a style of reasoning as no *clear-headed* honest man would use."—HUDSON. The remark, I think, is substantially just ; but Coleridge's "perplexity," as expressed by himself, is, in part at least, easily removed. He asks, "How could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man ? Had he not passed the Rubicon ? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror ?" &c. Yes ; but by "personal cause" Shakspeare evidently meant "what concerned himself (Brutus) personally ;" as he had said above, i. 2. 88, "Yet I love him well." The questions which Coleridge asks all come under the exception which Brutus had named—i.e., "But for the general."

(b) "The conspirators enter Brutus's garden at night, where he is expecting them, and while Cassius and he converse aside in a low voice, the others stand about and talk. And what do they say ? we might expect them to utter imprecations against tyranny and the tyrant, . . . as an ordinary poet would not fail to make them. But Shakspeare is not an ordinary poet, and his genius had inspirations that completely disconcert all the common notions of rhetoric ; not that he aims at originality, but he closely watches nature, and nature reserves many surprises for those who have only studied theatrical effects. Pointing to the horizon, Decius says, 'Here lies,' &c. What follows is quoted down to "directly here ;" and then the writer proceeds : "Nothing could be more natural : when men have their minds burdened with the load of some great enterprise, they are glad to avoid speaking of it among themselves, and it is when they are most absorbed in thought that conversation has the greatest tendency to turn upon trivial and indifferent matters. Every one experiences this over and over again in his life : when suffering or witnessing some great sorrow, when attending the service of the dead. The very intensity of our feelings prevents us from speaking of them, and we only talk at such times of mere nothings, of the heat, the cold, the weather."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 304, *sq.*

(c) This is not the motive assigned by Plutarch for not "sounding" Cicero, and it is curious how Shakspeare came to adopt it. The words of Plutarch are, that, "being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise."—*Sh. Plut.*, p. 114; and in the *'Life of Cicero,'* c. 42, the same reason, so far as regards his "want of courage and advanced age," is given why Brutus and Cassius did not admit him to their conspiracy. Mr Hudson remarks: "This bit of dialogue is very charming. Brutus knows full well that Cicero is not the man to play second fiddle to any of *them*; that if he have anything to do with the enterprise, it must be as the leader of it, and the biggest man in it, and that is just what Brutus wants to be himself. Merivale thinks it a great honour to Cicero that the conspirators did not propose the matter to him." I am afraid Mr Hudson's "wish is father to the thought" of these last words. Dr Merivale has given no such favourable opinion of Cicero. His words, as quoted by Mr A. Wright, are: "All men and all parties agreed that he (Cicero) could not be relied upon to lead, to co-operate, or to follow. . . . We should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design, were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or for evil."—Vol. iii. p. 187, *sq.* Mr Wright himself observes that "Shakspeare had read Cicero's character with consummate skill;" but he does not tell us who or what it was that could have induced him in this instance to depart from Plutarch, his usual authority.

Scene 2.

(a) Dyce reads "graybeards" here, but "greybeards" in 3 *K. Henr.* 6, v. 6. 81. And the *Globe* edit. has the same inconsistency. I have followed the *Leopold*, which has "greybeard" in both places.

Scene 4.

(a) Dyce, with other editors, has allowed "Enter Soothsayer" to stand, but I have preferred, with Rowe, to follow the suggestion of Tyrwhitt, which Dyce gives in his notes: "The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and I think improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus, who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient."

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "The murder of Cæsar did not in fact take place in the Capitol, but in a hall, or *curia*, adjoining Pompey's theatre, where a statue of Pompey had been erected. The senate had various places of meeting: generally in the Capitol; occasionally in some one of the temples; at other times in one of the *Curiae*, of which there were several in and about the city."—HUDSON.

(b) All the editors retain the comma of the first folio after "fond;" but I see no reason for it. "Fond," in the sense of "foolish," in Shakspeare often takes the infinitive mood. See, e.g., *Merch. of Ven.*, iii. 3. 10.

(c) "Here Cæsar is made to speak quite out of character, and in a strain of hateful arrogance, apparently to soften the hideous enormity of his murder. . . . It may be well to add that the carrying of deadly weapons was unlawful in Rome; but every educated citizen carried a stylus in a sheath; and on this occasion the assassins had daggers hidden in their stylus-cases."—HUDSON.

(d) The allusion made to this expression by Ben Jonson in his 'Discoveries,' Works, vol. ix. p. 175, ed. Gifford, has given rise to much discussion. His words, in continuation of a passage quoted above (see Preface, p. xviii, note), are as follows: "Many times he (Shakspeare) fell into those things [which] could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,' and such like, which were ridiculous." Again, in the *Induction* to the 'Staple of News,' Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy: you never did wrong but with just cause."—*Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 162. If Shakspeare really wrote what Ben Jonson quotes, it is plain from our present text that he altered it afterwards, which Tyrwhitt thinks he need not have done. Dyce has a note of two pages and a half closely printed upon the matter.

(e) These words—"Doth not Brutus," &c.—generally given to Cæsar, I have ventured to transfer to Casca. They seem to mean—"Even Brutus, whom we all so much admire and love, does not prevail by words: therefore nothing but 'hands' can be expected to do so."

(f) *Et tu, Brute?* "The origin of this expression is not known. It does not occur in Plutarch, and may possibly have been borrowed, as Malone suggests, from the Latin play on Cæsar's death, which was acted at Oxford in 1582."—A. WRIGHT. "The historians relate that Cæsar defended himself with his stylus, till

he saw Brutus in the press of assassins, and then gave up. . . . Cæsar had been as a father to Brutus, who was fifteen years his junior; and the Greek *καὶ σὺ, τέκνον*—*Thou too, my son*, which Dion and Suetonius put into his mouth, though probably unauthentic, is good enough to be true.”—HUDSON.

(g) “Here Antony, still in the mood of taking refuge in conceits and plays upon words from the sting of his suppressed indignation against Cæsar’s assassins, lets his fancy run riot in a figurative language that shall aggrandise his dear friend to the utmost. And yet Coleridge has denounced the two lines in this passage, commencing ‘O world,’ &c., affirming them to be an interpolation; while another critic [Hudson] has pronounced them to be a *foul blemish*.”—‘Sh. Key,’ p. 36. Such puns, however offensive to modern taste, were characteristic of the pulpit no less than of the stage in Shakspeare’s time—*e.g.*, in the sermons of Bp. Andrewes and Dr Donne. See above, Preface, p. xxix, note.

(h) “Brutus’s plan, if he had one, was of such an abstract and utopian nature, that it was equivalent to having none at all, and was based upon a complete misconception of the circumstances and needs of the time. It was the plan of an idealist, who fancied himself living in the Republic of Plato, instead of being in all the tumult of a town in revolution. This plainly shows itself after Cæsar’s death, when Brutus commits the enormous imprudence of allowing Antony to speak at Cæsar’s funeral. Cassius at once measured the consequences of this error, and says to Brutus, ‘You know not what you do.’”—PAUL STAFFER, p. 348. “When Antony begged permission of Brutus to speak at Cæsar’s funeral, he probably had no intention of turning the opportunity to account; he never guessed the immense effect his eloquence would have upon the crowd, but simply wished to fulfil the duties of a friend; while Brutus granted his request the more willingly because his own affection for Cæsar made him feel a little comfort in the thought that the funeral rites of the great hero would be worthily celebrated. . . . It was not till afterwards, upon reflection, that Antony became aware of the advantage that their permission to him to address the people gave him, and it was only in the course of his speech that he perceived the length to which this advantage might be pushed.”—*Ibid.*, p. 386.

Scene 2.

(a) “The speech of Brutus is that of one who is convinced of the goodness of his cause, but, at the same time, is sensible of the diffi-

culty of convincing others. It is therefore laboured, formal, and guarded. . . . Shakspeare perhaps took a hint from Plutarch as to the manner of the oration; who says [*'Sh. Plut.'* p. 107], 'He could plead very well in Latin. But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians.'—A. WRIGHT. Paul Staffer concurs in this latter remark, first made by Mr Hudson: "The laconic and sententious style in which Brutus addresses the people was suggested to Shakspeare by a passage in Plutarch." Upon the speech itself he observes: "So little does Brutus know of men, that when addressing the multitude he speaks to them as so many philosophers like himself; he sternly forbids himself any persuasive eloquence of animated gesture or pathetic tones, because he himself despises any appeal made to the imagination or to the passions, and cares only for what recommends itself to his reason. His speech is a model of the most finished conciseness and studied coldness; but the irony of facts brings about as unexpected a turn of affairs as ever humiliated the eloquence of a public orator."—P. 349.

(b) On the merits of this speech of Antony, see Hallam, quoted in Introduction, p. 132. "In order thoroughly to appreciate this famous speech [of Antony], with its strange admixture of good faith and astuteness, of premeditated art and sudden and irresistible inspiration of the moment, we must picture to ourselves the unpropitious circumstances under which he laboured at the beginning. Brutus had stipulated with him that he was to cast no blame upon the conspirators, and had himself, the very moment before, publicly justified the murder of Cæsar; so that the people upon seeing Antony ascend the tribune, all cried with one voice, 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.' 'This Cæsar was a tyrant.' 'We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.' Then Antony begins his magnificent address, his eloquence soon carrying his hearers with him, and finally working them to such a pitch of excitement that they burst out into groans for Cæsar's death and cries for revenge."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 386.

(c) "Of course these repetitions of 'honourable men' are intensely ironical, and for that very reason the irony should be studiously kept out of the voice in pronouncing them. I have heard the effect of it utterly spoilt by being emphasised. The proper force and charm of the irony in this case depend on its being completely disguised, and *seeming* perfectly unconscious."—HUDSON.

Scene 3.

(a) "The blackest action committed by the people in all Shakspeare's Roman plays is the murder of the poet Cinna in the midst of the tumult. The incident is given in Plutarch; but in his account, the crime as perpetrated by the populace, whom Antony's speech had worked up into wild excitement, is of a most ordinary, and, so to speak, consistent character. It is a very deplorable occurrence, but it is not an odious or a vile one. It is the distressing but natural result of a mistake. . . . Shakspeare, a bolder and more searching anatomist of the human monster, has added a refinement of cruelty and folly to their crime, knowing well *what the mob is capable of in its intoxication on the day of revolution*; and he shows us the amazing unreasonableness, and lets us hear the loud bursts of stupid and ferocious laughter of a populace in revolt, and who without the excuse of a mistake as to the poor wretch's identity, tear him in pieces in a most light-hearted manner, as a punishment for bearing a name grown distasteful to them."—PAUL STAFFER. A remarkable testimony, and all the more so, as coming from a Frenchman!

ACT IV.—Scene 1.

(a) "There is no indication of the place in the folios, and Rowe was the first to mark the scene in Rome. That Shakspeare himself intended this, is plain from what follows in lines 10, 11. The real scene of the meeting was a small island in the Reno near Bologna."—A. WRIGHT. See 'Sh. Plut.,' p. 169; Plut. 'Life of Cicero,' c. 46; but comp. Appian, lib. iv. c. 2, who places the scene near Matina (Modena), in an island of the river Lavinus. "The time of the scene historically was in November, B.C. 43; which makes an interval of some nineteen months between this and the preceding scene."—HUDSON. "In the interval there had been violent dissensions between the friends of Julius Cæsar and his nephew [Octavius]. Their quarrels had reference to Cæsar's property, to which (subject to the bequest to the Roman people) Octavius was heir; as well as to questions of political power. Cicero, the advocate of republican principles, had taken part against Antony. At the point of time selected by Shakspeare for renewing the narrative, Antony and Octavius were acting together as friends, having associated with them Lepidus, who had the command of an army in Gaul, and had sided with Antony. An extensive and bloody

proscription followed, with which the scene opens. I do not know why Antony is represented as objecting to Lepidus—

‘This is a slight unmeritable man,’ &c.”

—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 247.

(b) The passage there omitted is as follows :—

“One that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal’d by other men,
Begin his fashion.”

In the second line Dyce has adopted Theobald’s correction—“object orts”—scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others ; which Cassell pronounces to be “decisive,” and Hudson calls “a very bad reading.” Altogether, the lines are too uncertain to be worth retaining in the text.

Scene 2.

(a) “This scene again is separated from the foregoing historically by about a year ; the remaining events of the play having taken place in the fall of B.C. 42.”—HUDSON.

(b) The situation of affairs, as regards Brutus and Cassius, at this crisis, is thus described by Merivale, ‘Hist. of Rome,’ p. 379 : “They were both at the head of large forces ; neither had any opponent to impede his march. With all the resources of the East at their command, we can hardly suppose that they were pressed for money. Most strange it must always seem that at such a crisis the liberators should have wanted energy to advance boldly into Italy and confront the triumvirs at the gates of Rome. Possibly they were not masters of their own soldiers. . . . Brutus devoted himself to plundering the people at Xanthus, who threw themselves in despair into the flames of their own city. Cassius attacked Rhodes, mulcted it of 8500 talents, and cut off the heads of fifty of its chief men. The whole of Asia was subjected to the severest exactions. At last Brutus himself, though hardly less guilty than his colleague, interfered to restrain this fatal cupidity. At Sardis, where the two proconsuls met to arrange the plan of the impending campaign, he sharply rebuked Cassius for bringing odium on their common cause ; but Cassius pleaded his inability to restrain his followers, and Brutus let the matter pass with a few unavailing murmurs.”

Scene 3.

(a) "I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius."—COLERIDGE. On the merits of the quarrel see Introduction, p. 135; and Paul Stapfer, p. 360. Professor Dowden remarks: "Each is naturally and inevitably aggrieved with the other—one from the practical, the other from the ideal standpoint. Shakspeare, in his infinite pity for human error and frailty, makes us love Brutus and Cassius the better through the little wrongs which bring the great wealth of their love and true fraternity to light."

(b) "Brutus, with his beautiful freedom from the petty self-interests of daily life, is gentle and considerate towards every one. The servants have lain down. Lucius drops away into the irresistible sleep of boyhood. Brutus, who at the call of duty could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy. . . . He gently disengages the instrument from the hand of Lucius, and continues his book where he had left it off last night. There is nothing more tender in the plays of Shakspeare than this scene. The tenderness of a man who is stern is the only tenderness which is wholly delicate and refined."—DOWDEN, p. 305, *sq.* Hudson has remarks to the same effect.

ACT V.—Scene 1.

(a) "In Plutarch's account of the battle [*'Sh. Plut.,'* p. 140] it is said that Cassius, although more experienced as a soldier, allowed Brutus to lead the right wing of the army. Shakspeare made use of this incident, but transferred it to the opposite camp, in order to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield. Octavius really commanded the left wing."—A. WRIGHT. "At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was almost old enough to be his grandfather. At the time of Cæsar's death, when Octavius was in his nineteenth year, Antony thought he was going to manage him easily, and to have it all his own way with him, but he found the youngster as stiff as a poker, and could just do nothing with him. . . . Cæsar's youngest sister Julia was married to Marcus Atius Balbus, and their daughter Atia, again, was married to Caius Octavius, a nobleman of the plebeian order. From this marriage sprang the present Octavius, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus. He was mainly educated

by his great-uncle, was advanced to the patrician order, and was adopted as his son and heir, so that his full and proper designation at this time was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. The text gives the right taste of the man who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him."—HUDSON.

(b) I have given in the margin what seems to be the meaning of those words of Brutus, considering what he had said just before in answer to the question of Cassius—"What are you then determined to do?" And yet it must be remembered that in iii. 2. 43, he had professed that he should be ready to put an end to his own life at any time when the interests of his country should demand it; and moreover, that, in the end, this is what he actually did. See below, 5. 55.

"Farewell, good Strato:—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will."

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

The apparent inconsistency has perplexed the critics—Courtenay, C. Knight, Gervinus, Hudson; and the only explanation it appears to admit of (unless we are to acquiesce in the charge brought against Shakspeare of "a careless use of his authorities") is, that he intended to represent Brutus as noble indeed, but of a vacillating and inconsistent character, in theory deriving his principles from the highest human philosophy, but in practice failing under emergencies (as what *mere* human philosophy could prevent man from failing?) to carry them into effect. In short, may it not be that, in his delineation of the character of Brutus, our poet desired to set forth the utmost that the *natural* powers and faculties of man can be expected to attain to, *unenlightened by revelation and unassisted by divine grace?*—See scene 5. 68-70. Within a few hours after the foregoing words were written, I happened to observe in the 'Times' (October 19, 1881) a notice of a lecture on Shakspeare by Professor Morley, in which he is reported to have said: "From the study of Shakspeare's plays, one was led to the conviction that he was deeply religious, and that a religious purpose ran through the whole of his works."

Scene 3.

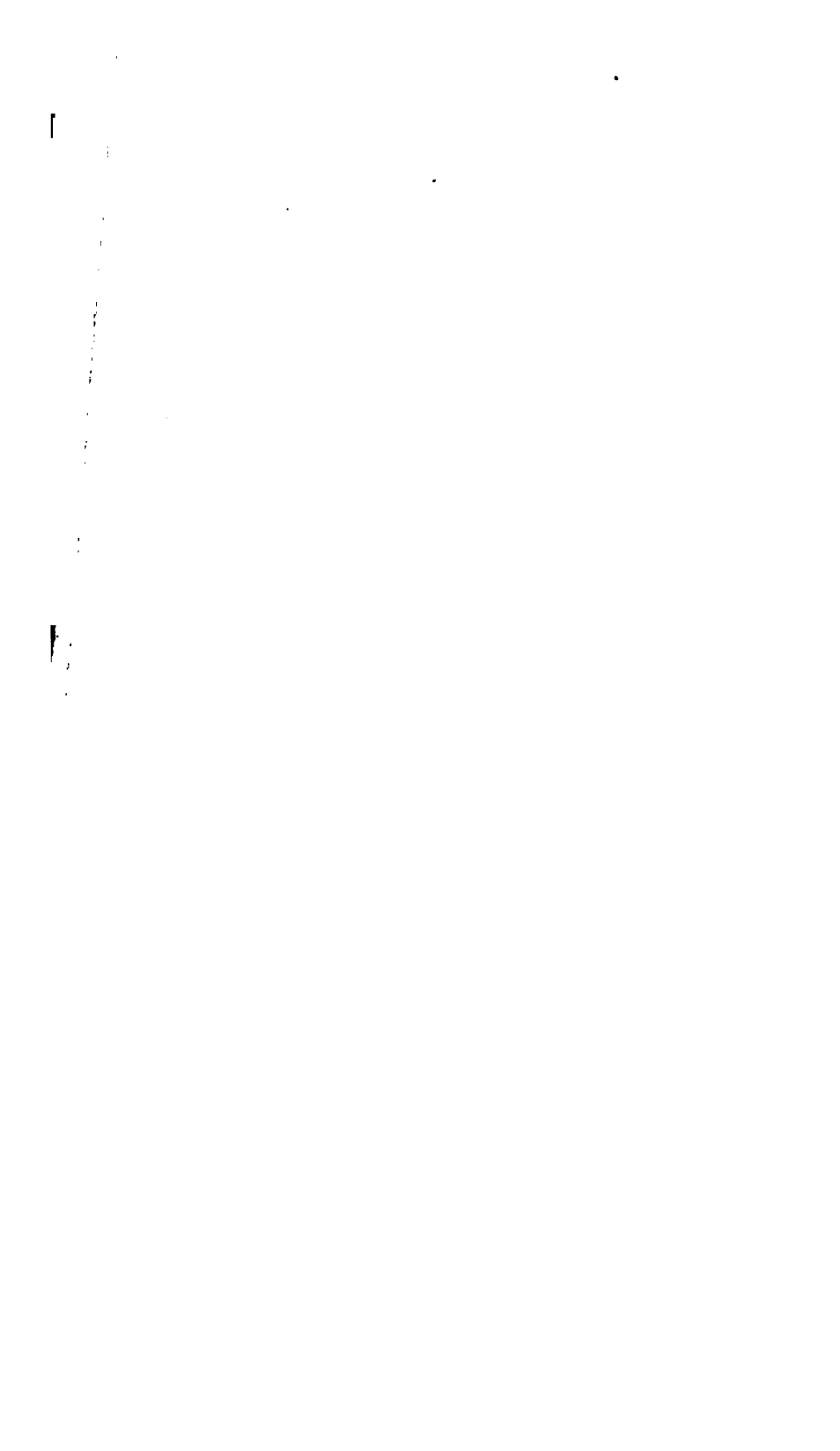
(a) "The poet very judiciously represents both battles [of Philippi] as occurring on the same day. They were in fact separated by an interval of twenty days."—HUDSON.

Scene 5.

) "The legend that when preparing for the encounter with triumvirs he was visited by the ghost of Cæsar, which summoned him to meet again at Philippi, marks the conviction of the facts that in the crisis of his fate he was stung by guilty remorse, haunted by the presentiment of final retribution."—MERIVALE, cited by HUDSON.

) A memorable sentiment ! It is intended, I suppose, to imply that he himself had been always true to others. It is the false and distrustful who are most suspicious of untruth and dishonesty.

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INTRODUCTION TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

1. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—Shakspeare has adhered with remarkable closeness to Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*, as translated by North, and he owes nothing, apparently, to any other source.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—“*Antony and Cleopatra* does not furnish perhaps so many striking beauties as *Julius Cæsar*; but it is at least equally redolent of the genius of Shakspeare. Antony, indeed, was given him by history, and he has but embodied in his own vivid colours the irregular mind of the triumvir, ambitious and daring against all enemies but himself. In *Cleopatra* he had less to guide him; she is another embodiment of the same passions, more lawless and insensible to reason and honour, as they are found in women. . . . In this tragedy, like *Julius Cæsar*, as has been justly observed by Schlegel, the events that do not pass on the stage are scarcely made clear enough to one who is not previously acquainted with the history, and some of the persons appear and vanish again without sufficient reason. Shakspeare has in fact copied Plutarch too exactly.”—HALLAM, vol. iii. p. 571, sq. “After an interval of seven years or upwards, the second [in order of composition] of the Roman plays, *Antony and Cleopatra*, was written. The events of Roman history connect *Antony and Cleopatra* immediately with *Julius Cæsar*; yet Shakspeare allowed a number of years to pass, during which he was actively engaged as author, before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play. What is the significance of this fact? . . . The spiritual material dealt with by Shakspeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward

from one to the other."—DOWDEN, p. 278, *sq.* "*Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* are related as works of art rather by points of contrast than by points of resemblance. In the one an ideal of duty is dominant; the other is a divinisation of pleasure, followed by the remorseless Nemesis of external law. . . . The spirit of the play, though superficially it appear voluptuous, is essentially severe. That is to say, Shakspeare is faithful to the fact."—*Ibid.*, p. 307, *sq.* "Of all Shakspeare's historical plays *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much; perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly."—COLERIDGE, p. 188. Gervinus, though he gives to the play a high rank, demurs to this judgment upon several accounts. "The diction," he complains, "is very forced, often short and obscure: the crowd of matter creates a crowd of ideas; important affairs are disposed of in a few sentences, great events recorded in a few words; historical names and references, presumed to be known, are left unexplained in the play itself. . . . There is no great and noble character among the personages; no really elevating feature in the actions of this drama, either in its politics or its love affairs. . . . The poet had to represent a debased period, and he did this in obedience to historical truth."—Pp. 723-725. So, too, Paul Stapfer, who pronounces this play to be, "Notwithstanding all its poetry and all its magnificent glow and colour, the weakest of the three Roman tragedies. . . . It does not present any tragic interest of the highest order; the internal struggle which forms the essence of modern tragedy is not here an eminently ethical one; the battle waged is not between duty and passion, or between two conflicting duties; but is of a far commoner description, the clashing together of the temptations of pleasure and the dictates of self-interest, the voice of mere ordinary prudence."—P. 424, *sq.* Hudson, however, while to some extent he admits the defects of this play, and remarks that, partly on account of them, but partly also from its very excellences, "it is the last of Shakspeare's plays that one grows to appreciate," yet, upon the whole, accepts Coleridge's opinion: "There is none of Shakspeare's plays which, after many years of study, leaves a profounder impression of his greatness. In quantity and variety of characterisation it is equalled by few, and hardly surpassed by any of his dramas. Antony, Cleopatra, Octavius, Octavia, Lepidus, [Sext.] Pompey, Enobarbus, not to mention others, . . . are perfectly discriminated and sustained to the last. In respect of style

and diction too," he adds, again dissenting from Gervinus, "the best qualities of the poet's best period are here concentrated in special force."—Vol. ii. p. 365, *sq.* "Closely as Shakspeare here works to the record, there is not one of his dramas wherein he shows a more fertile and pregnant inventiveness; *many of the scenes being perfectly original*, and at the same time truer to the history *in effect* than the history is to itself."—*Ibid.*, p. 361.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED:—

(a) ANTONY.—"It is wonderful how Shakspeare has preserved the historical features of Antony's character so as, on the one side, not to make him unrecognisable; and yet how he has contrived, on the other hand, to render him an attractive personage."—GERVINUS, p. 727. "In Brutus [of *Julius Cæsar*] there was the noble struggle between the highest political and moral duties; but here (and this is the original fault in the subject) the struggle is between political duty and immoral passion, two powers too dissimilar in themselves, the latter of which entirely conquers."—*Ibid.*, p. 736. "Antony is the same man here as in *Julius Cæsar*, only in a further stage of development; brave and magnanimous to a fault; transported with ambition and somewhat bloated with success; bold, strong, and reckless alike in the good and the bad parts of his composition; undergoing a long and hard struggle between the heroism and voluptuousness of his nature, &c. &c. His powers are indeed great, but all unbalanced."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 383. See also Dowden, p. 309, and Paul Stapfer, who defines Antony as "a noble nature destitute of moral sense," p. 379; and see pp. 385, 387. He also follows Gervinus in remarking that, "In Plutarch, Antony is frankly despicable, and even positively odious; while Shakspeare adds many happy and delicate touches which render him, if not an altogether lovable, at least an interesting, and wellnigh a beautiful character."—P. 311. See also *ibid.*, p. 381. Archbishop Trench has also pointed out, at some length, how, "Transfigured by the poet's marvellous touch, the Antony of Shakspeare, if not the veritable Antony of history, has not so broken with him as not to be recognisable still. The play, starting from a late period of Antony's career, enables Shakspeare to leave wholly out of sight, and this with no violation of historic truth, much in the life of the triumvir which was wickedest and worst. . . . There are followers who cleave to him in his lowest estate, even as there are fitful gleams and glimpses of generosity about him which explain this fidelity of theirs; and when at the last we behold him standing amid the wreck of fortunes and the waste of gifts, . . . the

whole range of poetry offers no more tragical figure than he is, few that arouse a deeper pity."—Lect. on Plutarch, p. 56, *sq.*

(b) CLEOPATRA.—"Cleopatra is, I think, Shakspeare's masterpiece in female characterisation. There is literally no measuring the art involved in the delineation. As Campbell the poet remarks, 'he paints her as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.'"—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 377. Dowden, p. 314, note, remarks that "the study of Cleopatra's character is among the best of Mrs Jameson's criticisms of Shakspeare."—See her 'Characteristics,' pp. 281-315. "Of all Shakspeare's female characters," she writes, "Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me the most wonderful. The first, unequalled as a poetic conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity and complexity; and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two." I add the following from Paul Stapfer: "The final impression left upon the mind by this woman, in whom there was no real goodness or grandeur of character, is that of a grace and a fascination that never leave her from the beginning to the end, and in her last moments that of majesty. As an example of the magic power of beauty and of poetry, Shakspeare's Cleopatra stands alone."—P. 408. At the time of her death Cleopatra was thirty-nine years of age, and Antony about fifty; but Courtenay, perhaps through the printer's mistake, represents Cleopatra as "now about twenty-nine years of age."—Vol. ii. p. 267.

(c) OCTAVIUS.—"Schlegel and others have justly observed that the great fame and fortune of Augustus did not prevent Shakspeare from seeing through him, and understanding his character rightly. . . . The poet sets him forth as a dry, passionless, elastic diplomatist: there is not a generous thought comes from him except in reference to his sister; and even then there is something ambiguous about it; it seems more than half-born of the occasion he has to use her for his self-ends. . . . Octavius is indeed plentifully endowed with prudence, foresight, and moderation, which, if not themselves virtues, naturally infer as their root and basis the cardinal virtue of self-control; and the cunning of the delineation lies partly in that the reader is left to derive them from this source, if he be so disposed; while it is nevertheless easy to see that the poet regards them as springing not so much from self-control as from the want of any hearty impulses to be controlled."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 375. See also Paul Stapfer, pp. 409-411.

(d) LEPIDUS.—“Vain, sycophantic, unprincipled, boobyish, he serves as a capital butt for his great associates, while his very elevation only renders him a more provoking target for their wit.” —HUDSON, p. 373. See also Paul Stapfer, pp. 412-417. “Antony never opens his lips without Lepidus exclaiming, ‘Tis nobly spoken;’ and to all that Octavius proposes, he cheerfully cries *Amen*.” But as an exception to these depreciatory estimates of Lepidus’s character and understanding, see i. 3. 11-16.

(e) SEXTUS POMPEIUS.—“Through Sextus Pompeius this play is connected by a fine thread with *Julius Cæsar*. During the contentions of Cæsar’s two heirs [Antony and Octavius] the people’s love woke again for the dead Pompey, and was transferred to his son. . . . The young Pompey, a frank but thoughtless soul, the image of political levity, opposed to the moderate Octavius, fights for the cause of freedom in company with pirates, foolishly brave without friends. He cannot wait for the consequences of the discord between Octavius and Antony,” &c.—GERVINUS, p. 744.

(f) ENOBARBUS.—“By its connection and close relations with the East, by the contagion of the frugal West with Asiatic luxury, the Roman State perished as well as its triumvir Antony. Shakspeare has shown this dangerous influence in the case of the upright Enobarbus. His nature is that of a soldier of the old Roman times; hard, bold, drily humorous, without ceremony or compliment, upright and true towards friend and foe, as well towards the pirate Menas as towards the enchantress Cleopatra and his commander Antony. His sound knowledge of human nature is sufficient to enable him to see through the whole inner web of his enigmatical master, but he is helpless in the presence of the artful Cleopatra. The witchery of her character lays hold of him, as far as his nature permits, as it does afterwards of Dolabella.”—GERVINUS, p. 743. Hudson, with much ingenuity, points out that Enobarbus has been made use of by Shakspeare to “serve the office of a chorus in the play, to interpret between the author and his audience. . . . For,” he proceeds, “if you note it well, I think you will feel that Enobarbus is himself far from understanding the deep wisdom and sagacity of what he utters. . . . The poet seems to be invisibly present with him, to witness what is going on, and at the same time to play with and moralise the events and persons of the scene. . . . So that we have in him at once a character and a commentary. . . . His caustic wit and searching irony of discourse interprets with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him. But aside from his function as

chorus, he is perhaps, after Octavia, the noblest character of the drama.¹ His blunt, prompt, outspoken frankness smacks delightfully of the hardy Roman soldier brought face to face with the orgies of a most un-Roman levity; while the splitting of his big heart with grief and shame for having deserted the ship of his master which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble object of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, proves, as nothing else could, how generous he is in himself. The character is almost entirely the poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it."—Vol. ii. pp. 370-373. "The tragedy does not say that he kills himself; he literally dies of remorse [*'thought will do't, I feel.'*—iv. 6. 411] in Cæsar's camp during the night, calling upon the moon as a witness of his repentance: his last words form one of the most poetical and most touching little bits in Shakspeare [act iv. sc. 9]. . . . And so, with his master's name upon his lips, he dies. His figure is by far the noblest in the tragedy among those that have more than a shadowy existence; for Eros and Octavia, two other beautiful apparitions, only pass and disappear."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 423.

(g) OCTAVIA.—Mrs Jameson remarks that "the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady. . . . The fear which seems to haunt the mind of Cleopatra lest she should be 'chastised by the sober eye' of Octavia is exceedingly characteristic of the two women: it betrays the jealous pride of her who was conscious that she had forfeited all real claim to respect; and it places Octavia before us in all the majesty of that virtue which could strike a kind of envying and remorseful awe even into the bosom of Cleopatra. What would she have thought and felt, had some soothsayer foretold to her the fate of her own children whom she so tenderly loved! Captives and exposed to the rage of the Roman populace, they owed their existence to the generous, admirable Octavia, into whose

¹ Sir Walter Scott, in his preface to Dryden's *All for Love*—founded upon the same history as *Antony and Cleopatra*—has strangely missed the merit of Enobarbus's character. Contrasting the two plays he writes: "The inferior characters are better supported in Dryden than in Shakspeare. We have no low buffoonery in the former, such as disgraces Enobarbus, and is hardly redeemed by his affecting catastrophe."—Dryden's Works, vol. v. p. 290, sq.

mind there entered no particle of bitterness. She received into her house the children of Antony and Cleopatra, educated them with her own, treated them with truly maternal tenderness, and married them nobly."—Pp. 316-318. See also Hudson, vol. ii. pp. 375-377. Marcellus, whose early death at the age of twenty is so touchingly referred to by Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 861-887), was the eldest son of Octavia, by her first husband, C. Claudius Marcellus (see ii. 6. 132), and had been destined by his uncle, Augustus, to be his heir.

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—"The passion and the pleasure of the Egyptian queen and of her paramour toil after the infinite. . . . What Shakspeare would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. . . . In his high impartiality to fact, he denies none of the glory of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He compels us to acknowledge them to the utmost. But he adds that there is another demonstrable fact of the world [the existence of moral truth], which tests the visible pomp of the earth, and the splendour of sensuous passion, and finds them nothing. The glory of the royal festival is not dulled by Shakspeare or diminished; but also he shows us in letters of flame the handwriting upon the wall."—DOWDEN, pp. 311-313. See also Paul Stapfer, p. 390 and p. 414. "The dominant impression made by this play on the spectator, and which never leaves him till the final catastrophe is reached, is that of a world crumbling to pieces in the midst of riot and revelry. It is not only one man but an historical era, it is the grandeur of ancient Rome which is gaily accomplishing its ruin amid laughter and songs, while soothsayers, eunuchs, and wantons all join hands and dance the giddy round of the Egyptian Bacchanals."

5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—The action comprises a period of more than ten years, B.C. 41-30. *Julius Caesar* ended with the battle of Philippi, B.C. 42; after which the triumvirs—Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus—partitioned the Roman world among themselves, Antony taking the eastern provinces as his share. What follows is condensed from Mr Hudson, vol. ii. pp. 261-265. The next year, 41, while on his way with an army against the Parthians, he summoned Cleopatra to meet him in Cilicia, and give an account of her recent doings in aid of Brutus and Cassius. Thereupon followed the celebrated scene on the river Cydnus; and the result of the interview was that Cleopatra led Antony captive to Alexandria, where he lost himself in the revelries of the Egyptian Court. Under this provocation, his ferocious wife, Fulvia [who had been widow of Clodius,

see 'Sh. Plut.,' p. 162], together with his brother Lucius, who was then consul, raised a war in Italy against Octavius, her purpose being to disenchant her husband and draw him back to Rome. In the spring, however, of the year 40 B.C. Fulvia died : from which event dates the opening of the play. In the course of the same year Antony was married to Octavia, by which marriage it was hoped that the differences between the two triumvirs would be permanently healed. This was followed the next year, 39 B.C., by the treaty with Sextus Pompey at Misenum. For some four years, Antony, in form at least, kept his faith with Octavia, who bore him two children. But in the year 36 B.C. he set forth on another expedition against the Parthians, and sent an invitation to Cleopatra to join him ; and on her doing so, he fell more hopelessly than ever under her enchantment, especially after he had again returned with her to Alexandria. These disgraceful doings were closely watched by Octavius, who worked them with terrible effect against his rival. And his purpose was greatly furthered by the noble behaviour of Octavia, who still kept her husband's house at Rome, and devoted herself to the care of his children,—both her own and those that Fulvia had borne him. The quarrel thus engendered came to a head in the great battle of Actium, B.C. 31. Stripped of fleet and army, and covered with dishonour, Antony returned to Egypt. The next year, Octavius followed with an army, and his work there was finished by the death first of Antony, and afterwards of Cleopatra in August.

In reference to the battle of Actium and other events dramatised in this play, it will be worth the reader's while to recur to the sentiments expressed thereupon *at the time* (of course from the Octavian point of view) by the contemporaneous poets Horace and Virgil, especially the spirited Ode of the former, beginning "Nunc est bibendum," lib. i. 37 ; and the magnificent description of the battle, as represented by Vulcan on the shield given to Æneas by his mother Venus, Æn. viii. 675 to end. See also Horace, Epode i., in which he proposes to accompany Mæcenas, when he was setting out to join Octavius's fleet ; and Epode ix., written immediately after the battle and before the subsequent events were known ; and Epodes vii. and xvi. on the renewed preparations for civil war.

By no work of art is the law of unity more boldly transgressed than by this play. Besides the length of time over which it extends, the scene is shifted continually to various parts of the empire—Alexandria, Rome, Misenum, Athens, the plains of Syria—and several fields of battle. The ingenious authoress of the 'Shakespeare

Key' has done her best to reconcile the reader to the neglect of unity of time. She points out that, "although in the fifth act there are but two scenes, in the first act there are five; in the second act, seven; in the third act, eleven; and the fourth act no fewer than thirteen scenes."—P. 80. But she appears to have forgotten that in the first folio this play, though it begins with "Actus Primus, Scena Prima," is not really, like *Coriolanus*, and like *Julius Cæsar*, divided into acts, still less into scenes. And then, afterwards, by the help of her favourite scheme of *long time* and *short time*, she enters into full details, occupying more than twelve pages (pp. 220-233), in order to show that although Shakspeare "has boldly taken a period that spans a whole decade, yet he has so subjected it to his power of compression as to make it appear plausibly transpiring within the ken of stage representation. . . . By an artistic indefiniteness he has managed to produce a magically definite impression of naturally dramatic course, and the ten historical years melt before our eyes into the five theatrical acts by the might of Shakspeare's playwright art." And, we must add, by the art of our fair critic, scarcely less illusory than the witchery and enchantment of Cleopatra herself.

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—Though written probably in 1606-7, this play did not appear in print till the first folio, 1623; which, as Grant White remarks, gives it with remarkable accuracy, the corruptions being for the most part minor errors of the press. It is not divided, as already observed, into acts or scenes, and it is without any list of persons represented. The total number of lines of the play, according to my numeration, is 2901. The lines omitted, wholly or in part, are only 8, exclusive of those expunged on the score of indelicacy.

1



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MARK ANTONY,*
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,*
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DEBECTAS,¹
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MECENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENEKRATES,
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, attendants on Cleop.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

¹ In Plutarch the name is Dercetæus. Plut. Relike, vol. v. p. 235. Sh. p. 222.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

(*Antony leaves the Court of Cleopatra.*)

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.*

Enter (a) DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our ¹general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like ²plated Mars', now bend, now ³turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, ⁴reneges all ⁵temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool ⁶a gipsy's flame. [*Flourish within.*] Look where
they come:

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The ⁷triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Train; Eunuchs
fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's ⁸beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

1. Idiom. use:
Abb., 239.

2. *Clad in plate
armour.*

3. *More than
'bend.'*

4. *Lat. renegat:
disowns.*

5. *Moderation.*

6. *Ref. to Cleop. as
an Egyptian.*

7. *Third: see J.
Cms., iv. 1.*

8. *Pennuriousness,
destitution.*

9. *Limit.*

10. *Because my love is larger than the present h. and c.*

Cleo. I'll set ⁹a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out ¹⁰new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. ¹¹Grates me :—¹²the sum. 20

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

¹³Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this ;

¹⁴Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;

Perform't, or else we ¹⁵damn thee."

Ant.

How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance ! nay, and most like :—

You must not stay here longer,—your dismission

Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—

Where's Fulvia's ¹⁶process ? Cæsar's I would say t—both!—

Call in the messengers.—As I'm Egypt's queen, 31

Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine

Is Cæsar's ¹⁷homager : ¹⁸else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the ¹⁹rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life

Is to do thus [*embracing*], when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do't ; in which I bind, 40

On pain of punishment, the world to ²⁰weet

We stand up peerless.

Cleo.

²¹Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—

I'll ²²seem the fool I am not ; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant.

²³But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

Let's not ²⁴confound the time with conference harsh :

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch 50

Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-night !

11. *Worries* : ellipse of 'it,' see Cor., II. 3. 138. : 'news' both sing. and plur., see B. & Sh., p. 13.

12. *Don't mention the particulars, but only the s.*

13. *Wife of Antony.*

14. See Cor., I. 2. 37.

15. See J. Cms., iv.

1. 6.

16. *Mandate, summons.*

17. *Vassal.*

18. *Or.*

19. *Well ordered* : see Cor., III. 1. 248.

20. *Know.*

21. *In a bad sense* : see K. Rich. 3. iv. 4. 52.

22. *Be content to accept the flattery, though not believing in it.*

23. *Only (f. Abb., 128.*

24. *Waste* : see Cor., I. 6. 19.

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant.

Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes,—to chide, to laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully strives

To make itself in thee fair and admir'd!

²⁵No messenger but ²⁶thine; and all alone,

To-night we'll ²⁷wander through the streets, and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;

Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us. [*to Attend.*]

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their Train.

Dem. Is Cæsar ²⁸with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,

He comes too short of that great ²⁹property

Which still should go with Antony.

Dem.

I'm full sorry

That he ³⁰approves the common liar, who

Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope

Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

25. See above, 31.

26. He who is ever at thy service.

27. See Sh. Plat., p. 177.

28. Made so little of by Antony.

29. Peculiar greatness.

30. Justifies the common rumour: see Virg. *Æn.*, iv. 108; personification of 'Fama.'

SCENE II.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most ¹absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?

Alex. Soothsayer,—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

Alex.

Show him your hand.

10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far ²fairer than you are.

2. In fortune: see below, 32.

Char. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive. 20

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.

Char. I had ³rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. 'Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may ⁵do homage: ⁶find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve. 30

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You've seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. *Now, come, tell Irás hers. Prithee, tell her but ⁷a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike. 50

Irás. But how, but how! give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden ⁸⁰
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—See, my lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. ⁸Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

3. I.e., then by loving much.

4. Dear man!

5. Though so cruel to children: see B. & Sh., p. 88, and comp. below, iv. 6. 6. Discover, make out my fortune so as to—

7. See B. & Sh., p. 273.

8. See Introd., p. 231; and Sh. Plut., p. 178.

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, ⁹jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

9. Combining,
uniting: see Sh.
Key, p. 58.

91

Ant.

Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news ¹⁰infects the teller.

10. And so makes
me too sad to be
able to tell more.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done ¹¹with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him ¹²as he flatter'd.

11. In my estimate
of them.

12. As if: Abb.,
107.

Mess.

(a) Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
¹³Extended Asia from ¹⁴Eúphrâtes;
His conquering banner ¹⁵shook from Syria
To Lydiâ and to Ioniâ;
Whilst—

100

13. Seized upon:
a law term.
14. See Walker,
Sh. Vera., p. 172.
15. Hath shaken:
Abb., 245.

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess.

O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me ¹⁶home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our ¹⁷quick minds lie still; and ¹⁸our ills told us
Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

16. See Cor., II. 2.
112.

110

Mess. At your good pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak to him there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in ¹⁹dotage.

120 12. See I. 1.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where dièd she?

Sec. Mess. In ²⁰Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

20. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 178.

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.

21. Leave me.

Ant.

²¹Forbear me. [Exit Sec. Men.

22. Monosyll.: see

Cor., i. 5. 13;

Walker, i. 201.

23. Contemptuous
estimates.

24. Discard.

25. Growing less
through change of
circumstances.

26. Would like to.

27. See 2 K. Henr.

4, 2. 38.

There's a great ²²spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our ²³contempts do often ²⁴hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, 130

By revolution ²⁵lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand ²⁶could pluck her back that ²⁷shov'd her *from me.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What is your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

28. Deadly; see

Cor., ii. 2. 120.

29. Have to bear.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how

²⁸mortal an unkindness is to them; if they ²⁹suffer our de-

parture, death's the word. 141

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies (*b*) instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far ³⁰poorer moment: I do think there is ³¹mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 150

30. Less cause.

31. Spirit, ardour.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel. 161

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are numbers to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; ³²your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears ³³live in an onion that should water this sorrow. 175

Ant. The business she hath ³⁴broachèd in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broachèd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your ³⁵abode. 180

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall ³⁶break The cause of our ³⁷expedience to the queen, And get her leave to ³⁸part. For not alone The death of Fulvia with ³⁹more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our ⁴⁰contriving friends in Rome ⁴¹Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given ⁴²the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people— Whose love is never link'd to the deserer Till his deserts are past—begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, ⁴³stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may ⁴⁴danger: much is breeding, Which, like ⁴⁵the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires 200 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

Sir, I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

32. Colloquial use: Abb., 221.

33. I.e., your sorrow should be a forced one.

34. Set agoging.

35. Stay here.

36. Open, disclose: see J. Cass. II., I. 186.

37. Expedition.

38. Depart.

39. More pressing motives.

40. Sojourning: so Walker, I. 163; but see Dyce's Gloss.

41. Desires our presence.

42. Defiance: see Introd., p. 229.

43. Aims at being the chief.

44. Endanger.

45. Old superstition that a horse's hair laid in water turns into a poisonous serpent.

SCENE III.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char.

¹Madam, I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I ²did not send you:—if you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, ³I do not? 10

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I ⁴wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I'm sorry to give ⁵breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

Will not sustain it. 20

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant.

What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go:

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo.

O, never was there ⁶queen 30

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the ⁷treasons planted.

Ant.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true—

1. As monosyll. : see Walker, 8th. Vers., p. 173.

2. Let it not be known that I sent you.

3. Relative omitted: Abb., 264.

4. Recommend you to abstain from doing as you propose.

5. Expression.

6. Emphatic.

7. Perfidious designs.

Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods—
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no ⁸colour for your going, 40
But bid farewell, and go: when you ⁹su'd staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' ¹⁰bent; none our parts so poor,
But was ¹¹a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in ¹²Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in ¹³use with you. Our Italy
¹⁴Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the ¹⁵port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
¹⁶Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 60
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would ¹⁷purge
By any desperate change: my more ¹⁸particular,
And that which most with you should ¹⁹safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read 70
The ²⁰garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

Cleo.

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

8. *Excuse*: see *J. Cms.*, II. 1. 20.
9. *Begged leave to stay*.

10. *Tension, inclination*: see I. 4.
11. *Had a smack, flavour*: comp. 'racy': or perhaps 'of heavenly race, origin.'

50 12. *The Queen of Egypt*: see *K. John*, I. 1. 1.

13. *Possession*.

14. *Glitters everywhere with the weapons of civil war*.

*14. See *Cor.*, I. 7. 1.
15. See *J. Cms.*, v. 1. 35.

60

16. *Seek to be cured*.
*16. See *Cor.*, v. 1. 3.
17. *Render s.*, as securing to you my love.

70

18. *Commotions*.

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I ¹⁹bear; which ²⁰are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice: by the ²¹fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence

Thy soldier; servant; making peace or war

As thou ^{*21}affect'st.

Cleo.

Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—

But let it be:—I'm quickly ill, and well:

So Antony loves.

Ant.

My precious queen, forbear;

And give true ²²evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo.

So Fulvia told me.

I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to ²³Egypt: ²⁴good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let's look

Like perfect honour.

Ant.

You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is ²⁵meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo.

And target.—Still he mends;

But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Charmian,

How this ²⁶Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his ²⁷chafe. (*a*)

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo.

Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O, my ²⁸oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all ²⁹forgot.

Ant.

But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should ³⁰take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo.

'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra ³¹this. But, sir, forgive me;

19. *Intend.*

20. *Take effect.*

21. As disyll. : see
Abb., 480; *heat*,
sun.

*21. *Pleasest.*

22. *Testimony to
the love of him
who is ready to
stand:* Abb., 218,
265.

23. See above, 50.

24. See above, 2. 25.

25. *Pretty well.*

26. The Gens An-
tonia, derived
from Anton, son of
Hercules: see Sh.
Plut., p. 156, and
below, iv. 12. 48.
27. *Fret, fury.*

28. *Forgetfulness.*

29. *Both forgetful
and forgotten.*

30. *I.e., judging
from your idle
talk.*

31. *Bears this.*

Since ³²my becomings kill me, when they do not
³³Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
 Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet !

32. *Graces of my person.*
 33. *Look, appear.*

120

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rome. An apartment in CÆSAR'S house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 [Giving him a letter.

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 Our great ¹competitor : from Alexandria
 This is the news :—he ²fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra, nor the ³queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he ; hardly ⁴gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he'd partners : you shall find ⁴there
 A man who is the ⁵abstract of all faults
 That all men ⁶follow.

1. *Associate—i.e., Antony.*
 2. *See Sh. Plut., p. 178.*

3. *Cleopatra.*

4. *See 1. 61.*

*4. *I.e., in what the letter tells.*
 5. *Epitome.*

10. *Pursue, put in practice.*

7. *Pl. of 'enough.*

8. *Acquired.*

Lep. I must not think there are
 Evils ⁷enow to darken all his goodness :
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
 Rather than ⁸purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

20

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
 Amiss to give a kingdom for a mirth ;
 To keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
 To reel the streets at noon : say this becomes him,—
 As ⁹his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
 No way excuse his ¹⁰soils, when we do bear

9. *The composition of the nature of that man.*

10. *Stains, faults.*

So great weight in his lightness. If he's fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and *forestalled debility,
¹¹Call on him for't: but to ¹²confound such time,
 That ¹³drums him from his sport, and ¹⁴speaks as loud ³⁰
 As his own state and ours,—'tis to ¹⁵be chid
 As we rate boys, who, immature in knowledge,
 Pawn their ¹⁶experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel ¹⁷to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.

Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. ¹⁸Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears he is belov'd of those
 That ¹⁹only have fear'd Cæsar: to the coasts ⁴⁰
 The ²⁰discontents repair, and men's reports
²¹Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs.

I should have known no less:

It hath been taught us from the primal state, (*a*)
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
²²Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This ²³common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, ²⁴lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion. ⁵⁰

Mess.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,

²⁵Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ²⁶ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
²⁷Lack blood to think on't, and ²⁸flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

60

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Wast ²⁹beaten from Modéna, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

11. Visit, punish.

12. See above, l. 1.

49.

13. Summons like the beating of a drum.

14. See Cor., III. 2.

52.

15. Give occasion for chiding.

16. Their future ex.

17. Against.

18. Sextus P.: see above, 3. 55.

19. Whom fear, not love, made Cæsar's friends.

20. Malcontents.

21. Represent: see Cor., I. 9. 55.

22. Becomes endeared: see Cor., IV. 1. 17, and above, 2. 132.

23. See Cor., I. 6.

53.

24. Following like a servant.

25. See Sh. Plut., p. 180; and p. 243.

26. Plough: see above, 2. 113.

27. Grow pale.

28. Lusty, in full vigour.

29. See Sh. Plut., p. 147.

Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
 What beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture ³⁰ sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: and all this—
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as ³¹lank'd not.

Lep. It is ³²pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 'tis time at least we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be ³³able,
 To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which ³⁴encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me ³⁵be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
 I know it for my ³⁶bond.

70 ^{30.} *Shrouds, covers
as with a sheet.*

^{31.} *Shrunk.*

^{32.} *To be regretted.*

80

^{33.} *I.e., for, to do.*

^{34.} *Meeting.*

90

^{35.} *Be informed of.*

[*Exeunt.* ^{36.} *Bonden duty.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink ¹mandragora.

Char.

Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time

1. *A strong opiate.*

My Antony is away.

Chur.

You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

10

Char.

²Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, Mardian!

Mar.

What is your highness' pleasure!

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he!

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st!

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And ³burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

30

For so he calls me:—now I feed myself

With most delicious poison:—think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time! (*a*) Broad-fronted Cæsar

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A ⁴morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes ⁵grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

40

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great ⁶medicine hath

With his ⁷tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. The very last thing that he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—

This ⁸orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex.

"Good friend," quoth he,

"Say, the ⁹firm Roman to great ¹⁰Egypt sends

50

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will ¹¹piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,

2. As monosyll.: see above, 3. 2.

3. Close-fitting helmet: see 2 K. Henr. 6, v. 1. 201.

4. See III. 13. 144.

5. See I. 4, sq.

6. Physician.

7. Tincture, here for elixir used by alchemists: see J. Cæs., I. 3. 167.

8. Bright, shining.

9. Constant: so Dyce; but Walker, conj. 'first.'

10. See above, 3. 50.

11. See Cor. II. 3. 222.

Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount ¹²a barbèd steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year between th' extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry, 60

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,

¹³So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my ¹⁴posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By ¹⁵Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar ¹⁶paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My ¹⁷salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

12. Edd. 'an arm-
gourd;' Hammer,
'an arm-girl';
Mason, 'a termi-
gant,' approved by
Walker: Lettsom,
'rampant.'

13. So as: Abb.,
281.

14. Messengers.

70

80

15. Goddess of
Egypt.
16. Compare.

17. See B. & Sh.,
p. 86, note.

90

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

*(The politic marriage of Antony with Octavia.)*SCENE I.—*Messina. A room in POMPEY'S house.*

1. See I. 4. 52.

*Enter POMPEY, ¹MENEGRATES, and MENAS.**Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.2. See B. & Sh.,
p. 188.*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,
That ²what they do delay, they not deny.*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.3. See *Juv. Sat.*, x.
8 and 347.*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg ³often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

10

4. *Growing*: met.
from the moon.*Pom.* I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are ⁴crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars ⁵without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.5. *But only within,*
as the result of his
*excesses.**Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

20

6. *Did you hear.**Pom.* Where ⁶have you this? 'tis false.*Men.* From Silvius, sir.7. *Optative.*8. See Walker, *Sh.*
Vern., p. 211.*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love
⁷Tie up the libertine in a chain of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; ⁸Epicuræan cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even ⁹till a Lethe'd dulness!

30

9. *To*: *Abb.*, 182;
'Lethe'd' = *Obliv-*
*ious.**Enter VARRIUS.*

How now, Varius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall ¹⁰deliver :—
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected : since he went from Egypt 'tis
 A ¹¹space for further travel.

10. See Cor., iv. 6.
 82.

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A ¹²better ear.—Menas, I did not think
 This amorous surfeiter would have ¹³donn'd his helm 40
 For such a petty war : his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain's : (a) but let us rear
 The higher ¹⁴our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The love-sick Antony.

11. There has been
 time for him to
 have gone further.
 12. More willing.

13. Don = do on,
 put on.

14. I.e., of our-
 selves.

Men. I cannot ¹⁵hope
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
 His ¹⁶wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
 His ¹⁷brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

15. Expect.

16. Fulvia ; see
 above, l. 2. 86.
 17. Lucius ; see
 ibid., 90.

50

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere ¹⁸pregnant they should ¹⁹square between themselves ;
 For they have ²⁰entertain'd cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May ²¹cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our gods will have't ! It only ²²stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

18. Highly probable.
 19. Quarrel.
 20. Harboured.

21. See l. 2. 90.

22. Stands upon =
 concerns : see Cor.,
 iii. 2. 66.

60

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. A room in the house of LEPIDUS.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, t' entreat your ¹captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

1. Antony.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer ²like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

2. I.e., boldly, if he
 is to be provoked.

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ³shav't to-day.

3. Dress it—to show
respect to C.: see
259.

Lep.

'Tis not a time

10

4. Recentment.

For private ⁴stomaching.

Eno.

Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep.

Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno.

And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

5. Adjust our
differences.

Ant. If we ⁵compose well here, ⁶to Parthia: (a)

20

Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs.

I do not know,

6. I.e., I intend to
march: see 8b.
Plut., p. 184, sq.

Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep.

Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A ⁷leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May it be gently heard: when we debate

Our trivial difference ⁸loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—

The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

⁹Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant.

'Tis well spoken.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

[*They shake hands.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant.

Thank you.—

Cæs.

Sit.

Ant.

Sit, sir.

Cæs.

¹⁰Nay, then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so,

41

Or ¹¹being, concern you not.

Cæs.

I must ¹²be laugh'd at,

10. I consent, as
you urge it.

11. I.e., so: Abb.,
404.

12. Act ridicu-
lously.

If, *¹²or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you ¹³derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did ¹⁴practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my ¹⁵question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to ¹⁶catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. ¹⁷Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their ¹⁸contestation
¹⁹Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did ²⁰urge me in his act: I did ²¹inquire it;
And have my learning from some true ²²reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars ²³alike against my stomach,
²⁴Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter ²⁵whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to mé; but
You patch'd up your excuse.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack—I'm certain on't—
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which ²⁶he fought,
Could not with ²⁷graceful eyes attend those wars
Which ²⁸fronted mine own peace, As for ²⁹my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle 80
You may ³⁰pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might
Go to wars with the women!

*¹² Either: see J.
Cæs., v. 5. 3.

¹³ Disparagingly:
on scansion see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 274.

¹⁴ Plot against.

¹⁵ Concern.

¹⁶ Guess.

¹⁷ See above, i. 2.
86-90.

¹⁸ Contention.

¹⁹ A thing under-
taken in your in-
terest: see 2 K.

Henr. 4, i. 3. 23.

²⁰ Allege.

²¹ Investigate the
matter.

²² 'Reports' for
'reporters': abet.
for concr.; comp.

'trumpet,' Cor.,
i. 5. 4.

²³ Equally as
against yours.

²⁴ Stomach of me,

having, &c.: Abb.

379.

²⁵ But only a piece,
patch.

²⁶ Lucius.

²⁷ Favourable.

²⁸ Opposed.

²⁹ Fulvia.

³⁰ Make to go: see
K. Henr. 8, v. 2. 68.

31. *Being as she*
was.

32. See above, l. 3.
71.

Ant. ³¹So much uncurbable, her ³²garboils, Cæsar.
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my ³³missive out of audience.

33. *Messenger:* see
l. l. 19 and 61.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
³⁴Of what I was i' the morning: but ³⁵next day
I told him of myself; which was so much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

34. *Of the sober*
state in which—
35. See l. 2. 98, sq.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them; ¹¹⁰
The which you ³⁶both denied

36. *Both which—*
viz., arms and men.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when ³⁷poison'd hours had ³⁸bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without ³⁹it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

37. I.e., by dissipa-
tion.

38. *Paralysed and*
deprived me of my
reason.

39. *My honesty.*

Lep. 'Tis ⁴⁰noble spoken.

40. For adverb: see
Cor., ii. 3. 100.
41. I.e., I beg you.

Mec. If it might please you, ⁴¹to enforce no further

The ⁴²grievs between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need

⁴³Speaks to ⁴⁴atone you.

Lep.

Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return
it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do. 131

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then ; see me your ⁴⁵considerate stone,

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our ⁴⁶conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge 140
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr.

Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, good Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs.

Say not so, Agrippa :

If Cleopatra heard you, ⁴⁷your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak. 150

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, ⁴⁸take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
⁴⁹That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers, 160
Would then be nothing : truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,

42. Grievances.

43. See above, l. 4.
30.

44. Reconcile : see
K. Rich. 2, l. 1. 206 ;
B. and Sh., p. 30.

45. Thoughtful, but
speechless as a
stone.

46. Dispositions :
see J. Cæs., ll. 1.
263.

47. The reproof you
would receive for
your rash speech
would be well d.

48. Let Ant. take.

49. I.e., for them-
selves better than
any one else can.

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,

50. Well pondered
from a sense of
duty.

⁵⁰ By duty ruminated.

Ant.

Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant.

What power is in Agrippa,

If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"

171

To make this good?

Cæs.

The power of Cæsar, and

His power unto Octavia.

Ant.

May I never

51. *Appears:* see
Cor., iv. 5 66.

To this good purpose, that so fairly ⁵¹ shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:

52. *Promote.*

⁵² Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

180

Cæs.

There is my hand.

53. *Bestow on.*

A sister I ⁵³ bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live

54. *May our loves
never.*

To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and ⁵⁴ never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep.

Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,

55. *Mindfulness of
his favours.*
56. *Afterwards.*

Lest my ⁵⁵ remembrance suffer ill report;

190

⁵⁶ At heel of that, defy him.

Lep.

Time calls upon's:

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,

Or else he seeks out us.

Ant.

Where lies he now?

57. *In Campania:*
see Sh. Plut., p. 180.

Cæs. About the ⁵⁷ Mount Misenum.

Ant.

What's his strength

By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

200

Ant.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we

The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, 210
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY,*
and LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—My
honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well
digested. You ⁵⁸stayed well by't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and
made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there; ⁵⁹is this true? 221

Eno. This was but as a fly ⁶⁰by an eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, ⁶¹if report be square
to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she ⁶²pursed
up his heart, upon the river ⁶³of Cydnus. (b)

Agr. There she ⁶⁴appeared indeed; or my reporter ⁶⁵de-
vised well for her. 230

Eno. I will tell you.

⁶⁶The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that
The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing ⁶⁷that Venus where we see

58. *Stood your ground:* Sch. 'Lex.

59. See Sh. *Plut.*, p. 176.

60. *Compared with.*

61. *If she be such as report tells.*

62. *Took his heart captive like money in a purse drawn tight.*

63. In Cilicia: see Sh. *Plut.*, p. 174.

64. *Made a grand appearance:* see Cor., iv. 2. 29.

65. *Invented.*

66. Compare the description of the same scene in Dryden's 'All for Love,' iii. 1; and Walter Scott's remarks, vol. v. p. 292; 'burnish'd,' *shining*, only used in particip.

67. The Venus Anadyomene of Apelles: see Or. Art. *Ann.*, iii. 401.

The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To ⁶⁸glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

68. *Make hot*

Ag.

O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

69. *Did her homage
 in, or by, their
 looks : see Pa.
 cxxiii. 2.*

70. *Bends of their
 eyes : see J. Cas., i.
 2. 129.*

71. *Used as plural.*
 72. *Nimbly.*

So many mermaids, ⁶⁹tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made ⁷⁰their bends adorings : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers : the silken ⁷¹tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That ⁷²yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense (c)

250

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air ; which, ⁷³but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

73. *For fear of
 making a vacuum.*

260

Ag.

Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper : she replied,

74. *For 'would.'*
Abb., 320.

It ⁷⁴should be better he became her guest ;
 Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
 Being ⁷⁵harber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ⁷⁶ordinary pays his heart

75. *See above, 9.*

76. *Meal, repast.*

77. *See Virg. Æn., i.
 1. 713.*

For what ⁷⁷his eyes eat only. Once I saw her
 Hop forty paces through the public street ;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And ⁷⁸breathless, power breathe forth.

78. *And being
 breathless did b. f.
 power.*

270

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

280

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : other women cloy
 The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
⁷⁹Become themselves in her.

79. *Set off, lend
 themselves a grace.*

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed ⁸⁰lottery to him.

80. *Allotment.*

Agr. Let us go.—

290

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in CÆSAR'S house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them;*
and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow ¹my prayers
To them for you.

1. *Comp. Cor., l. 1.*
230.

Ant. [*to Cæs.*] Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not ²kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

2. *My past life has*
been irregular.

Octa. Good night, sir.

10

Cæs. [*to Ant.*] Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Enter ³Soothsayer.

3. *See Sh. Plut., p.*
181, *for this scene.*

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither!

Ant. If you ⁴can, your reason?

4. *Can give it.*

Sooth. I see it in my ⁵motion, have it not in my tongue:
but yet hie you to Egypt again.

5. *Thought.*

Ant. Say to me

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

20

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes ⁶afear'd, (*a*) as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

6. *See Sh. Plut.*
p. 181.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
 If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou'rt sure to lose; and ⁷of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
 But he away, 'tis noble.

7. *In consequence of.*

30

Ant.

Get thee gone:

8. See above, 2. 21.

Say to ⁸Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit* Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,

⁹He hath spoken true: the very dice obey ¹⁰him;

And, in our sports, my better ¹¹cunning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,

When it is ¹²all to naught; his quails ¹³in hooped

Ever beat mine, at ¹⁴odds. I will to Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I th' east my pleasure lies.

9. Soothsayer.

10. Caesar.

11. Skill.

12. The odds in my favour are as all to nothing.

13. When placed for fighting within the hoop: see Sh. Key, p. 41.

14. Disadvantage of numbers.

40

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;

Follow me, and receive't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten

Your generals ¹after.

Agr.

Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec.

We shall,

As I ²conceive the journey, be at the ³Mount

Before you, Lepidus.

Lep.

Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:

2. Calculate.

3. Misena: see above, 2. 185.

10

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr.

Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, ¹moody food
Of us that trade in love.

¹ *Melancholy.*

Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too
short,

10

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine ^{*1}angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."

^{*1} *Hook, hence
fishing instruments.*

Char.

'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; ²when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

² *See Sh. Plut., p.
178.*

20

Cleo.

That time,—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ^{*2}ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword ³Philippan.

^{*2} *By the Roman
reckoning of time.
S.P.M. See Juv.
Sat., l. 49. On 'I
drunk h'm,' comp.
Othel., ii. 3. 84.
3. Which he had
worn at Philipp.*

Enter a Messenger. (u)

O, from Italy!—

⁴Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

⁴ *Hammer con].
'rain:' see 67.*

30

Mess.

Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou do say so, villain,

5. As if trisyll.:

Abb., 477.

6. Report of.

Thou kill'st thy ⁵mistress: but well and free,If thou so ⁶yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.*Cleo.*

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,

40

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.*Cleo.*

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony

7. Sour a face: see

J. Com., i. 2. 97.

Be free and healthful, why so ⁷tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

8. One in the form
of man.Not like a ⁸formal man.*Mess.*

Will't please you hear me? 50

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess.

Madam, he's well.

Cleo.

Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.*Cleo.*

Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever. 60*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.*Mess.*

But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay

9. Going before:

qu. 'precedent.'

The good ⁹precedence; lie upon "But yet"!

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;

10. I.e., good state.

In ¹⁰state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report: 70

He's bound—*he's married—to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo.

What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

80

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ¹¹lingering pickle.

Mess.

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will ¹²boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess.

He's married, madam.

90

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a knife.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.

Char. He is ¹³afraid to come.

Cleo.

I will not hurt him.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.¹⁴

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never ¹⁵good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

¹¹ *Death-protracting*: see K. Rich. 1 II. 2. 75.

¹² *Give thee to doo*—into the bargain. fr. 'booty.'

100 ¹³ *Afraid*: see J. Cass., II. 2. 71.

¹⁴ *By my conduct towards Antony.*

¹⁵ *Play on the word.*

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess.

I've done my duty. 110

Cleo. Is he married?

16. See Abb., 11; B. and Sh., p. 21.

I cannot hate thee ¹⁶worser than I do,
If thou again say "Yes."

Mess.

He's married, madam.

17. Persist in saying that.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou ¹⁷hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo.

O, I would thou didst,

18. Even if: Abb., 133.

¹⁸So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:

19. See Ov. Met., III. 345.

Hadst thou ¹⁹Narcissus in thy face, to me 120
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo.

He is married!

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

20. The evil of which thou givest me such assurance.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not ²⁰what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence!

21. Met. from unpurchased goods.

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they ²¹upon thy hand, 130
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char.

Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I've disprais'd Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo.

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly. 140

[Exit ALEXAS.

22. Antony.

Let ²²him for ever go:—let him—*No, Charmian;

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars.—[To MARDIAN] Bid you Alexas

Bring word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much ²tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. ³To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ⁴ghosted,
There saw you ⁵labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To ⁶drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have ⁷one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. ⁸Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not ⁹fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll ⁹speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost ¹⁰o'er-count me of my father's house: (it)
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

1. 'It' = the consideration of them.
2. Stout, brave.

10 3. Addressing myself to each and all of you.

4. Haunted.

5. Labouring to revenge him—i.e., J. Cæsar, as being his friend.

20 6. I.e., with blood.

7. J. Cæsar not a demigod, but a man, like one of themselves.

*7. Try to do it when you please.
8. Frighten.

9. See Cor., I. 4. 6.

30 10. Outnumber, here overreach me, in the matter of: Abb., 173.

- Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us—
 For this is ¹¹from the present—how you take
 The offer we have sent you.
- Cæs.* There's the point.
Ant. Which do not ¹²be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embrac'd.
- Cæs.* And what may follow, 40
¹³To try a larger fortune.
- Pom.* You've made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
 To part ¹⁴with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our ¹⁵targes undinted.
- Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.
- Pom.* Know, then, 50
 I came before you here a man prepar'd
 To take this offer: but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,
 When Cæsar and ^{*15}your brother were at blows,
 Your ¹⁶mother came to Sicily, and did find
 Her welcome friendly.
- Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;
 And am well ¹⁷studied for a liberal thanks
 Which I do owe you.
- Pom.* Let me have your hand: 60
 I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
- Ant.* *You've call'd me, ^{*17}timelier than my purpose, hither:
 And I have gain'd by't.
- Cæs.* [to Pom.] Since I saw you last,
 There is a change upon you.
- Pom.* Well, I know not
 What ¹⁸counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
 But in my bosom shall she never come,
 To make my heart her vassal. 70
- Lep.* [to Pom.] Well met here.
- Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
 I crave our ¹⁹composition may be written,
 And seal'd between us.

11. Away from our present business: see J. Cæs., l. 3. 36.

12. Do not accept merrily because we offer it.

13. If you are to attempt to gain more by war against us.

14. Without having drawn and blunted our swords.

15. Shields: to be pronounced as 'targe.'

*15. Lucius: see above, l. 2. 57.

16. See Sh. Plut., p. 180.

17. Prepared by thought. On 'a lib. thanks' see Cor., v. l. 54.

*17. Sooner than I intended.

18. reckonings, marks.

19. Agreement.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That ²⁰will I, Pompey.

^{20.} *I will begin.*

Pom. No, Antony, no; take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery 80
Shall have the fame. I've heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did ²¹so.

^{21.} See 5h. Plut.,
p. 86.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress. 90

Pom. [*to Eno.*] I know thee now: how far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are ²²toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I've seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

^{22.} *In preparation.*
the Triumvirs and
Pompey feasting
one another in turn.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much 100
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except MENAS and ENOBARBUS.*]

Men. [*aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—You and I ²³have known, sir.

^{23.} *Been ac-*
quainted.

Eno. At sea, I think.

110

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing. 122

Men. All men's faces are ²⁴true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. ²⁵No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again. 130

Men. You've ²⁶said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. ²⁷Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so. 140

Men. I think the policy of that purpose ²⁸made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still ²⁹conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will ³⁰use

24. *Honest*: this is said as they kiss each other.

25. *That is the truth*: see Cor., iv. 5. 232.

26. *Said well* — quite right: see Matt. xxvii. 11.

27. *I beseech you, tell me if you are in earnest.*

28. *Had more influence.*

29. *Behaviour, manner of life*: see B. and Sh., p. 33.

30. *Indulge his passion where he has placed it.*

his affection where it is: he married but his ³¹occasion here.

31. What suited his necessity.

154

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have ³²a health for you.

32. Toast, in drinking.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: ³³we have used our throats in Egypt.

33. In Egypt we have had some practice in that line.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY's galley, lying near Misenum. (a)

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with ¹a banquet.

1. Here dessert.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their ²plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. Soles of their feet: Lat. 'planta.'

Sec. Serv. ³Lepidus is high-coloured.

3. On Lepidus, see J. Cor., iv. 1. 14.

First Serv. They have made him drink ⁴alms-drink.

4. See note (a).

Sec. Serv. As they ⁵pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

5. Straiten . . . by the arrangement, disposal of the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

10

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have ⁶a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a ⁷partisan I could not heave.

6. I.e., without the reality.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully ⁸disaster the cheeks.

7. Pike: alluding to Lepidus's unfitness for his high position.

8. Disfigure.

⁹*Sennet sounded.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

9. See Cor., ii. 1. 151.

Ant. [to Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they ¹⁰take the flow o' the Nile

10. Measure.

By certain ¹¹scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or ¹²foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,

20

11. Steps: Lat. *scala* = ladder.

12. Plenty.

13. *To the season of reaping it.*

And shortly comes to ¹³harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there. (*b*)

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

14. *Abb., 221.*

Lep. ¹⁴Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodila.

Ant. They are so.

[*LEPIDUS rises to go.*

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus! ³⁰

15. *Fall in my part.*

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er ¹⁵out.

16. *See Cor., iv. 6. 113.*

Eno. Not till you have slept; I ¹⁶fear me you'll be in till then.

17. *Pyramids.*

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' ¹⁷pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't!

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

40

18. *Presently.*

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Forbear me till ¹⁸anon.—

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and ^{*18}the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*18. *I.e., after the dissolution.*

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

50

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him? [*aside to ANT.*

19. *See above, 30.*

Ant. With the ¹⁹health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

20. *Worth, importance of what I have to say*

Men. [*aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of ²⁰merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

60

Pom. [*aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter!
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I've ever ²¹held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords. [*Turning round to his guests.*]

Ant. These ²²quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, or you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole word? That's ²³twice.

Pom. Prithee, how should that be?

Men. *²³But entertain it,

And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean ²⁴pales, or sky ²⁵inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these ²⁶competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;

In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour, ²⁷it. Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done ²⁸unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*aside*] For this,

I'll never follow thy ²⁹pall'd fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. [*returning*] This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eao. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome! 100

Pom. Fill ³⁰till the cup be hid.

21. *Been obsequious.*
See Cor., II. 1. 55.

22. *A warning not to drink more.*

23. *I repeat what I said before.* On this episode of the scene, see Sh. Plat., p. 180.

* 23. *only* (see I. 1. 47) *enter into my proposal.*

24. *Encloses.*
25. *Embraces:* see Cor., I. 6. 37.

26. See above, I. 4. 3.

27. *Leads it, i.e., my profit.*

28. *Without my knowledge.*

29. *Vapid, spiritless.*

30. *i.e., the inside.*

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS

Men. Why?

31. *He*: see *Cor.*, v. 3. 140.

Eno. ³¹'A bears the third part of the world, man; see't not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

32. *Motions like those of drunken men.*

Eno. Drink thou; increase ³²the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

33. *Tap, broach the casks.*

Ant. It ripens towards it.—³³Strike the vessels, ho!— Here is to Cæsar!

111

Ces. I could well forbear't,

34. *Unnatural.*

It's ³⁴monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. ³⁵Be a child o' the time.

35. *Adapt yourself to the occasion.*
36. *Be master of it, is my answer.*
37. *Altogether.*

Ces. ³⁶Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast ³⁷from all, four days Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*to Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

120

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate ³⁷Lethe.

* 37. See above, 2. 32.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—

The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

38. *Burden, chorus.*

The ³⁸holding every man shall ³⁹bear as loud

39. *Keep up, bear a part in.*

As his strong sides can ⁴⁰volley.

130

40. *Roar forth*

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with ⁴¹pink eyne!*

*In thy futs our cures be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:*

41. *Winking, ha'f shut*: see *Skeat*, *Etyim. Dict.*; 'eyne' *obso.* plur. of eye.

*Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!*

42. *Give us to drink.*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—

Good brother, [*to Ant.*]

Let me request you ⁴³off: our graver business

43. *To come away.*

Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;

You see we've ⁴⁴burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb

140

44. *See above, 4.*

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild ⁴⁵disguise hath almost

45. *Disorder by*

⁴⁶Antick'd us all. What ⁴⁷needs more words? Good night.—

46. *Made buffoons of.*

47. *I.e., to speak—*

impers.: Abb., 297.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom.

I'll ⁴⁸try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom.

O Antony,

You ⁴⁹have my father's house,—But, what? we're friends.

49. *See above, 6. 31.*

Come, down into the boat.

Eno.

Take heed you fall not. 150

[*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS and MENAS.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men.

No, to my cabin.—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*A flourish with drums.*]

Eno. Hoo! says ⁵⁰a.—There's ⁵¹my cap.

50. *See above, 104.*

Men. Hoo!—Noble captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

51. *See Cor., II. 1. 90.*

ACT III.

(*Cæsar's naval victory at Actium.*)

SCENE I.—*A plain in Syria.* (a)

Enter ¹VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with SILIUS and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

1. *See II. 2. 20; Sh. Plut., p. 161, sq.*

Ven. Now, ²darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army.—Thy ³Pacorus, Orodes,

2. *Famed for thy darts: see Hor., II., Od. xiii. 17; Virg. Georg., III. 31.*
3. *Son of Orodes, king of Parthia: see Hor., III., Od. vi. 9.*

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil.

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
Follow the fugitive Parthians; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

10

Ven.

O Silius, Silius,

4. One who is lower
in command.

I've done enough: ⁴a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn, 'tis better
To leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame when ⁵him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won

5. He whom: see
Cor., v. 6. 5.

6. By their officers
than by themselves.
7. See Sh. Plut., p.
183.

More ⁶in their officer than person: ⁷Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

20

For quick accumulation of renown,

8. Every minute,
incessantly.

Which he achiev'd ⁸by the minute, lost his favour.

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

9. His being of-
fended.

But 'twould offend him; and in ⁹his offence

Should my performance perish.

Sil.

Thou hast, Ventidius, ³⁰

10. I.e., Sound dis-
cretion.

¹⁰That without which a soldier, and his sword,

Scarce gains distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony!

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

That magical word of war, we have effected;

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil.

Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste

11. Baggage.

The ¹¹weight we must convey with's will permit,

40

We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome. An ante-chamber in CÆSAR'S house.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are ¹the brothers parted?

Eno. They have ²dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To ³part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the ⁴green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus,

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar! (*a*)

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men. 10

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. Of Antony? O thou ⁵Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say—"Cæsar,"—no
further.

Agr. Indeed, ⁶he plied them both with excellent praises. 6. *Lepidus.*

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, chant in numbers,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder. 20

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ⁷shards, and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So,—

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee; and as my furthest ⁸band
Shall ⁹pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

1. Cæsar and Antony.

2. Come to agreement.

3. Depart: see Cor., v. 6. 26.

4. Characterised by a pale, lurid complexion.

5. The Phoenix.

6. Lepidus.

7. Scaly wings of the beetle.

8. Bond, my utmost assurance.

9. Pronounce and warrant that thou wilt prove.

The fortress of it; for much better might we
Have lov'd without this ¹⁰mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I ¹¹have said.

Ant. You shall not find, 40

Though you be therein ¹²curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The ¹³elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring, (*l*)
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful. 50

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
Thus ¹⁴stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] He ¹⁵has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that were he
a horse; 61

So is he being a man.

Agr. [*aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, ¹⁶he was troubled
with a ¹⁷rheum;

What willingly he did ¹⁸confound, he ¹⁹wail'd—
Believe't—till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia, 70
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not

10. *Medium.*

11. *I will add no more:* Lat. '*dicit*.'

12. *Scrupulously inquisitive.*

13. *Wind and water:* she was to sail with Antony to Athens.

14. *Comp. i. 4. 49.*

15. This is said of a horse that has a dark spot on his forehead, supposed to indicate a vicious temper.

16. '*He was*' as monosyll. : see Walker, II. 203.

17. See Cor., v. 6. 53.

18. *Destroy.*

19. *Bewailed:* see Cor., iv. 1. 28.

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant.

Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, ²⁰here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Cæs.

Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all ²¹the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

Cæs.

Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.* 80

Ant.

Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*

20. Taking him in his arms: see Sh. Key, p. 31.

21. See Pa. cxlvi. 4.

SCENE III.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex.

Half ¹afear'd to come.

Cleo. Go to him, go. (*a*)

1. See above, II. 5. 91.

Enter the Messenger. (b)

Come hither, sir.

Alex.

Good majesty,

²Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo.

That Herod's ³head

I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone,

Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near. 10

Mess. Most gracious majesty—

Cleo.

'Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo.

Where?

Mess.

Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as ⁴me?

Mess.

She is not, madam. 20

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she-shrill-tongu'd or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

2. See above, I. 2. 37.

3. See below, IV. 6. 6.

4. See J. Cæs., I. 3. 80.

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her ! ⁵O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : dull of tongue, and dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst ⁶on majesty.

Mess. She creeps,—

Her motion and her ⁷station are as one ;

She ⁸shows a body rather than a life, 30

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. ⁹Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing ;

I do perceive't :—there's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee. 40

Mess. Why, madam,

She was a ¹⁰widow,—

Cleo. Widow !—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is't long or round ?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they're foolish that are
so.—

Her hair, what colour ?

Mess. Brown, ¹¹madam : and her forehead

As low ¹²as she would wish it. 50

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : go make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A ¹³proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much

That so I ¹⁴harried him. Why, methinks, by ¹⁵him,

This creature's ¹⁶no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madám. 60

5. See above, I. 5.
81.

6. See below, 61.

7. Standing

8. Appears : see
above, II. 2. 165.

9. There are not
threes in E. who can.

10. Had been wife
of Claudius Mar-
cellus : see Introd.,
p. 231.

11. Monosyll. : see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 173.

12. A cant phrase
for 'much lower
than,' &c.

13. Nice : see B.
and Sh., p. 40.

14. Roughly used.

15. His report.

16. Nothing re-
markable.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know. (c)

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis ¹⁷ else defend—
And serving you so long!

17. *Forbid it should be otherwise, especially as he has been so long with you.*

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madám.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Athens. A room in ANTONY'S house.* (u)

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of ¹semblable impórt,—but ²he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

1. *Similar.*
2. *Cæsar: see Sh. Plut., p. 202.*

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When ³the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it ⁴from his teeth.

3. *He had the best occasion to speak well of me.*
4. *I.e., not from his heart, only outwardly.*

Oct. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
⁵Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
Sure, the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
And ⁶then undo that prayer, by crying as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
⁷Twixt these extremes at all.

5. *Resent.*

20

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to ⁸that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so ⁹branchless. But, as you requested,

6. *I.e., of the compass: here, that side.*

7. *Destitute, bare.*

Yourself shall go between's : the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war

*⁷ Shall stay your brother : make your soonest haste ;
So ⁸ your desires are yours.

Oct.

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should ⁹ solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where ¹⁰ this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, ¹¹ that your love
Can equally move with them. ¹² Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what cost ⁴⁰
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros !

Eros. ¹ There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old : what is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of ² him in the wars 'gainst
Pompey, presently denied him ³ rivalry ; would not let him
partake in the glory of the action : and not resting here,
accuses him of letters he had formerly ⁴ wrote to Pompey ;
upon his own ⁵ appeal, seizes him : so the poor ⁶ third is up-
till death enlarge his confine. ¹⁰

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of ⁷ chaps, ⁸ no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one th' other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The ⁹ rush that lies before him ; cries " Fool Lepidus !"
And threatens the throat of that his ¹⁰ officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno.

Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, ¹¹ Domitius ; ²⁰

*⁷. Relative omitted : Abb., 344.
⁸. I fully grant what you desire.

⁹. Untie and make solid.
¹⁰. The fear of war

¹¹. But equity will oblige you to prefer one to the other.
¹². Prepare, procure means for.

¹. See B. and Sh., p. 13 : comp. above, 4. 3.

². Lepidus : see Sh. Plut., p. 302.
³. Equality of rank.

⁴. For 'written.' Abb., 343.
⁵. Accusation.
⁶. Of the Triumvirate, is in confinement.
⁷. Jaws : only used in plur.
⁸. Only two.

⁹. Proverbial for a trifle.
¹⁰. Titius : see Sh. Plut., p. 345.

¹¹. Pronomen of Enobarbus.

My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno.

'Twill be ¹²naught :

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

^{12.} *My going to him
will come to no-
thing.*

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A room in CÆSAR'S house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, ¹he has done all this and more
In Alexandria : here's the manner of't :—
I' the market-place, on a ²tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd ; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my ³father's son, (*a*)
And all th' unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings ;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to ⁴Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ⁵so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, ⁶queasy with his insolence
Already, will 'their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not ⁸rated him
His part o' th' isle : then does he say, he lent me

^{1.} *Antony : see Sh.
Plut., p. 201.*

^{2.} *Platform.*

^{3.} *Octavius calls
J. Cæsar 'father,'
as having been
adopted by him.*

10

^{4.} *Alex. and Ptol.
sons of Antony and
Cleopatra.*

20 ^{5.} *In that dress.*

^{6.} *Disgusted with.*

^{7.} *As if 'Romans'
had been the anti-
cedent.*

30 ^{8.} *Computed and
assigned to him.*

Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets

9. *Out of*: Abb., 108.

That Lepidus ⁹of the triumvirate

10. *While he is*: see above, II. 2. 42.

Should be depos'd ; and, ¹⁰being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I've told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;

That he his high authority abus'd,

And did deserve his change : for what I've conquer'd,

11. *Antony.*

I grant ¹¹him part ; but then, in his Armenia,

40

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I

Demand the like.

Mec.

He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

12. See B. and Sh., p. 33.

Cæs. That ever I should call thee ¹²castaway !

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony

Should have an army for an usher, and

50

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach

Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way

Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not ; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come

A market-maid to Rome ; and have ¹³prevented

13. *Anticipated the display*: Walker suggests 'ostentation,'—metri caused.

Th' ostentation of our love, which left unshown

Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you

By sea and land ; supplying every stage

60

With an augmented greeting.

Oct.

Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My grievèd ear withal ; whereon I begg'd

His ¹⁴pardon for return.

14. *Leave to come back to Rome.*

Cæs.

Which soon he granted,

¹⁴ Being an obstruction to his wanton will.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I've eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No;

Not so, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to her love; and now they're levying

The kings o' th' earth for war: he hath ¹⁵ assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king

Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;

King Malchus of Arabia; King of ¹⁶ Pont;

Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,

The kings of ¹⁷ Mede and Lycaonia, with a

¹⁸ More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. ¹⁹ Ay me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends

That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,

Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong'd,

And we in ²⁰ negligent danger. Cheer your heart:

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives

O'er your content these strong necessities;

But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd

Beyond the ²¹ mark of thought: and the high gods,

To do you justice, make ²² them ministers

Of us and those that love you. Best of ²³ comfort;

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:

Only th' adulterous Antony, most large

In his abominations, turns you off;

*¹⁴ I.e., because
you are.

70

¹⁵ See Sh. Plut.,
p. 207.

80

¹⁶ Pontus.

¹⁷ Media.

¹⁸ Double comp
Abb., 11; B. &
Sh., p. 19.

¹⁹ Alas.

90

²⁰ Danger arising
from negligence.

100 ²¹ Aim, reach.

²² To themselves.

²³ I.e., Comforters;
see below, iv. 12. 16.

24. *Authority to a worthless woman.*
25. *Make a tumult:* Abb., 220.

And gives his potent ²⁴regiment to a trull,
That ²⁵noises it against us.

110

Oct.

Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you, now
Be ever ²⁶known to patience: my dear'st sister! [*Exeunt.*]

26. *Acquainted with p., so as to practise it.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

1. *Spoken against: comp. 'gainsay,' 'forbid.'*

Cleo. Thou hast ¹forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno.

Well, is it, is it?

2. *If the wars are declared: odd, read 'not.'*

Cleo. ²If ^{*}they're denounc'd against us, why should not
we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*aside*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were ³merely lost.

3. *Entirely.*

10

Cleo.

What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That ⁴Phótinus, an ⁵eunuch, (*a*) and your maids
Manage this war.

4. See Sh. Plut., p. 206.
5. *Mardian*. see above, ll. 5.

Cleo.

Sink Rome, and their tongues rot

That speak against us! A ⁶charge we bear i' the war, ²⁰
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

6. *Share of the 's, 'enac.*

Eno. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

7. See Sh. Plut., p. 203.

Enter ANTONY and ⁷CANIDIUS.

Ant.

Is it not strange, Canidius,

That from Tarentum and Brundisium

⁸He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And ⁹take in ¹⁰Toryne?—[*to Cleop.*] You have heard on't,
sweet?

30

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well ¹¹becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at ¹²slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. ¹³Why will my lord do so?

Ant. ¹⁴For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So ¹⁵hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

40

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are ¹⁶múleters, reapers, people
¹⁷Ingross'd by swift, ¹⁸impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are ¹⁹yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall ²⁰fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

50

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy, sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of ²¹war-mark'd footmen; leave ²²unexecuted
Your own renown'd knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
²³From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have full sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can ²⁴do't at land.

8. Cæsar: 'cut' =
cleave and pass
through.

9. See above, l. 1.

24.

10. In Epirus. For
'on't' see Cor., l.
l. 111.

11. Abb., 344.

12. As if trisyll.;
Abb., 477.

13. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 208.

14. Because: Abb.,
287.

15. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 208.

16. Disyll.: see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 217.

17. Amassed.

18. Pressure into
service.

19. See above, ll. 2.
243.

20. Be'full.

21. Bearing marks
of war, veterans.

22. Not put in
practice.

60 23. Departing from.
see above, ll. 6. 35.

24. Beat him

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

* 24. See above, 28.

Mess. The *²⁴news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

25. 'Tis strange
enough that his
forces should be
there.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible; 70

²⁵Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
Away, [*to Cleop.*] my ²⁶Thetis!

26. Goddess of the
sea.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

27. Mistrust.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you ²⁷misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go ²⁸a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth, 80
And fighting foot to foot.

28. Take to the
water, like ducks.

Ant. Well, well:—away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but (*b*) our great leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, 90
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's

29. Pushes on.

²⁹Carries beyond belief.

30. I.e., he was.

Sold. While ³⁰yet in Rome,

31. Divisions, de-
tachments.

His power went out in such ³¹distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

32. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 210.

Sold. They say, one ³²Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.* 101

SCENE VIII.—*A plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.**Cæs.* Taurus,—*Taur.* My lord?*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
 The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
 Upon this ¹jump.

[*Exeunt.* 1. *Leap, hazard.*]SCENE IX.—*Another part of the plain.**Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
 In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE X.—*Another part of the plain.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way;
 and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, with his army,
 the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise
 of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS. (a)

Eno. ¹Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
 longer:

Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian ²admiral,
 With all their ³sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
 To see't mine eyes are blasted.

1. See Cor., III. 1. 261.

2. Ship which carries the commander.

3. See above, 7. 62.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
 All the whole ⁴synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

4. See Cor., v. 2. 76.

5. *Portion, corner.*

6. *By—Abb., 193 :*
‘kissed away,’ in
allusion to Ant.
and Cleop.

7. *Spotted. ‘Token’*
= *sign of infection* :
see Lucr., 1748.

8. *God-fly.*

* 8. *Swat/My :* see
Temp., iv. l. 74.

9. *Sea term = set*
agoing before the
wind : Germ. *luft*.

10. *Drake.*

11. See Cor., l. 1.
70.

12. *He h. knew he*
ought to be.

13. *The passage*
thither is easy :
‘attend’ = *await*.

14. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 214.

15. *Fortunes.*

Scar. The greater ⁵candle of the world is lost
⁶With very ignorance ; we have kiss’d away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno.

How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the ⁷token’d pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribald hag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o’ertake !—i’ the midst o’ the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear’d,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The ⁸breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies ⁸amain.

Eno.

That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar.

She once being ⁹loof’d,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting ¹⁰mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno.

¹¹Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what ¹²he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own !

Eno. [*aside.*]

Ay, are you thereabouts ?

Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. ‘Tis ¹³easy to’t ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

• *Can.* To ¹⁴Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse : six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno.

I’ll yet follow

The wounded ¹⁵chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so ¹lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I've a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

1. *Related, ben-
ighted.*

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone, I say:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
²Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of ³loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost ⁴command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*]

10

2. *Make clear.*

20

3. *As if you were
loath to do what I
say.*

4. *The right to
order you.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS
following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him. (u)

Irus. Do, most dear queen.*

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

30

Eros. See you here, sir?

[*Pointing to CLEO. whom ANT. turns away from.*]

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!*

Eros. Sir, sir,—

5. Caesar.

6. *As if for ornament, not use.*

7. See below, iv. 14. 25.

8. *Only acted by substitutes :* see Sh. Plut., 182, sq.

9. *Squadrons.*

10. Monceyll.

11. *Deprived of his faculties.*

12. See above, 10. 9.

13. *Unlæs :* see below, iv. ii. 1.

14. *Sinned against my good name.*

15. See above, i. 3. 50.

16. *Withdraw my ignominy out of your sight, by looking away.*

17. *For what :* Abb., 200 and 230.

18. *Destroyed.*

19. *Wouldst :* see above, ii. 2. 264.

20. *Away from, to act contrary to :* see above, ii. 6. 35.

21. Caesar.

22. *Shuffle, equivocate :* 'who' = I who.

23. *My affection in every case.*

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—⁵he at Philippi kept His sword e'en ⁶like a dancer ; while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I That the mad Brutus ⁷ended : he ⁸alone Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had In the brave ⁹squares of war : yet now—No matter.

40

Cleo. Ah, stand you by. [*to Eros.*]

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, ¹⁰madam ; speak ; he is ¹¹unqualitied ¹²With very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me ;—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches : Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, ¹³but Your comfort make the rescue presently.*

50

Ant. I have ¹⁴offended reputation,— A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, ¹⁵Egypt ? See, How I ¹⁶convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back ¹⁷what I have left behind ¹⁸Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord, Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well ⁶⁰My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou ¹⁹shouldst tow me after : o'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that Thy beck might ²⁰from the bidding of the gods Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon !

Ant. Now I must

To the ²¹young man send humble treaties, dodge And ²²palter in the shifts of lowness ; who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased, Making and marring fortunes. You did know How much you were my conqueror ; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey ²³it on all causes.

70

Cleo.

Pardon, pardon !

Ant. ²⁴Fall not a tear, I say; one of them ²⁵rates
 All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me.—We sent our ²⁶schoolmaster;
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
 Some wine, there, and our viands!—Fortune knows 80
 We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

24. *Shed*: comp. *J. Cæs.*, iv. 2. 28.
 25. *Is worth*.
 26. *Euphronius*: see *Sh. Plut.*, p. 217, sq.

SCENE XII.—CÆSAR'S camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, ¹DOLABELLA, ²THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
 Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Who had superfluous kings for messengers
 Not many moons gone by.

1. His first appearance: see *Sh. Plut.*, p. 226.
 2. Also now first appears: see *ibid.*, p. 218. For *Euphronius*, see above, ii. 78.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To ³his grand sea.

10

Cæs. Be't so:—declare thine office.

3. *His*: see *B. and Sh.*, p. 17.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
⁴Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
 He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
 A private man in Athens: this for him.
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The ⁵circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

4. *Begs to be allowed*.

20

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
⁶Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,

5. *Crown of the kings of Egypt*.

6. *Neither of*: *Abb.*, 306.

She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

7. Conduct him
through the troops.

Cæs. ⁷Bring him through the bands. 30

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

And in our name, what she requires; and more,

From thine invention, offer: women are not

8. Make forsworn.

In their best fortunes strong; but want will ⁸perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;

9. Decree what shall
be thy reward.

⁹Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

10. Conforms him-
self to the breach in
his fortunes.

Cæs. Observe how Antony ¹⁰becomes his flaw, 40

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

11. Vital organ.

In every ¹¹power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

1. As trisyll.: see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 188.
2. See B. and Sh.,
p. 43.

Cleo. What shall we do, ¹Enobarbus?

Eno.

²Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will

Lord of his reason. What although you fled

3. Ranks.

From that great face of war, whose several ³ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow you?

The itch of his affection should not then

4. Notched, dis-
graced.

Have ⁴nick'd his captainship; at such a point,

5. Stood against
each other.

When half to half the world ⁵oppos'd, and he (*a*) 10

6. The entire cause
of the war.

Was the ⁶mere question: 'twas a shame no less

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,

And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.— 20
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. [to *Euph.*] To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something ⁷particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; ⁸whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore 30
To lay his gay ⁹comparisons apart,
And answer me ¹⁰declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. [*aside*] Yes, ¹¹like enough, ¹²high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be ¹³stage'd to the show,
Against a ¹⁴sworder! I see men's judgments are
¹⁵A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward ¹⁶quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all ¹⁷measures, the full Cæsar will 40
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they ^{*17}stop their noses
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

[*Exit* Attendant.]

Eno. [*aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to ¹⁸square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord 50
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the ¹⁹story.

7. Some personal merit.

8. And his: *Abh.* 263.

9. Of his own state with mine.

10. Fallen as I am.

11. Ironical.

12. Commanding proud armies.

13. Exhibited.

14. Gladiator, here single combatant.

15. Of a piece with: comp. 1 K. Henr. 4. v. 4. 83.

16. Nature . . . so as to be affected in the same way.

17. Degrees of things and persons.

* 17. As if in disgust

18. Quarrel: see above, ll. 1. 54.

19. History of such events.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. No one but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that's Cæsar's.

60

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,

20. But only to con-
sider that.

20 Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrain'd blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

70

Cleo. He's a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

21. Alluding to
Antony.

Eno. [*aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—²¹ Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit.*]

22. I.e., to give or
do.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require ²²him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff,
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his ²³shrowd, who is
The universal landlord.

80

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

24. By you as my
deputy.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this:—²⁴in deputation

90

I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his ²⁵all-obeying breath I hear
The ²⁶doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating ²⁷together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me ²⁸grace to lay
My duty on your hand. [*Kissing it.*]

Cleo. Your Cæsar's ²⁹father oft,
When he hath mus'd of ³⁰taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As ³¹it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. ³²Favours, by Jove that thunders !—(*b*)
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, ³³there !—Ay, you ³⁴kite !—Now, gods
and devils !

³⁵Authority melts from me : of late, when I cried "Ho !"
Like boys unto ³⁶a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will ?"—Have you no ears ? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this ³⁷Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !—
Whip him—were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them

³⁸So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ?—³⁹whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him ⁴⁰cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,

25. Which all obey :
Abb., 372; and
comp. Cor., II. I.
161.

26. My doom, as
queen of E.

27. Side by side.

28. Permission.

100 29. See above, 6. 6.

30. See above, I. I.
24; and III. 7. 30.

31. Impersonal,
'as' = 'as if':
Abb., 107.

32. Seeing Thyr.
kiss Cleo.'s hand.

*32. To attendants.
33. To Cleo., term of
reproach.

34. On scansion,
see Abb., 500.

35. Scrambling
game of children—
prob. as if hunting
a mouse.

36. Term of con-
tempt: see Cor., v.
2. 63.

37. On scansion,
see Abb., 497. On
'since,' *ibid.*, 122.

*37. Apostrophs sup-
pressed: they
should all be
whipped.

38. Dissect.

Bring him again :—this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* THYREUS.]

39. *Withered*.—to
Cleopatra.

You were half ³⁹blasted ere I knew you :—ha !

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,

130

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

And by a ⁴⁰gem of women, to be ⁴¹abus'd

By one that ⁴²looks on feeders ?

Cleo.

Good my lord,—

Ant. You've been a ⁴³boggler ever :—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—

O misery on't !—the wise gods ⁴⁴seel our eyes ;

In our own filth drown (c) our clear judgments ; make us

Adore our errors ; laugh at's, while we strut

To our confusion.

140

Cleo.

O, is't come to this ?

Ant. I found you as ⁴⁵a morsel cold upon

Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a ⁴⁶fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides—* but I forbear.

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo.

Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,

150

And say " God ⁴⁷quit you ! " be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal

And pligher of high hearts !—O, that I were

Upon the ⁴⁸hill of Basan, to outroar

The hornèd herd ! for I have savage cause ;

And to proclaim it ⁴⁹civilly, were like

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank

For being ⁵⁰yare about him.

45. See above, l. 5.

39.

46. *Scrap*—of meat :
Cn. Pomp., eldest
son of P. the Great.

48. See B. and Sh.,
p. 50.

49. Opp. to 'savage,'
in gentle fashion.

50. See above, ll. 2.
253.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd ?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

160

Ant.

Cried he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that ⁵¹thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his ⁵²daughter ; and be thou sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

51. To Thyreus.
52. Because being a
man, thou hast
taken too great a
liberty.

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
 The white hand of a lady *⁵²fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy ⁵³entertainment: ⁵⁴look thou say
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into th' ⁵⁵abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my ⁵⁶enfranchèd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to ⁵⁷quit me: urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, begone!

[*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our ⁵⁸terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. [*aside*] I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his ⁵⁹points—

Cleo. [*aside*] Not know me yet!

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck: as it ⁶⁰determines, so
 Dissolve my life! (*d*)

Ant. Nay, then, I'm satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
 I will oppose his ⁶¹fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly ⁶²held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and ⁶³fleet, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
 There's hope in't yet.

*52. Put thee to a fever.

53. See Cor., iv. 5.

54. Take care.

55. Abyss.

56. Set free: see Sh. Flut., p. 213 and 218.

57. Requite: see LIL.

58. Terrestrial, earthly.

59. Strings with tags to fasten the lower parts of the dress: see Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' ch. xxi.

60. Ends, melts.

61. Fortune.

62. Remained firm.

63. Fleet. 'Sea-like'—threatening to keep the sea.

Cleo. That's my brave lord once more !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were ⁶⁴nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now I'll ⁶⁵set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other ⁶⁶gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains ; fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

64. Agreeable to my wish.

65. See Cor., i. 3. 62.

66. Of festive joy : Lat. gaudium.

Cleo. It is my birth-day : 220

I had thought t' have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, ⁶⁷I will be Cleopatra.

67. On scansion, see above, 111.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call my lord's* noble captains.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force
The wine ⁶⁸peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
There's sap ⁶⁹in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even ⁷⁰with his pestilent scythe. Come on, come on.

68. To peep : Abb., 349.

69. I.e., in the old tree : see above, 210.

70. As if armed with.

[*Excunt all except ENOBARBUS.*

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be ⁷¹frighted out of fear : and in that mood 231
The dove will peck the ⁷¹estridge. I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : when valour preys on reason,
It ⁷²eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

71. As monosyll. : Abb., 472.

71. Ostridge, goose hawk.

72. Devours, and so destroys.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

(*Antony at Alexandria destroys himself.*)

SCENE I.—*CÆSAR's camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

1. As if : see i. 2. 98.

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, ¹as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony:—²let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

2. See Sh. Pint., p.
219; and Paul Stap-
fer, p. 79.

Mec. Cæsar needs must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make ³boot of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.

IO 3. *Advantage.*

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony ⁴but late,
Enough to ⁵fetch him in. See it be done:
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

4. *Only lately.*

5. *Take him
prisoner.*

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA's palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, ¹Domitius?

Eno.

No.

1. See above, III. 5.
30.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: ²or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. ³Woo't thou fight well?

2. *Either:* see J.
Cæs., v. 5. 3.

Eno. I'll strike, and cry ⁴"Take all."

3. *Wouldst:* see be-
low, 15. 60.

Ant.

Well said; come on.—

IO

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

4. *Let the survivor
i. e. Victory or
death!*

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you've serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*aside to Eno.*]

What means this?

Eno. [*aside to Cleo.*]

'Tis one of those odd tricks which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

20

Ant.

And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men.

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

So good as you've done me.

Servants.

The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

⁵Scant not my cups; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your ⁶fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

30

Cleo. [*aside to Eno.*]

What does he mean?

Eno. [*aside to Cleo.*]

To make his followers weep.

Ant.

Tend me to-night;

7. Conclusion.

May be it is the ⁷period of your duty:

8. If you do see me,
it will be as—

Haply you shall not see me more; or ⁸if,

A mangled shadow: nay, perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

9. Comp. Rom. vii.
2, 3.

⁹Married to your good service, stay till death:

40

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

10. Reward.

And the gods ¹⁰yield you for't!

Eno.

What mean you, sir,

11. I.e., in giving:
Abb., 356.

¹¹To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

12. Ready to weep:
see above, l. 2. 157.

And I, an ass, am ¹²onion-ey'd: for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;

50

I spake t' you for your comfort,—did desire you

To ¹³burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,

13. Consume,
spend.

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before CLEOPATRA's palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first and second go to their posts.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we: [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

10

Our landmen will ¹stand up.

1. *Be firm.*

Third Sold.

'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose. [*Music as of hautboys underground.*]

Fourth Sold.

Peace! what noise?

First Sold.

List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold.

Music i' the air.

Third Sold.

Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It ²signs well, does it not?

Third Sold.

No.

20

2. *Sign (Sec. Walker con- 'sings.'*

First Sold.

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis ³the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

3. See Sh. P. 220; and ab. 3. 100.

First Sold.

Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do? [*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold.

How now, masters!

Soldiers. [speaking together]

How now!

How now! do you hear this?

First Sold.

Ay; is't not strange?

30

Third Sold. Do you ⁴hear, masters? do you ⁴hear?

4. Dissyll.: 480.

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as ⁵we have quarter;

5. *Our quar- casel.*

6. *Cease.*Let's see how't will ⁶give off.*Soldiers. [speaking together]* Content. 'Tis strange.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.**Enter* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
others attending.*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!*Cleo.* Sleep a little.1. *Chicken*: term
of endearment.*Ant.* No, my ¹chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!*Enter* EROS with armour.2. *Armour.*Come, my good fellow, put mine ²iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her:—come.

Cleo.

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art

3. *Kerpest the ar-*
*mour.*The ³armourer of my heart:—⁴false, false; this, this. 104. *Wrong, wrong—*
i.e., you are putting
*it on.**Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.5. *Conquer.**Ant.*

Well, well;

We shall ⁵thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

6. *Quickly.**Eros.*⁶Briefly, sir.*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?*Ant.*

Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

7. *I.e., Daff't, put*
it off: comp. 'don';
*see ll. 1. 40.*To ⁷daff't for our repose, shall bear a storm.—8. *Handy, adroit.*

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire 20

More ⁸tight at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st9. *Trade of kings.*The ⁹royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.*Enter a Captain armed.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:

9. *Military post,*
*command.*Thou look'st like him that knows a ⁹warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

Capt. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their ¹⁰ riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

30 10. *Armour.*

[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter other Captains and Soldiers.

Sec. Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well ¹¹ blown, lads :

11. I.e., the flourish
of trumpets.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so ; come, ¹² give me that : this way ; well said.—

12. To Cleop. :
'that' = another
piece of his
armour.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :

This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, [*Kisses her.*

40 13. See Cor., III. 1.
200.

And worthy ¹³ shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,

Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Captains, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar

Might finish this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land !

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Sold.

Who !

One ever near thee : call for Enobarbus.

10

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant.

What say'st thou?

Sold.

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros.

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant.

Is he gone?

Sold.

Most certain.

1. See Sh. Plut., p. 209.

Ant. Go, Eros, ¹send his treasure after; do it;

20

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have

2. As *tristyl.*: see
iii. 13. 1.

Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—²Eno³barbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

1. See J. Cæs., ii. 1.
50.

Our will is Antony be ¹took alive;

Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:

2. If this pr.
3. Cornered: see
above, iii. 10. 8.
4. Symbol of peace.

²Prove this a prosperous day, the three-³nook'd world
Shall bear the ⁴olive freely

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go charge Agrippa

10

5. I.e., to plant:
Abb., 349.

⁵Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry

On affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great ⁶Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

And leave his master Antony: for this ⁷pains

6. See Sh. Plut.,
pp. 216, 218.
7. Always used as
sing. in Sh.

Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have ⁸entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

8. See above, III. 13.
160.

20

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. ⁹Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His ¹⁰bounty overplus: the messenger
Came ¹¹on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

9. See above, 5. 21.

10. A liberal gift.

11. Where I was on
duty.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus, for in this*
I tell you true: ¹²best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

30 12. It were best.
On 'safed' see
above, I. 3. 63.

[*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone
The villain of the earth. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This ¹³blows my heart:
If swift ¹⁴thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel. 40
I fight against thee!—No: I will go ¹⁵seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

13. Inflates, makes
full to bursting.

14. See above, III.
13. 2.

15. See above, 11.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself ¹has work, and our ²oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*

1. Is in straits.
2. The force by
which we are over-
powered.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

3. Cloths, such as wounds are dressed with.

4. Slight cuts: see Cor., iv. 5. 192.

With ³clouds about their heads.

Ant.

Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I have yet room for full six ⁴scotches more. 12

Enter EROS.

Eros. They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

5. Make marks on, notch.

Scar. Let us ⁵score their backs, And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:

6. Hack one who runs away.

'Tis sport to ⁶maul a runner.

Ant.

I will reward thee

Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold

7. For 'thou': Abb., 212.

For thy good valour. Come ⁷thee on. 20

Scar.

I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

1. *Egyptus*: Lat., *greta*.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp:—run one before, And let the queen know of our ¹gests.—To-morrow, Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

2. Stout of hand.

For ²doughty-handed are you, and have fought

3. As though [see l. 2. 98] you were only servants to it.

Not ³as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been

4. Each m.'s own c. as much as mine.

⁴Each man's like mine; you've ⁵shown all Hectors. Go,

5. See above, III. 2. 30.

Enter the city, ⁶clip your wives, your friends,

6. See Cor., I. 6. 37.

Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss 10

The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

7. *Euchantress*.

To this great ⁷fairy I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the world,

8. *Embraces*.

⁸Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

9. The impenetrable substance of my armour: see B. and Sh., p. 36.

Through ⁹proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo.

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's ¹⁰great snare uncaught?

Ant.

My nightingale, 20

We've beat them to their beds. What, girl! though ¹¹gray

Do something mingle with our brown, yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can

¹²Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—

Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo.

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it ¹³carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—

Through Alexandria make a jolly march;

Bear our hack'd targets ¹⁴like the men that owe them:

Had our great palace the capacity

To ¹⁵camp this host, we all would sup together,

And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises ¹⁶royal peril.—Trumpeters,

With brazen din ¹⁷blast you the city's ear;

Make ¹⁸mingle with our rattling tabourines;

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together.

Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*

10. Field of battle.

11. Gray hairs.

12. Contend with youth upon equal terms, win victory for victory from the young:—i.e., Caesar. Comp. below, 12. 15. and 61.

30

13. Set with carbuncles.

14. With the spirit of the men who are their owners: but see Walker, l. 164.
15. Lodges.

16. Magnificent.

17. Split, burst.

40

18. Mixture, unison.

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the ¹court-of-guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall ²embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold.

This last day was

A ³shrewd one to's.

1. Guard-room.

2. Be drawn up for battle.

3. Bad, evil.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno.

O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. How now? What man is this?

4. Listen to.

*Sec. Sold.*Stand close, and ⁴list him.

5. Who have deserted, and gone over to the enemy.

6. In history.

7. See III. 13. 1.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessèd moon,

10

When men ⁵revolted shall ⁶upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor ⁷Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—*First Sold.*

Enobarbus!

Third Sold.

Peace!

Hark further.

8. Discharge its moisture.

9. See Sh. Key, p. 37. In answer to Johnson.

10. I.e., heart.

11. Personal relation to thyself: see Cor., v. 1. 3.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night ⁸disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,May hang no longer on me: ⁹throw my heart

20

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

¹⁰Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own ¹¹particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.]

Sec. Sold.

Let's speak

To him.

30

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.*Third Sold.*

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

12. *Fit for:* Abb., 155.*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet ¹²for sleep.*Sec. Sold.*

Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.*Sec. Sold.*

Hear you, sir?

13. Reached: Sh. uses both forms.

First Sold. The hand of death hath ¹³raught him.

40

[Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums

14. Solemnly.

¹⁴Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on; perchance he may*

Recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.—*Ground between the two camps.**Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put ¹forth the haven :—forward, now,
Where their ²appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.* 10

1. See Cor., I. 4. 27.

2. *Equipment,*
number of their
*forces.*SCENE XI.—*Another part of the same.**Enter* CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. ¹But being charg'd, we will be ²still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*1. *Unless we are*
attacked : Abb.,
124 ; and above, III.
11. 48.2. *Remain quiet.*SCENE XII.—*Another part of the same.**Enter* ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yét ¹they are nót ²join'd : where yond pine doth
stand,

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*

Scar. ³Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say they know nót,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,
His ⁴fretted fortunes gave him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

10

[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*1. *The fleets.*
2. *In close fight.*3. See Rh. Flut.,
p. 307.4. *Varied :* see J.
Cæs., II. I. 108.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All's lost! This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their ⁵caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Woman accursed! * 'tis thou
 Has sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my ⁶charm,
 I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit SCARUS.*
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more: 20
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That ⁷spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do ⁸discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is ⁹bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false ¹⁰snake of Egypt! this brave ¹¹charm,—
 Whose eye ¹²beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
 Like a right ¹³gipsy, hath, ¹⁴at fast and loose, 30
 Beguil'd me to the very ¹⁵heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give ¹⁶thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting ¹⁷plébeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest ¹⁸spot
 Of all thy sex; most ¹⁹monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for ²⁰doits; and let 40
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
 Thou ²¹fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
 The ²²shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,

5. See above, ll. 7.
155.

6. For charmer:
see above, ill. 6. 102.

7. Followed like
dogs.
8. Thaw.
9. Strip of its
bark.

10. So Walker for
'soul': see l. 5. 30.
11. See above, 18.
12. Comp. Cor., v.
3. 177.
13. Comp. l. 1. 10.
14. A cheating
game.
15. Uttermost.

16. Kill thee, and
so blemish.

17. See Cor., l. 2. 7.

18. Stain, disgrace.

19. Obs. contrast
between m. and
dim.

20. See Cor., v. 4.
59.

21. Becom'st a vic-
tim to.

22. Sent by Delan-
ira, poisoned by
the blood of N.

Alcides, thou ²³mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge ²⁴Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club, 50
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
 To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot ; she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [Exit.

23. See above, l. 3
 100.

24. The servant
 who brought the
 shirt : see Soph.
 Trach., 602 ; Ov.
 Met., ix. 155.

SCENE XIII.—*Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
 Than ¹Telamon for his shield ; the ²boar of Thessaly
 Was never so ³emboss'd.

Char. To the monument !
 There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.
 The soul and body ⁴rive not more in parting
 Than greatness ⁵going off.

Cleo. To the monument !—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony," 10
 And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian,
 And ⁶bring me how he takes my death.—To th' monument !

[Exit.

1. Ajax Tel. for
 Achilles' armour.

2. Killed by Me-
 langer.

3. Swollen and
 foaming with rage.

4. Are not more
 split.

5. When it passes
 away from its pos-
 sessor.

6. I.e., word : see
 Hamlet, v. 2. 190 ;
 and below, v. l. 77.

SCENE XIV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's ¹dragonish ;
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A fork'd mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ;
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. 10

Ant. That which is now a horse, even ²with a thought

1. Like a dragon.

2. See J. Cæsar, v.
 3. 20.

3. *Vapour effuses.*

The ²rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

4. *Servant*; but
used also as a term
of endearment: see
J. Cæs., iv. 3. 274.

Ant. My good ⁴knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has

⁵Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and ⁶false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us

Ourselves to ⁷end ourselves.

20

5. *Practised col-
lusion.*

6. *Perfidiously sac-
rificed.*

7. *Destroy*: see
above, iii. 11. 38.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

8. *Deprived me of
my power to fight.*

She has ⁸robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

30

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!

She hath betray'd me, and shall die ⁹the death.

9. See B. and Sh.,
p. 10.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony; it was divided

Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,

Thy name ¹⁰so buried in her.

40

10. *Being so b.:*
Abb., 378.

Ant.

Dead, then?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st

hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go.

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

Off, pluck off:—

11. *Restrain the
reacult which
proceeds fr.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot ¹¹keep

The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy ¹²continent,
 Crack thy frail case!—¹³Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*]
 I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All ¹⁴length is torture:—since the ¹⁵torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: ¹⁶seal then, and all is done.—
 Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly ¹⁷port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her *Æneis* shall want troops,
 And all the ¹⁸haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant.

Since Cleopatra died,

I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
¹⁹Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself ²⁰to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
 Than she ²¹which by her death our *Cæsar* tells
 "I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the ²²exigent should come,—which now
 Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
 Th' inevitable ²³prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros.

The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though ²⁴enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant.

Eros,

Wouldst thou be ²⁵window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with ²⁶pleach'd arms, bending down
 His ²⁷corrigible neck, his face subdu'd

12. That which en-
 closes thee.
 13. Quickly unarm
 me.

50

14. Long duration
 of life.
 15. Carried to fight
 the traveller on his
 way: comp.
 Lucret., ll. 78.
 16. Make an end,
 as by putting a seal
 to a deed.

60

17. Bearing, de-
 portment.

18. Public resort:
 Sh. forgot their
 ultimate estrange-
 ment; see Virg.
Æn., vi. 472.

19. Divided.

20. In lacking: see
 above, 2. 44.

70

21. Who.

22. Exigency: see
J. Cæs., v. l. 20.

23. Pursuit.

80

24. Adj.: see *Cor.*,
 iv. 4. 28.

25. Placed in a
 window.

26. Pleach'd, plied.

27. Subduing to
 correction.

* 27. *Triumphal car.*

28. *Him that followed as a vile slave: see above, 67.*

29. *See Sh. Plut., p. 221.*

30. *Not caused by devotion to my service.*

31. *See above, 7. 20.*

32. *Over me: see above, 1. 3. 28. Abb., 191.*

33. *See above, 9. 11.*

To penetrative shame, whilst the *27 wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
28 His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't. 90

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. 29 When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents 30 unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies. 100

Ant. 31 Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now! 109

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then [falls on his sword]:—thus I do
escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got 32 upon me

A nobleness in 33 record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus 120

[Falling on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—

The guard, ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at ³⁴his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I. 130

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with ³⁵this tidings,
Shall ³⁶enter me with him.

34. See above, III.
12. 12.

35. See B. and Sh.,
p. 13.
36. Introduces me
favourably to him.
37. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 221.

Enter ³⁷DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me 140

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most ³⁸absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She'd a prophetic fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

You did suspect—which never shall be found—

She had ³⁹dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage 150

Would not be ⁴⁰purg'd, she sent you word ⁴¹she was dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,
ho!

Come, your lord calls!

38. See above, I.
2. 2.

39. Arranged, come
to terms.
40. Removed,
pacified.
41. 'She was' as
monosyll.; see
Walker, II. 308.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

42. Abh., 230.

43. That you may
not live to survive
us all.

First Guard. Woe ⁴²are we, sir, ⁴³you may not live to
wear 160

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

44. I.e., by grac-
ing : see above, 68.

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

⁴⁴To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :

I've led you oft : carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XV.—*The same. A monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

1. *Antony's death.*

As ¹that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ! is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, madam, but not dead.

2. *Of your m.*

Look out o' th' other side ²your monument ;

His guard have brought him thither.

10

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo.

O sun, sun,

3. *In the dark :*

'stand' optative.

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—³darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony,

Antony, Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;—

Help, friends below !—let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace !

Not Cæsar's valour hath ⁴o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only yet
I here ⁵importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not come down,
Lest I be taken: not th' ⁶imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be ⁷brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And ⁸still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
⁹Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ¹⁰sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into ¹¹heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
¹¹Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:

¹²Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out. [*Kissing him.*]

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—

Cleo. They do not go together.

4. Thrown as
disyll. 'On' =
over: see above,
14. 114.

5. Trouble: see
Sch. 'Lex.'

6. Here imperious.

7. Adorned—as
with a brooch: see
Hor. l. Od. xxxvii.
30.

8. Silent inferences
(respecting my
thoughts and
feelings).

9. Looking de-
murely = with re-
flected modesty.

10. See Sch. Key,
p. 37.

11. Sorrow: play
on word.

*11. In reference
to what she has
just spoken.

12. Recieve *l/f*:
here intransitive.

Ant.

Gentle, hear me:

13. See below, v. 2.
16; Sh. Plut., p. 222.

None about Cæsar trust ¹³but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

60

14. See above, 2. 2.

Cleo. Noblest of men, ¹⁴woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women, [*ANTONY dies.*
The crown o' th' earth doth melt.—My lord! my lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's ¹⁵pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; ¹⁶the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
¹⁷Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

70

15. *Standard.*

16. See Cor., III. 1.
302.

17. *On the earth:*
see *Henr. 8.* III. 2.
171.

Char.

O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

80

Char.

Lady,—

Iras.

Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam,—*Iras.*

Royal Egypt, Empress,—

18. *I.e., an 'Em-*
press' no longer.

19. *Task-work,*
drudgery.

Cleo. ¹⁸No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest ¹⁹chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does

90

20. See B. and Sh.,
p. 150.

Become a dog that's mad: then ²⁰is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
 Our ²¹lamp is spent, it's out!—Good ²²sirs, take heart:—
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble, 100
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:—
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end. (a)
 [*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

21. Comp. above,
 14. 55.
 22. Sometimes ap-
 plied to women, as
 'sirrah' below,
 v. 2. 273.

ACT V.

(*Death of Cleopatra.*)

SCENE I.—CÆSAR's camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS,
 PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so ¹frustrate, tell him he ²mocks
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
 Appear ³thus to us?

Der.

I am call'd ⁴Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs.

What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The ⁵breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack: the round world, so bereft,*

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X

1. As if triyall;
 Abb., 477—van-
 quished.
 2. Feigns in a de-
 lusive manner: see
 3 K. Henr. 6, III. 3.
 298.

3. Sword in hand.
 4. See above, iv. 14.
 135; Sh. Plut., p.
 222.

5. Announcement:
 see above, I. 2. 182.

6. And so made
them change places.
7. Peaceful.

Should have ⁶shook lions into ⁷civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

20

Der.

He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ; I robb'd
His mortal* wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

30

Cæs.

Look you sad, friends ?

8. May the g. . . .
(if it be not : Abb.,
126.

⁸The gods rebuke me, but it is ⁹a tidings
To ¹⁰wash the eyes of kings.

9. See above, iv. 14.
134.
10. Wet with tears.

Agr.

And strange it is

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most ¹¹persisted deeds.

11. Deeds in which
we have most per-
sisted.

Mec.

His taints and honours

12. Were balanced,
like opposite stakes :
'with' = in ; Abb.,
183.

¹²Wag'd equal with him.

Agr.

A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

40

Mec.

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see ¹³himself.

13. What may be
his own fate.

Cæs.

O Antony !

14. Pierce ; we
undergo pain to
cure disease.

I've followed thee to this :—but we do ¹⁴lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce

15. I.e., in my own
person.
16. Dwell.

Have ¹⁵shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine ; we could not ¹⁶stall together
In the whole world : but yet let me lament,

17. Genuine.

With tears as ¹⁷sovereign as the blood of hearts,

50

18. See above, I. 4.
3 ; and II. 7. 81 :
'top' = height of
all my undertak-
ings.

That thou, my brother, my ¹⁸competitor

In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,

¹⁹Unreconcilable, should divide

19. On scansion,
see Abb., 490.
20. Partnership to
this issue.

Our ²⁰equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season :

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear ²¹him what he says.—Whence are you ? What ?

59

²¹ Redundant:
Abb., 414; B. and
Sh., 18.

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires ²²instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

²² Information.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee !

70
[*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be ²³eternal in our triumph : go,
And ²⁴with your speediest ²⁵bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

²³ Remembered for
ever.

²⁴ As speedily as
you can.

²⁵ See above, iv.
13, 12 : 'of her,'
Abb., 174.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gal.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ?

81

Agr. Mec. &c. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How ²⁶hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In ²⁷all my writings : go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

²⁶ See Cor., v. 2
73.

²⁷ See Sh. Plot.
p. 222.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar :

1. See above, iv. 14.
14.

2. *Tastes*—the food,
soon to be decom-
posed, which
nurses, &c.: see
above, i. i. 37; in
'which' there is
confusion between
cause and effect.

3. *Ponder*.

4. See above, iv. 15.
57: 'care' = mind
whether I am de-
ceived or not.

5. *That*: Abb., 108.

6. Legal term = be
as a suitor in your
behalf.

7. *Owning myself
such, I grant him
the g.*

Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's ¹knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never ²palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,
and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee ³study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee. 10

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, ⁴bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please 20
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, ⁵as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will ⁶pray in aid for kindness, 30
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and ⁷I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd : 40

[*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [Drawing a dagger.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, ⁸of death too,
That rids our dogs of ⁹languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th' undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
¹⁰Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;—

If ¹¹idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither : this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be ¹²chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting ¹³varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be ¹⁴gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-¹⁵nak'd, and let the water-flies
¹⁶Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

8. I.e., *Relieved = not suffered to die.*
9. *Lingering disease.*

50

10. I.e., *do not waste yourself upon them.*

60

11. *If to talk idly = at random, be necessary once.*

12. See above, iv. 15. 32.

13. *Crowd of varlets, rabble.*

14. *Kind.*

15. See Walker, *Sh. Vers.*, p. 192.

70

16. *Shall, deform me into a condition that men abhor : see Cor., i. l. 172.*

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculéius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he has sent me for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my ¹⁷guard.

17. *Guardianship.*

Pro. So, Dolabella, 80
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? (*a*)

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick? 90

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little ¹⁸O, the earth.

18. *Orb.*

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm 100
¹⁹Crested the world; his voice was ²⁰propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and ²¹that to friends;
But when he meant to ²²quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his ²³delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his ²⁴livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were

19. Formed the crest of—as seen in coats of arms.

20. Endowed with qualities.

21. Such in speaking to—

22. Overawe.

23. His pleasures were not secret or selfish: see Sh.

Plut., p. 156, 192.

24. As his servants.

As ²⁵plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol.

Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature ²⁶wants stuff
To ²⁷vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine
An Antony, ²⁸were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol.

Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, ²⁹but I do feel,
By the rebound of ³⁰yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo.

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

130

Dol.

Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. (*b*) [*Flourish within.*

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo.

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

140

I must obey.

Cæs.

Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in ³¹our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo.

Sole sir o' the world,

110 25. Pieces of silver
money: Spanish,
plate.

26. Lacks, has not
materials.

27. Put in rivalry.

28. Were to set up
what nature has
actually produced.

29. See above, l. 32.

30. Your grief.

31. Bodily labour
and fatigue.

32. *Set forth, represent.*
33. *Spotless.*

I cannot ³²project mine own cause so well
To make it ³³clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

150

Cæs.

Cleopatra, know,

34. See *J. Cæs.*, III.
1. 38; *Cor.*, III. 2. 2.

We will ³⁴extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,—

Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

35. *Set aside.*

Antony's ³⁵course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

36. *I.e., on my g. purpose.*
37. *As free to go—*

If ³⁶thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

160

Cleo. And may, ³⁷through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord—

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for ³⁸Cleopatra.

38. *Your own benefit.*
39. *Summary: see*
40. *Plut.*, p. 235.

Cleo. This is the ³⁹brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;

41. *All except some*
p. 4.

⁴⁰Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

170

To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus. (c)

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo.

What have I kept back?

41. *I.e., 'the money, plate,' &c., which you have acknowledged.*

Sel. Enough to purchase ⁴¹what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo.

See, Cæsar! O, behold,

42. *My servants.*

How pomp is follow'd! ⁴²mine will now be yours;

180

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!

O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—

That—thou vouchsafing here to visit me,

190

Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so weak—that mine own servant should

⁴³Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his ⁴⁴envy ! ⁴⁵Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,

⁴⁶Immóment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet ⁴⁷modern friends withal ; and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation ; must I be ⁴⁸unfolded

200

⁴⁹With one that I have bred ! The gods ! it smites me

Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence ;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through th' ashes of my ⁵⁰chance : wert thou ⁵¹a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

⁵²Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

Cleo. Be't known that we, the greatest, are ⁵³misthought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,

We ⁵⁴answer others' ⁵⁵merits in our name,

Therefore are to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be't yours,

⁵⁶Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,

Cæsar's no merchant, to make ⁵⁷prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;

Make ⁵⁸not your thoughts your prison : no, dear queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you as

⁵⁹Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :

Our care and pity is so much upon you,

That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exit CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He ⁶⁰words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

43. Bundle up, increase.

44. Malice.

45. Suppose.

46. Of no moment : see Sh. Key. p. 57.

47. Common, ordinary.

48. Discovers, exposed.

49. By : see Cor., III. 1. 390.

50. Misfortune : see above, III. 10. 44 ;

Walker conj.

'change.'

51. Of a manly disposition.

52. Withdraw.

53. Misjudged.

54. Are made responsible for : see J. Cæs., III. 2. 84.

55. Deserv'd : 'and' omitted before

'are.'

56. Dispose of—

57. Estimation.

58. Be not a prisoner in imagination.

59. See above, 164 :

'feed,' &c., see above, 50, 61.

60. Cujus : Lat., 'dat verba.'

Be noble to myself : but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

61. *Die* : see *Cymb.*,
v. 5. 36.

Iras. ⁶¹ Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I've spoke already, and it is provided ;

62. *Order it to be
brought with all
speed* : on '*the h.*'
see *Abb.*, 92.

Go ⁶² put it to the haste.

230

Char. Madam, I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella !

63. *A matter of
sacred obligation* :
Latin use of word.
64. See above, 133 ;
and note (b).

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes ⁶³ religion to obey,

I tell you this : ⁶⁴ Cæsar through Syria

Intends his journey ; and, within three days,

You with your children will he send before :

Make your best use of this : I have perform'd

240

Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown

In Rome, as well as I : ⁶⁵ mechanic slaves,

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

250

Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* :—saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and ⁶⁶ scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune ; the ⁶⁷ quick comedians

Extemporally will ⁶⁸ stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

260

Some squeaking *Cleopatra* ⁶⁹ boy my greatness.

65. *Scurry.*

67. *Sprightly* : see
J. Cæs., i. 3. 302.

68. *Exhibit us on a
stage.*

69. Verb. Female
characters then
acted by boys.

Iras. *O, the good gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, but that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are ⁷⁰stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. ⁷¹Why, that's the way
To ⁷²fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most ⁷³absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!— 270

⁷⁴Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for ⁷⁵Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—⁷⁶sirrah Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this ⁷⁷chore, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs. 280

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*

⁷⁸What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's ⁷⁹plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble-constant; now the ⁸⁰fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter one of the Guard, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. ⁸¹Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.* 290
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
⁸²immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died ⁸³on't?

70. And so will
scratch them out
to prevent my
singing.
71. Here in sense of
'good.'
72. A fool, deceiver.
73. As they will
then appear.

74. Dress me out.

75. See II. 2. 228.

76. See above, IV.
15. 99.

77. See above, IV.
15. 90.

78. How: Abb., 85.

79. Plac'd.

80. Inconstant.

81. See Cor., IV. 5.
30.

82. For mortal: see
above, I. 2. 140.

83. On = of: see
J. Cæsa., I. 3. 144.

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something give to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most ⁸⁴fallible, the worm's an odd worm. 304

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do ⁸⁵his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell. 310

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is ⁸⁶a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same mischievous devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five. 323

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, ⁸⁷forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—

⁸⁸Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the ⁸⁹gods give men

330

84. *Infallible.*

85. *What is natural*
to it: comp. J.
Cms., II. 1. 33.

86. Comp. above,
III. 13. 142.

87. Here a term of
honest assevera-
tion: see Sch.
'Lex.'

88. See above, II. 2.
253.

89. A genuine
heathen sentiment:
see Herod., III. 40;
R. and Sh., p. 114.

T' excuse their after wrath :—husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I'm fire and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you ⁹⁰done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Irás, long farewell.

90. *I.e., dressing me.*

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.* (d)]

Have I the ⁹¹aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's ⁹²pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

340

91. *Asp, venomous snake.*

92. See above, l. 5, 33.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say
 The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo

This proves me base :

If she first meet the ⁹³curlèd Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, ⁹⁴mortal wretch, 350

93. *Curly-headed.*

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*

94. See above, l. 2, 140.

With thy sharp teeth this knot ⁹⁵intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
⁹⁶Unpolicied !

95. *Intricate, entangled.*

96. *Devoid of policy.*

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo.

Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char.

O, ⁹⁷break ! O, break !

360

97. *I.e., my heart.*

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

⁹⁸What should I stay in this vile world ?

[*Dies.*

98. *Why? Abb., 253.*

Char.

Farewell !—

Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd. ⁹⁹Downy windows, close ;
 And golden Phoebus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal !—Your crown's awry ;
 I'll mend it, and then ¹⁰⁰play.

99. She closes Cl.'s eyes.

100. See above, 276.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen? 370

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. [*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here!—Charmian, ¹⁰¹is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.* 380

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

102. *Are realised.*

¹⁰²Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Brav'st at the last, 390

She ¹⁰³levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

400

101. See Sh. Plut.,
p. 227.

103. *Atmed,*
guessed: see Hor.
l. Od. xxxvii. 30.

Cæs.

O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong ¹⁰⁴toil of grace.

Dol.

Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something ¹⁰⁵blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's ¹⁰⁶trail: and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic leaves
Upon the ¹⁰⁷caves of Nile.

Cæs.

Most probable

That so she died; for her ¹⁰⁸physician tells me
She hath ¹⁰⁹pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall ¹¹⁰clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

¹¹¹Strike those that make them; and their story is

¹¹²In pity no less than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

104. *Net, snare*:
see *J. Cæs.*, II. I.
216.

105. *Swollen*: see
above, 70; *Sh.*
Plut., p. 228.

106. *Trace*.

107. *Caverns on the
banks*.

108. *Named Olym-
pus*: see *Sh. Plut.*,
p. 225.

109. *Tried experi-
ments*.

420 110. See above, IV.
8. 8.

111. *Affect deeply*.

112. *By the pity it
excites no less me-
morable than his
gl. who—*

[*Exeunt.*



NOTES ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*

(a) Demetrius had been one of Cassius's men, but after the battle of Philippi went over to Antony. See 'Sh. Plut.,' Life of Brutus, p. 104.

Scene 2.

(a) Labienus had been a follower of Brutus. The passage of Plutarch which Shakspeare had there in view is as follows: "The second news as bad as the first; that Labienus conquered [was conquering] all Asia [i.e., Proconsular Asia] with the army of the Parthians, and from Syria unto the country of Ionia and Lydia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 178; see also p. 176 and p. 181.

(b) See Mrs Jameson, p. 286. "The pungent irony of Enobarbus has well exposed [in this and the following speech] the feminine arts of Cleopatra."

Scene 3.

(a) "This is, indeed, most 'excellent dissembling,' but when she [Cleopatra] has fooled and chafed the Herculean Roman to the verge of danger, then comes that return of tenderness which secures the power she has tried to the utmost, and we have all the elegant, the poetical Cleopatra in her beautiful farewell."—Mrs JAMESON, p. 289.

Scene 4.

(a) I am inclined to think there is a reference here to the meaning of Cain's name, "a man gotten from the Lord," at his mother's

wish. See Gen. iv. 1 and margin. Comp. the use of the word "primal" in *Hamlet*, iii. 3 ; also with reference to Cain :

" It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder !"

The commentators, so far as I have seen, offer no explanation.

Scene 5.

(a) The first folio, followed by Grant White, has a full stop here. What the modern editions—Variorum, Dyce, Leopold, Globe, &c.—mean by substituting a mark of interrogation, I do not understand. Ayscough alone has !, which I have followed.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*

(a) Instead of "twain," the reading of former editions from the first folio downwards, I venture to print "twain's;" though I do not think it impossible that Shakspeare wrote the former, and still less do I doubt that he might have corrected it afterwards, if he had had the opportunity.

Scene 2.

(a) "This by-play of the two principals [Antony and Octavius] in the approaching interview, each speaking apart with his respective adherents, well marks their assumed indifference, their real displeasure, and their deferring as long as possible the moment of mutual salutation."—*'Shakspeare Key,'* p. 92. "The scene of Antony's conference with Octavius is excellently managed. It is a counterpart to the meeting of Brutus and Cassius in their quarrel. We there have the conversation between two friends, who are indeed divided by difference of disposition, but only temporarily by temper and misunderstanding ; here we have another conference between cold and adverse diplomatists, who are for ever divided by a deep diversity of nature ; and one of whom is oppressed, to his own evil consciousness, by the superiority of the other. Plutarch's declaration that Antony's genius always bowed to that of Octavius [see below, scene 3] could not be evidenced more finely than it is here."—*GERVINUS*, p. 733, sq. "The interview between Antony and Cæsar is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar, the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune and yet, apparently, so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony : all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least 500 lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or elevation of the voice.

It is solid business throughout. Antony, we might think, was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion."—C. KNIGHT'S 'Studies,' p. 421. On Ventidius, see 'Sh. Plut.,' pp. 180, 182. On Mecænas and Agrippa, *ibid.*, p. 183.

(b) This has been noticed by M. Mason as "a strange instance of negligence and inattention in Shakspeare," because it appears further on in this scene (246) that Antony did not come to meet Cleopatra on board her barge, but remained in the market-place. But surely the words, "upon the River of Cydnus," may be extended to what afterwards took place on the banks of the river.

(c) This is only a poetical version of the words of Plutarch: "Some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes *that perfumed the warf's side*, pestered [crowded] with innumerable multitudes of people."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 175.

Scene 3.

(a) The passage of Plutarch referred to in the margin, appears to be almost conclusive in favour of Upton's emendation "afeard," and against the old reading, "a fear." Johnson, however, prefers the latter as "more poetical," and it is retained by Dyce, Globe, and Leopold. On the other hand, "afeard" is approved by Walker, and adopted by Hudson; who justly observes, in answer to those who defend the personification of Fear, and explain it as alluding to a personage so called in some of the old moralities, that the said personage was an *object* of Fear, not a subject; that is, *frightful*, not *fearful*; which latter is the sense required here. It is not likely that Shakspeare, who in his youth must have been practically acquainted with the morality plays, would have fallen into this mistake.

Scene 5.

(a) "As illustrative of Cleopatra's disposition, perhaps the finest and most characteristic scene in the whole play is that in which the messenger arrives from Rome with the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia. She perceives at once with quickness that all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitement, and at length into fury, is wrought out with a force of truth which makes us recoil."—Mrs JAMESON, p. 292, where the whole scene is quoted and commented on.

Scene 6.

(a) When Pompey's house was put to sale, Antony bought it, but afterwards refused to pay for it. See 'Sh. Plut.,' p. 161 and p. 180.

Scene 7.

(a) "There is nothing more admirable than the historical symbolism of this banquet scene. First of all, the weak 'triple pillar' of the world, Lepidus, is carried off. They make him drink 'alms drink,' that is, the share of wine which one man drinks instead of another to relieve him. At the same time Antony and Enobarbus intoxicate their senses with wine, performing Egyptian bacchanals. . . . And, on the other side, Pompey trifles away his fortune in an [half] honest cheerful mood. Between them stands Octavius, observant, without interrupting the merriment. Even *he* splits his words, but his mind is clear, and his senses sober, and he moralises thus: 'Our graver business frowns at this levity.'"—GERVINUS, p. 745. "A most excellent scene, and one even more thoroughly Shakspearian perhaps than the passages most celebrated for beauty in his plays, since in this particular kind of humorous presentation he is not only unrivalled, but has neither follower nor forerunner. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;' what more amazing or more grotesque commentary on this philosophical truth, which lies at the basis of the spirit of humour, could be found than this scene?"—PAUL STAFFER, p. 417; see also p. 413.

(b) "Very characteristically and very humorously has Shakspeare denoted various samples of intoxication. . . . Lastly, there is Lepidus, with solemn pomposity showing off his desire for information on the subject of crocodiles and pyramids; Octavius Caesar, anxious to preserve his wonted coolness and phlegm; Pompey waxing affectionately magnanimous about his 'father's house'; Enobarbus flushed and prompted to dance; and only the seasoned Antony remaining unaffected by the rousing orgy."—'Shakspeare Key,' p. 102.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "The scene in the third act, in which Ventidius returns from an expedition against the Parthians, is not only entirely superfluous, but also wholly devoid of any interest whatever."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 424. The Parthian expedition, as conducted first by Ventidius and afterwards by Antony himself, to avenge the defeat and death of Cassius—one of the worst disasters that ever befel the Roman arms—occupies a large space in Plutarch's life; and Shak-

speare may have caught from Virgil, and still more from Horace, something of the interest with which they refer to the peculiar warfare of the Parthians, and to the ultimate recovery by Augustus of the Roman standards which Crassus had lost, more frequently perhaps than to any other event of contemporaneous history. The epithet "darting Parthia," in allusion to the practice of casting their arrows against an enemy in counterfeited retreat, is a proof of this. See reference in margin. The passage of Young's "Night Thoughts," which alludes to the same practice, is well known :

" Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile,
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him, as they fly."

Scene 2.

(a) "It must be understood that in this dialogue the speakers are travestying the flights of Lepidus in praise of his colleagues."—HUDSON.

(b)

" The April's in her eyes ; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on."

The ballad of "William and Margaret," which was composed by David Malloch, a Perthshire poet, in the early part of the last century, and had the honour of being translated into Latin elegiacs by Vincent Bourne, furnishes a beautiful parallel to the above lines,—

" Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud."

" Vultus erat qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies."

In 1728 Malloch, who had then changed his name to Mallet, published a poem called the "Excursion," to which Wordsworth was probably indebted for the name given to the portion of "The Recluse" so called ; and eventually he became notorious as the London bookseller employed by Bolingbroke to publish his posthumous works.

Scene 3.

(a) I have ventured to alter the common text here, "Go to, go to," into "Go to him, go," because the former, which is "a phrase of exhortation or reproof" (Schm. 'Lex.'), does not appear to give the meaning here required ; unless indeed we can suppose it to signify—"Don't tell me of his being afeard. I insist upon seeing him ;" which puts at least an awkward strain upon the words.

(b) "The man [see above, ii. 5. 122] is afterwards brought back, almost by force, to satisfy Cleopatra's jealous anxiety by a description of Octavia; but this time, made wise by experience, he takes care to adapt his information to the humours of his imperious mistress, and gives her a satirical picture of her rival. The scene which follows, in which Cleopatra—artful, acute, and penetrating as she is—becomes the dupe of her feminine spite and jealousy, nay assists in duping herself, and after having cuffed the messenger for telling her truths which are offensive, rewards him for the falsehood which flatters her weakness, is not only an admirable exhibition of character, but a fine moral lesson."—Mrs JAMESON, p. 296, *sq.*

(c) "Do we not fancy Cleopatra drawing herself up with all the vain consciousness of rank and beauty as she pronounces that line? and is not this the very woman who celebrated her own apotheosis, who arrayed herself in the robe and diadem of the goddess Isis, and could find no titles magnificent enough for her children but those of *the Sun* and *the Moon*."—Mrs JAMESON, *ibid.* See 'Sh. Plut.,' p. 202 and p. 184.

Scene 4.

(a) Gervinus points out that from this scene we are to trace the downfall of Antony. "He picks a quarrel with Octavius; he sends his sister, whose heart is painfully divided between husband and brother, coldly and heartlessly [from Athens back] to Rome: deludes her with intentional falsehood, and dismisses her with the venomous words, 'Let your best love draw to that point which seeks best to preserve it,'—not to him therefore, who, as soon as she has left him, hastens back to Egypt."—P. 735.

Scene 6.

(a) Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, *The False One*, turns upon the intercourse of Cleopatra with Julius Cæsar. But the Prologue of that play, as Seward points out, utterly disclaims any competition with Shakspeare either in his *Julius Cæsar* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, truly asserting that though the personages are the same with those that are introduced into those plays, the situations of those personages that furnish the subject of *The False One* are totally different.

Scene 7.

(a) Dyce and other editors, including even those of the Globe, and Hudson, all following the carelessness of the first folio, point this without a comma after Photinus, and so leave the reader to

suppose that he is the eunuch ; whereas there can be no doubt that Mardian is intended ; as appears plain both in Plutarch's Greek, and in North's translation. The Leopold edition prints the line correctly.

(b) No good or certain sense having been extracted out of the words—

“ His whole action grows
Not in the power on't ”—

I have thought it better to omit them. Their absence will not be felt, except as a relief to the perplexity of the reader. The phrase in Plutarch which they seem intended to represent is : “ He was not his own man ”—p. 212.

Scene 10.

(a) “ The disaster at Actium occasions a violent outburst of grief and despair from the brave warrior [Enobarbus] whose lamentations and woe, and those of the other officers of Antony's army, recall the last pages of Æschylus's sublime tragedy of the *Persæ* [on the overthrow of Xerxes in the battle of Salamis]. ”—PAUL STAPFER, p. 420, *sq.*

Scene 11.

(a) Plutarch relates that, after the flight, Antony, while still on board his ship, “ sat down, speaking never a word, as he did before, and so lived three days alone without speaking to any man. But when he arrived at the head of Tænarus, there Cleopatra's women brought Antonius and Cleopatra to speak together. ”—‘ Sh. Plut.,’ p. 213.

Scene 13.

(a) The common text there is—

“ he being
The mered question. ”

There is no authority for the word ‘ mered,’ and Johnson remarks that ‘ the mered question ’ is a term he does not understand. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare may have coined the word ‘ mered,’ but it is more probable that the text is corrupt. I have therefore altered it so as to be intelligible.

(b) “ After his victory at Actium, Octavius endeavours to lure Cleopatra away from Antony, and sends a messenger who is most graciously received by the consummate actress, and whom she charges with a submissive message to Octavius. She gives him her

hand to kiss, and as he is pressing it to his lips Antony enters. A most violent scene ensues between the exasperated lover and the frightened queen. Twice in the play such scenes occur. A guilty love like theirs would be no continual idyl, and sin must inevitably bear its bitter fruits. Antony is superb in his rage, which is like the rage of Jupiter the Thunderer. Cleopatra bows her head and recognises her master. He forgives her, speaks again of fighting and of conquering, and the two hearts are completely reconciled, until a fresh act of treachery or cowardice on her part [see act iv. sc. 12] causes so terrible an explosion of anger from Antony that she rushes away, and shuts herself up with her women in her monument, and sends word to Antony that she is dead."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 406. See also Gervinus, p. 738.

(c) The change which I have ventured to make in this line, by reading "drown" for "drop" (i.e., make drop), is supported by what the same Antony says in iv. 2. 56,—

"Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration."

Mr Lettsom suspects that "drop" is a misprint for "dark"—i.e., darken. With the sentiment of these lines compare the striking passage of Persius, iii. 32-34 :

"Sed stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
Pingue ; caret culpâ ; nescit quid perdat, et alto
Demersus, summâ rursùm non bullit in undâ."

(d) The passage here omitted is as follows in the first folio :

"The next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey."

Editors have agreed to alter "Cæsarian smile" into "Cæsarion smite," which must be understood, I suppose, to refer to another child by Antony yet unborn, and whom she calls "Cæsarion" in a spirit of flattery, that being the name given to the son she had by Julius Cæsar [see above, sc. 6. 6] ; and to alter "discandering" into "discandying," which means melting out of a *candied*, that is *solid* state, and is used below, iv. 12. 24. There is little or nothing to be said against either alteration ; but the uncertainty of the text may well give occasion for the omission, which few readers, I be-

lieve, will be inclined to regret. At the same time it would be unfair to Cleopatra not to give her the benefit of the remark which Mrs Jameson has (not, however, without demur from Mr Courtenay, vol. ii. p. 274, note) founded upon it. She sees in it a proof of "that passionate maternal tenderness which was a strong and redeeming feature in Cleopatra's historical character; . . . for when she is imprecating mischiefs on herself, she wishes as the last and worst of possible evils that 'thunder may smite Cæsarion.'"—P. 300. Surely the small word (but of great meaning) "next" ought not to have been left out. What she goes on to say of Cleopatra's character may, I think, be accepted as substantially just. "In Cleopatra the passion [of love] is of a mixed nature, made up of real attachment combined with the love of pleasure, the love of power, and the love of self. Not only is the character most complicated, but no one sentiment could have existed pure and unvarying in such a mind as hers. . . . Yet in the midst of all her caprices, follies, and even vices, womanly feeling is still predominant in Cleopatra, and the change which takes place in her deportment, when their evil fortune darkens round them, is as beautiful and interesting in itself, as it is striking and natural. Instead of the airy caprice and provoking petulance she displays in the first scenes, we have a mixture of tenderness, and artifice, and fear, and submissive blandishment."

ACT IV.—*Scene 15.*

(a) "History is followed closely in all the details of the catastrophe, and there is something wonderfully grand in the hurried march of events towards the conclusion. As disasters hem her round, Cleopatra gathers up her faculties to meet them, not with the calm fortitude of a great soul, but with the haughty tameless spirit of a wilful woman unused to reverse or contradiction. Her speech, after Antony has expired in her arms, I have always considered one of the most wonderful in Shakspeare."—Mrs JAMESON, p. 303.

ACT V.—*Scene 2.*

(a) "Dolabella's words serve to indicate the wild digression of Cleopatra's passionate regret."—'Shakspeare Key,' p. 101.

(b) "The language and conduct here attributed to Dolabella appear to be founded upon the following hint in Plutarch :—
"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one

of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides *did bear no ill will to Cleopatra*. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children."—'Sh. Plut.,' p. 226.

(c) "An amazing little incident, not invented by Shakspeare but to be found in Plutarch, exhibits the inherent falseness of her (Cleopatra's) nature with such frank impudence that it makes the reader smile, as it must have made Octavius himself smile. She gives up her gold and plate and jewels to Cæsar, protesting she has kept back nothing for herself, and calls upon Seleucus, her treasurer, to testify to the truth of what she says; but Seleucus is an honest-spoken man, and cannot conscientiously confirm her statements. This exasperates her to such a degree that even in Cæsar's sight, and appealing to Cæsar, she exclaims against the ingratitude and perfidy of her slave, beating him and ordering him off, because he would not serve her with a convenient little lie."—PAUL STAFFER, p. 407.

(d) "A modern stage direction."—DYCE. "Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm, while her mistress was settling her dress."—STEVENS.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

TO

PLAYS FOUNDED ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

IN the first published collection of the plays of Shakspeare—the folio of 1623—the following, named after Kings of England, are classed under the title of “Histories.” They appear in the chronological order of the kings and events represented, and have their place between the “comedies” and “tragedies.” As North’s Plutarch was the source from which Shakspeare derived the materials for his Roman plays, so the Chronicles of Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c., have been closely followed by him, not only in the transactions, but sometimes also in the expressions throughout the plays founded on English history; and it was the work of Holinshed, who servilely copies his predecessor Hall, that he generally had before him. See Malone’s notes, vol. xvii. p. 267, and p. 270: edit. 1821. Gervinus states: “He has essentially followed only one single authority, namely Holinshed’s “Chronicle,” which appeared, in two vols. folio, in 1577, and in an enlarged edition, in 1586-7.”—P. 250.

“The dramas derived from English history are ten in number—one of the most valuable works of Shakspeare, and partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly *one* of his works, for the poet has evidently intended them as parts of a great whole. It is as if were a historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies [or several books]. The

principal features of the events are exhibited with such fidelity, their causes and even their secret springs are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is intended as the vehicle of a much higher and much more general instruction; it affords examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of young princes; they may learn from it the inward dignity of their hereditary vocation; but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors, and crimes of kings for whole nations and many subsequent generations.

"Eight of these plays, from Richard II. to Richard III., are linked together in an uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history [1397-1485]. The events portrayed in them not only follow one another, but they are linked together in the closest and most exact manner; and the circle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II., does not end till the accession of Henry VII. to the throne. The negligent government of the first of these monarchs, and his injudicious behaviour towards his own relations, drew upon him the rebellion of Bolingbroke; his dethronement was, however, altogether unjust in point of form, and in no case could Bolingbroke be considered the true heir to the crown. This shrewd founder of the House of Lancaster never enjoyed, as Henry IV., the fruits of his usurpation in peace; his turbulent barons, who aided him in ascending the throne, never afterwards allowed him a moment's repose. On the other hand, he was jealous of the brilliant qualities of his son, and this distrust on his father's part, more than any real inclination on his own, induced the prince to give himself up to dissolute society that he might avoid every appearance of ambition. These two circumstances form the subject of the *two parts of Henry IV.* . . . When this warlike prince ascended the throne, under the name of Henry V., he was determined to assert his ambiguous title; he considered foreign conquests as the best means of guarding against internal disturbances; and this gave rise to the glorious, but more ruinous than profitable, war with France, which Shakspeare has celebrated in *K. Henry V.* The early death of this king, the long minority of

Henry VI., and his continual minority in the art of government, brought the greatest misfortunes on England. The dissensions among the Regents, and the wretched administration which was the consequence, occasioned the loss of the French conquests. This brought forward a bold candidate for the crown [Edward, Earl of March, son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York] whose title was indisputable, if the prescription of three [successive] governments is not to be assumed as conferring validity on a usurpation. Such was the origin of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, which desolated the kingdom for a number of years, and ended with the victory of the House of York. All this Shakspeare (?) has represented in the *three parts of Henry VI.* Edward IV. shortened his life by excesses, and did not long enjoy the throne purchased at the expense of so many cruel deeds. After his death his brother, who had had a great share in the elevation of the House of York, was not contented with the Regency, and his ambition paved a way for him to the throne by treachery and violence: but his gloomy tyranny made him the object of the people's hatred, and at length drew on him the destruction which he merited. He was conquered by a descendant of the royal house who was unstained by the civil wars [Henry, Earl of Richmond], and what might seem defective in his title was atoned for by the merit of freeing his country from a monster. With the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne, a new epoch of English history begins.

"Such is the evident connection of these eight plays with each other; they were not, however, composed in chronological order. According to all appearance the four last were first written. . . . The two other historical plays are chronologically separated from this series. King John reigned nearly two centuries before Richard II. [1165-1216]; and between Richard III. and Henry VIII. comes the long reign of Henry VII. [1456-1509], which Shakspeare justly passed over as susceptible of no dramatic interest. However, these two plays, *K. John* and *Henry VIII.*, may in some measure be considered as the prologue and the epilogue to the other eight."—SCHLEGEL, 'Lectures,' vol. ii. pp. 217-222.

The high testimony given above by Schlegel to the historical fidelity of our poet in these plays is, to a great extent, confirmed by Hallam, a competent judge, who writes: "He [Shakspeare] followed historical truth with considerable exactness; and in some of his plays, as in that of *Richard II.*, and generally in *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*, he has admitted no imaginary personages" (vol. ii. p. 394); and also by Lord Campbell, with still greater emphasis:

"Shakspeare in his historical plays, though very careless about dates (even with respect to events that had happened shortly before his own time—*e.g.*, the play of *K. Henry VIII.* abounds with anachronisms, p. 133), is *scrupulously accurate about facts*, and never introduces any that do not rest upon what he considered good authority; insomuch that our notions of the Plantagenet reigns are drawn from him rather than from Holinshed, Rapin, or Hume."—"Lives of the Chief Justices," vol. i. p. 130.

On the other hand, Courtenay, of whose well-meant and painstaking work full use has been made in the notes to be found in the following pages, devotes himself to pointing out instances which compel us to form a less favourable estimate of these plays from a historical point of view; so that upon the whole his opinion is pronounced as follows: "Either he [Shakspeare] or his more ancient author has taken such liberties with facts and dates, and his omissions are so important, as to make the pieces, however admirable as a drama, quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction [in history] to the English youth."—Pref., p. viii. And Gervinus, though he speaks in the highest terms of the national and political importance of these plays, yet expresses his dissent from *Schlegel's words* as quoted above (*viz.*, that "the truth of history may be learned from Shakspeare's histories"), and he adds as a reason: "The exact features of history, and the true motives of actions, are to be learned thoroughly only from the most conscientious comparison and examination of all possible contemporaneous sources. But Shakspeare was far from taking upon himself the business of the historian, and he has acted wisely."—P. 252. Nevertheless, if Coleridge's information may be trusted, the famous Duke of Marlborough was not ashamed to confess that his principal acquaintance with English history was derived from Shakspeare's plays. See "Notes," p. 123.

The present editor will have failed in one main object of his undertaking, if in this edition every historical error of importance is not pointed out, and sufficiently corrected, in the remarks which he has supplied with that intent. Meanwhile, he accepts and commends to his readers the remarks of Mr Hudson, which coincide, in the main, with the judgment of Schlegel, Hallam, and Lord Campbell: "The further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to recognise the substantial justness of Shakspeare's representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is commonly in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy, and the

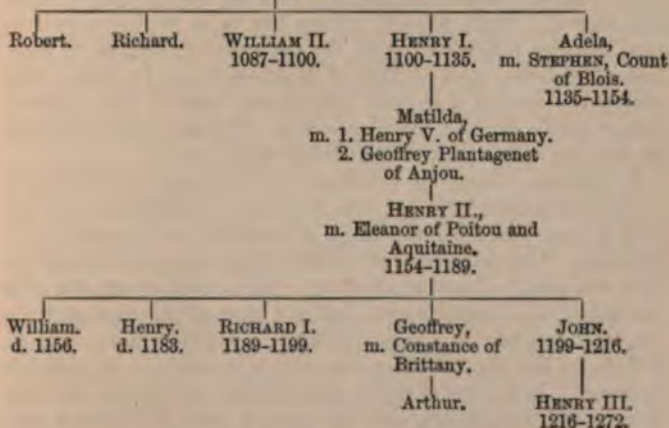
result is in most cases favourable to right conceptions. . . . When he deviates most from all the authorities known to have been consulted by him, there is a large, wise propriety in his deviations, such as might well prompt the conjecture of his having written from some traditionary matter which the historians had failed to chronicle. And indeed some of those deviations have been remarkably verified by the researches of later times ; as if the poet had exercised a sort of prophetic power in his dramatic retrospections."—Vol. ii. p. 5, *sq.*



INTRODUCTION TO KING JOHN.

Genealogy of Kings from the Conquest to King John.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
1066-1087.



1. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—There is an old play, in two parts, entitled "The Troublesome Reign of King John, with the discovery of King Richard Cœur-de-lion's base son (vulgarly named the Bastard Falconbridge); also the death of King John at Swinstead Abbey," first printed in 1591 (just when Shakspeare had begun to write for the stage), which in its second edition, 1611, bore the initials W. Sh., and in a third, 1622, six years after his death, assumed our

poet's name in full. It was reprinted by Stevens in 1766, and again by Nicholls in 1779, and quite recently in Hazlett's *Shakspeare's Library*, second edition, 1875, part ii. vol. i. pp. 224-330. It is not probable (though the contrary has been maintained, especially by German critics) that Shakspeare had anything to do with the authorship of this crude performance (which was itself partially indebted to a still earlier dramatic attempt, entitled "*King Johan*," by Bishop Bale), but as it had taken possession of the stage, he was content to avail himself largely of the incidents and characters it supplied; which led him unhappily to deviate from historical truth more than probably he would have done, had he depended mainly upon his Holinshed, and other chronicles, and more than he has done in any of his other "*Historics*." See Hudson, vol. ii. pp. 10, 13. These deviations are pointed out in the notes to this edition. At the same time it is well that the reader should bear in mind, as applicable in this and other instances, the following remarks of Mr Courtenay: "*What we call the Chronicles (such as Holinshed's) were for the most part written long after the events related, and are less to be depended on than even modern historians. And the same remark applies to more ancient histories, such as that of Matthew Paris, though it may perhaps be averred that such histories are founded upon contemporary annals kept in the monasteries. Contemporary historians we have for only a part of King John's time.*"—P. 12.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—"*The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters.*"—JOHNSON. "*Its merits consist chiefly in the scenes as distinguished from the plot.*"—COURTENAY, p. 33. "*As a work of art the play has indeed considerable merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may be easily overstated.*"—HUDSON, p. 8. "*There is little in the play of King John which strengthens or gladdens the heart. In the tug of selfish power hither and thither, amid the struggle of kingly greeds, amid the sales of cities, the loveless marriage of princes, the rumours and confusion of the people, a pathetic beauty illumines the boyish figure of Arthur, so gracious, so passive, untouched by the adult rapacities and crimes of the others.*"—DOWDEN, p. 172. "*King John and Richard II. have the common characteristic of containing very inferior dramatic work side by side with work of a high and difficult kind. The chief point of difference in respect to form is that Richard II. contains a much larger proportion of rhymed verse, and, on the whole, we shall*

perhaps not err in regarding *Richard II.* as the earlier of the two."—*'Primer,'* p. 90, *sq.*, which gives 1594 as the date for the latter, and 1595 for the former.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED.—"Throughout this play Shakspeare has softened for the better the traits of the principal political characters, and has much obliterated the bad. His John, his Constance, his Arthur, his Philip Augustus, even his Elinor, are better people than they are found in history."—GERVINUS, p. 356.

(a) KING JOHN.—"Notwithstanding the command to put Arthur to death, the character of John is not brought out by the dramatist in the singularly odious light in which all modern historians have taught us to view it; still there is nothing inconsistent either with nature or with history. Possibly a tradition from the revolting barons, and the writings of ecclesiastics, who have the great advantage of recording the deeds of their enemy, may have exaggerated the faults of this unfortunate king."—COURTENAY, p. 33. "In *King John* the hour of utmost ebb in the national life of England is investigated by the imagination of the poet. The king reigns neither by warrant of a just title, nor, like Bolingbroke, by the warrant of the right of the strongest. He knows that his house is founded upon the sand; he knows that he has no justice of God, and no virtue of man on which to rely. Therefore he assumes an air of authority and regal grandeur. But within all is rottenness and shame."—DOWDEN, p. 169. King John was twice married; first to Hawisa, heiress of the family of Gloucester, from whom he was divorced in 1200, the year after he came to the throne, in order to marry Isabella of Angoulême, by whom he had two sons, the elder of whom succeeded him as Henry III., and three daughters. There is no allusion to either wife in the play. "We need not ask whether poison, excess, or vexation hastened John's death. He was the very worst of all our kings: a man whom no oaths could bind, no pressure of conscience, no consideration of policy, restrain from evil; a faithless son, a treacherous brother, an ungrateful master; to his people a hated tyrant. Polluted by every crime that could disgrace a man, false to every obligation that could bind a king, he had lost half his inheritance by sloth, and ruined and desolated the rest. Not devoid of natural ability, craft, or energy, with his full share of the personal valour and accomplishments of his house, he yet failed in every design he undertook, and had to bear humiliations, which, although not without parallel, never fell on one who deserved them more thoroughly, or received less sympathy under them. In the whole view

there is no redeeming trait."—STUBBS, ii. 17. For a character of King John and the manners of the time see Sir W. Scott's '*Ivanhoe*,' chap. viii. and *passim*. Also Hook's '*Lives*,' vol. ii. pp. 687, *sq.* 731.

(b) PHILIP, afterwards SIR RICHARD, FALCONBRIDGE.—"This character contains that mixture of greatness and levity which our author delighted to exhibit."—JOHNSON. Philip Falconbridge appears in *Holinshed* as the natural son of Richard I., and as taking mortal vengeance upon the Viscount Limoges for his father's death. He figures more at length in the old play, but the character as drawn by Shakspeare is mainly our poet's own creation. As Gervinus says, "The older play furnished the die for the character. Shakspeare fashioned it into a true work of art."—P. 367. Professor Reed speaks of him as "certainly the noblest person in the play," p. 86; and Dowden, in his '*Primer*,' p. 91, as "the typical Englishman, with his courage, his tenderness, his frankness, his contempt for unreality and affectation, his national pride;" and, I may add, not least, with his loyalty, so sorely tried, to the king, his uncle. The blemishes of his character are precisely those which the defect of his birth, as illegitimate, and consequently the want of domestic training and education, would entail upon him.

(c) CONSTANCE.—"Malone corrects Shakspeare, who lets Constance style herself a widow (iii. 1. 14, see also ii. 1. 32 and iii. 1. 110), and says that she was at this time married to her third husband [Guido, brother to the Viscount of Thouars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester]. There certainly was a period at which she was *husbandless*, but the dates are far beyond correction. The third husband, when a widower, allied himself with the supposed murderer of his step-son."—COURTENAY, p. 22. At p. 33 he adds: "The character of Constance, though founded upon reality, is not the less poetical. Mrs Jameson is a little too enthusiastic about the historical princess; but her highly wrought notice of Shakspeare's Constance is exceedingly attractive." The following are extracts from Mrs Jameson's critique: "The scenes and circumstances with which Shakspeare has surrounded Constance are strictly faithful to the old chronicles, and are as vividly as they are accurately portrayed. On the other hand, the hints on which the character has been constructed are few and vague; but the portrait harmonises so wonderfully with the historic background, and with all that later researches have discovered relative to her personal adventures, that I have not the slightest doubt of its individual truth. . . . Constance of Bretagne was the only daughter and heiress of Conan IV., Duke of Bretagne; her mother

was Margaret of Scotland, eldest daughter of Malcolm IV. [great-grandson of Malcolm III., the husband of "Saint Margaret"]. She was born in 1164. . . . Henry II., by contracting her in marriage to his third [? fourth] son, Geoffrey Plantagenet, insured, as he thought, the possession of the Duchy of Bretagne to his own posterity. . . . The nuptials were formally celebrated in 1182, Constance being then in her 19th year. About three years afterwards Geoffrey met his death by a fall from his horse in a tournament at Paris; and a few months later Constance gave birth to her son, Arthur." For the details which follow the reader must consult Mrs Jameson's own volume (pp. 334, *sqq.*), in which the circumstances of the forced and unhappy marriage of Constance with Randal de Blondville, Earl of Chester, and how, after much cruel treatment, she divorced herself from him in 1199, and, under a dispensation from the Pope (Holinshed, p. 278), gave her hand to Guy, Count of Thouars, are fully told. "Arthur was now fourteen, and the legitimate heir of all the dominions of his uncle Richard. His mother placed him under the guardianship of the King of France, who knighted the young prince with his own hand, and solemnly swore to defend his rights against his (?) usurping uncle, John. It is at this moment that the play of *King John* opens, and history is followed as closely as the dramatic form would allow to the death of John. The real fate of poor Arthur, after he had been abandoned by the French, and had fallen into the hands of his uncle, is now (?) ascertained; but according to the Chronicle [rather, the old play; Holinshed, p. 286, is doubtful as to the direct cause of his death] from which Shakspeare drew his materials, he was killed in attempting to escape from the Castle of Falaise. Constance did not live to witness this consummation of her calamities; within a few months after Arthur was taken prisoner, she died suddenly, before she had attained her 39th year. Whenever we think of Constance, it is in her maternal character. All the interest which she excites turns upon her situation as the mother of Arthur. . . . That which strikes us as her principal attribute is *power*—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so *exquisitely feminine*. . . . The sole deviation

from history which may be considered as essentially interfering with the truth of the situation is the entire omission of the character of Guy de Thouars [omitted also in the old play]; so that Constance is incorrectly represented as in a state of widowhood, when, in point of fact, she was married. It may be observed that her marriage took place just at the period of the opening of the drama, that Guy de Thouars played no conspicuous part in the affairs of Bretagne till after the death of Constance, and that the mere presence of this personage, altogether superfluous in the action, would have completely destroyed the dramatic interest of the situation: and what a situation! One more magnificent was never placed before the mind's eye than that of Constance when, deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid her false friends and her ruthless enemies."

(d) "ELINOR OF GUIENNE and BLANCHE OF CASTILE, who form part of the group around Constance, are sketches merely, but they are strictly historical portraits, and full of truth and spirit. At the period when Shakspeare has brought these three women on the scene together, ELINOR of Guienne, the daughter of the last Duke of Guienne and Aquitaine, and, like Constance, the heiress of a sovereign duchy [first married to Louis VII. of France, and then to Henry II. of England], was near the close of her long, various, and unquiet life; she was nearly 70 [? 80,—see Stubbs, 'Const. Hist.,' i. 517]. . . . Her personal and avowed hatred for Constance, together with its motives, are mentioned by the old historians. Holinshed expressly says [vol. ii. p. 274] that Queen Elinor was mightily set against her grandson Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy, conceived against his mother, than by any fault of the young prince, for that she knew and dreaded the high spirit of the Lady Constance. . . . She preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children. . . . While intrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I., she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. . . . She died in 1203 [April 1, 1204], a few months after Constance." BLANCHE of Castile was the daughter of Alphonso IX. of Castile, and grand-daughter of Elinor [on the mother's side]. At the time she is introduced into the drama she was about 15, and her marriage with Louis VIII., then Dauphin, took place in the abrupt manner here represented. It is not often that political marriages have the same happy result. . . . Blanche during 40 years held in her hands the destinies of the

greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history."—Mrs JAMESON.

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—"The moral view and, I believe, a most just historic view, which Shakspeare gives us, is this—that, however the events are separated in time, all the after-misery of the reign of King John was the penal retribution for the murder of Arthur. In consequence of it, his continental dominions passed away from him to make up the splendid French monarchy of the Capets; and at home he struggled through a distracted reign, amid disloyal nobles and a discontented people, . . . to die a miserable and a suffering death; and the last words that fall upon his dying ear are the tidings of continued disaster. The spirit of Arthur is avenged."—Professor REED, pp. 73 and 77. That Elinor should make light, as she does, in act i. sc. 1, of the adultery of her son, K. Richard I., with Lady Falconbridge, was only too much in accordance with the low tone of the morality of the age, and also, it must be said, with her own earlier life and character. She had herself been faithless to her first husband. See Mrs Jameson, p. 359, note.

5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—The whole of King John's reign, 16 years, from accession in 1199 to 1216. "The interval of 14 years between the death of Arthur and the death of John is annihilated. . . . The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. . . . It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakspeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged."—C. KNIGHT, p. 207. "In forming a drama out of the historical events of the reign of King John, the poet had no choice but to use a large liberty with the actual succession of these events, separated as they were in point of time, and to create a dramatic unity, by which the beginning and the close of the reign should be morally connected."—Professor REED, p. 86.

From the following chronological sketch of the principal events of King John's reign the reader will be able to see at a glance what Shakspeare has omitted, and how he has foreshortened what he retains :—

Chronological Sketch.

1199. Richard I. having died in Germany, April 6th, his younger brother John, then *ætat* 34, succeeded.
- May 27th. John crowned at Westminster by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, seventeen archbishops and bishops being present; among them the good Hugh of Lincoln, and Roger, Bishop of St Andrews in Scotland. See Holinshed.
- Arthur having become Duke of Brittany in right of his mother, Constance, the Barons of Anjou, Maine, and Touraine declared in his favour, and applied to Philip II. (the French King and old rival of Richard I.) as their superior to assist them. John with an army goes over to oppose them.
1200. Marriage of Louis, the Dauphin, and Blanche of Castile, with concurrence of John, who returns to England.
1201. League with Philip, and friendly meeting at Paris. John having divorced his first wife Hawisa, marries Isabella of Angoulême.
1202. War renewed with Philip, who, notwithstanding the recent league, espouses Arthur's Continental claims. French defeated at Mirabeau. Arthur taken prisoner, and confined first at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen.
1203. Death of Arthur. Disaffection against John both on the Continent and in England.
1204. Victories of Philip. The whole of Normandy reunited to the Crown of France.
1205. Death of Archbishop Hubert. In the contentions over the election of a successor, Pope Innocent III. espoused the cause of Langton, and compelled the monks of Canterbury to accept him, 1207, in defiance of King John, who resisted the Pope's claim.
- 1208-9. Consequent interdict and excommunication of John. On this period see Dean Hook's 'Lives,' ii. 673, *seqq.*
1212. Pope absolves John's subjects from their allegiance, and calls upon King Philip to carry the sentence of deposition into effect.
1213. John, unable to trust his own subjects, exasperated by his misgovernment, submits to the Pope, does homage to the Pope's envoy, and agrees to hold his dominions as feuda-

tory of the Church of Rome. See Stubbs, i. 521, and Hooks 'Lives,' ii. 693.¹

1213. Philip, displeased at this result, refuses to relinquish, on the Pope's dictation, his enterprise against England. But his fleet was attacked and destroyed by the English under the Earl of Salisbury, an illegitimate son of Henry II.
- September 18. Peace concluded with Philip at Chinon.
- Confederacy of the English nobles for defence of their liberties, with the concurrence and support of Archbishop Langton, against King John, who appeals to the Pope to defend him.
1214. On John's giving security to the Pope for the annual payment of 12,000 marks till all claims should be satisfied, "the interdict by which the country had been insulted and annoyed for 6 years, 3 months, and 14 days," was solemnly revoked by the Pope's legate, Nicolas. See Hook's 'Lives,' ii. 708.
1215. Conference between the king and his barons at Runnymede near Windsor. MAGNA CHARTA (of which Archbishop Langton was the author) signed; but insincerely on the part of John, who induced the Pope, as feudal lord of the kingdom, to annul the charter, and aided by foreign forces, proceeded to make war against the barons. In their extremity they appeal to Philip, and promise, if he will protect them against John, to acknowledge Louis, the Dauphin, as their sovereign. On this policy of John, and of his barons, see Stubbs, ii. 6; Hook's 'Lives,' p. 693, *sq.*
1216. French army comes over to England, under Louis. John prepares for a great encounter; but passing along the coast from Lynn to Lincolnshire, lost all his treasure, baggage, &c., by an inundation. The disaster aggravated the sickness under which he was suffering, and he died at Newark, October 16, in the 49th year of his age and 18th of his reign.

The young king, Henry III., was hastily crowned, without

¹ Comp. p. 702, *sq.*, where it appears that the special legate who acted for the Pope on this occasion was not Pandulph, but Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum. "At Michaelmas, 1212 . . . John resigned his crown, and placing it in the legate's hands, received it back from him. But many months still elapsed before the removal of the interdict was accomplished." —(See Holinshed, p. 313.) Pandulph, for a time, acted under Nicolas.

unction or imposition of hands, at Gloucester, on October 28, the tenth day after his father's death. On May 17, 1220, he was again crowned by Archbishop Langton at Westminster Abbey. See Dean Stanley's 'Memorials,' p. 53, sq. "John's wife, Isabella, was interred at Fontverault, and his own heart was placed there in a golden cup; but he himself was laid at Worcester, for a singularly characteristic reason. With that union of superstition and profaneness so common in the religious belief of the middle ages, he was anxious to elude after death the demons whom he had so faithfully served in life. For this purpose he gave orders not only to wrap his body in a monk's cowl, but to bury it between two saints. The royal cathedral of Worcester, which John had specially favoured in life, possessed two Saxon saints in close juxtaposition; and between these two, Wulfstan and Oswald, the wicked king was laid."—Dean Stanley, *ibid.*, p. 112. According to Dean Hook, "John, though stained with vice, was not without talent. . . . It was fortunate for the country that to the last he possessed friends who by their talents and virtues secured the succession of the Crown to his son [Henry III.], and so preserved the dynasty of the Plantagenets."—'Lives,' vol. ii. p. 731.

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—First printed in the folio of 1623. It is divided into acts and scenes; but it gives as a second scene of act ii. what is now commonly printed as the first portion of the first scene of act iii. The list of persons represented was first added by Rowe. I have curtailed this play of a considerable portion of the first act. The parts omitted have not much to recommend them, and are obviously unsuitable for the purposes of this edition. The unseemly railing between Elinor, the queen-mother, and her daughter-in-law Constance, is also abridged, and the speeches of Philip Falconbridge (Sir Richard) here and there retrenched, without, however, injuring the general effect of the characters in either case. In short, all that has been removed is little better than *quis-quilia*, which serve only to impair the dignity of this noble play. The total number of lines, according to my method of numeration, is 2649. The lines omitted wholly or in part, exclusive of those expunged on the score of indelicacy, are 32.



KING JOHN

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his son ; afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son to Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother to King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, chief-justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGWORD, Earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Falconbridge.

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE,¹ his half-brother (natural son to King Richard the First), afterwards Sir Richard Plantagenet.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Falconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP [Augustus], King of France.

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL² PANDULPH, the Pope's legate [Archbp. of Milan], iii. 1. 141.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, widow of King Henry II. and mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.

LADY FALCONBRIDGE, wife of Sir Robert Falconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

¹ I have thought it better to withdraw the name of "bastard" throughout the play; for although, as Bp. Hurd has observed (Works, iii. 362; iv. 269), that name in former times was without reproach, and even "had in honour," it is not so now; and so he stands as "Philip" till he is knighted, in i. 1. 163, and afterwards "Richard," the name given to him in the text, iv. 3. 41; v. 3. 12, and elsewhere.

² "He was never a Cardinal [though so called, iii. 1. 141], and during the time of his executing the office of legate, he was not even in deacon's orders."—Hook's Lives of Archbishops, ii. 694; also p. 662.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

(*War declared against France.*)

SCENE I.—*Northampton.* (See Notes, iv. 2 (a).) *A room of state in the palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, Queen[-mother] ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would ¹France with us?

¹ The king of F.: see Ant., i. 3. 50.

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my ²behaviour, to the majesty—
The borrow'd majesty—of England here.

² The message I have now to deliver.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Main;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. (a)

10

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
T' enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment : so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have :—
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

30

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son ! have I not ever said
How that ambitious ³Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love ;
Which now the ⁴manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

3. Widow of Geof-
frey, K. John's
elder brother.

4. Measures taken
by.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. [*aside to K. John.*] Your strong possession much
more than your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP
his half-brother.*

What men are you ? 50

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,—

A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. And what art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,— 60
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.

Eli. [to *K. John.*] He hath a ⁵trick of Cœur-de-lion's face; 5. *Peculiar look:*
The accent of his tongue affecteth him: *'affecteth' = re-*
Do you not read some tokens of my son *sembles.*
In the large composition of this man?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your ⁶brother did employ my father much,— 6. *K. Richard I.*
And once dispatch'd him in an embassy 100
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak,—
But truth is truth: ^{*}And true it is, my father
Upon his death-bed did by will bequeath 110
His lands to me; and ⁷took it on his death
That this, my mother's son, was none of his.

Eli. [to *Phil.*] Whether hadst thou rather be a Falcon-
bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy ⁸presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, ⁹an if my brother had my shape, 140
And I had his—Sir Robert ⁹his—like him;
And if my legs were two such ¹⁰riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, (*b*)
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"
And, ¹¹to his shape, were heir to all this land,—
¹²Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face.

7. *He protested by the certainty of his death: see I K. Henr. 4, li. 4, 8, and v. 4, 151.*

*7. *The qualities of thy person.*

8. *See B. and Sh., p. 26.*

9. *I.e., Sir Robert's: see B. and Sh., p. 13.*

10. *Switzer, riding whigs.*

11. *In addition to, together with: Abb., 785.*

12. *I.e., if I do not speak the truth, when I say—*

- Eli.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 13 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? 11
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
- Phil.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 14 Madam, I'll follow you 14 unto the death.
 15 See B. and Sh.,
 p. 10.
- Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—
 Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eld'st son. 16
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose for
 thou bear'st:
 Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
 Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.
 Go, Falconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
 A 15 landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
 Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must speed
 For France, for France; for it is more than need. 17
Rich. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
 [Exeunt all except RICHARD]
- A foot of honour better than I was;
 But 16 many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any 17 Joan a lady:—
 18 "Good den, Sir Richard:"—19 "God-a-mercy, fellow;"—
 15 See Cor., II. 1.
 85.
 19. God have mercy.
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names,—
 'Tis too respective and too sociable
 For your 20 conversion. Now 21 your traveller,— 19
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
 And when my nightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
 My 22 pick'd man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
 "I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an 23 Abcee-book:—
 "O sir," says answer, "at your best command;
 At your employment; at your service, sir:"
 "No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:" 20
 And so, ere answer knows what question 24 would,—
 Saving in dialogue of compliment,
15. I.e., your
 brother by resign-
 ing his claims in
 your favour.
16. Abb., 87.
 17. Peasant girl.
 18. See Cor., II. 1.
 85.
 19. God have mercy.
20. Change for the
 better.
 21. Abb., 221.
22. Refined.
23. A Primer, Cate-
 chism: some add.
 read 'Abey.'
24. Means, intends.

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,—
 It ²⁵draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
 For he is but a ²⁶bastard to the time,
 That doth not ²⁷smack of observation,—
 (And so am I, whether I smack or no;)
 And not alone in ²⁸habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But ²⁹from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
³⁰Which though I would not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?
 What woman post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

25. *Supper time approaches: impersonal, Abb., 297.*

26. *Not true-born, ill fitted.*
 27. *Savour of knowledge gained by observing.*
 28. *Dress and its ornaments.*

29. *Smacks of obs., so as to bring forth from the mind.*
 30. *Habit of observation.*

210

220

Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY. (c)

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Rich. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

³¹Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

230

Rich. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Rich. Philip?—³²sparrow!—James,

³³There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

31. A Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick overcame.

32. Philip, a familiar name for a sparrow.
 33. Abb., 233.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

On Richard's appeal, Lady Falconbridge confesses her infidelity in the matter of his birth:—

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father: . . .
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my ³⁴dear offence.

260

34. *Costly; here grievous: see J. Cms., III. I. 217.*

ACT II.

(The storming of Angiers prevented by the politic marriage of Blanch and the Dauphin.)

SCENE I.—*France. Before the walls of Angiers. (a)*

Enter, on one side, PHILIP, king of France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Forces; on the other, the Archduke of Austria, (b) and Forces.

K. Phi. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

1. Ancestor: Rich.
Cœur-de-lion was
really his uncle.

Arthur, that great ¹forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, who ²robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,

2. Importance.

At our ²importance hither he has come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

10

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death

3. Nephew and
niece, Arthur and
Eleanor.

The rather that you give his ³offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

K. Phi. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;—

20

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,—
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure

4. Confidentially
secure from—

And ⁴confident from foreign purposes,—

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,

30

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The ⁵peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
swords

^{5.} *Blessing*,—in
contrast with 'war'
on earth.

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the ⁶plots of best advantages:

40 ^{6.} *Spots of ground.*

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

⁷But we will make it subject to this boy.

^{7.} *Rather than fail*
to us: see *Anl.*, v.
1. 33.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall ⁸repent each drop of blood

That hot rash haste so ⁹indirectly shed.

^{8.} See *K. Henr.* 5.
ll. 2. 153.

^{9.} *Mistakenly,*
wrongfully.

^{10.} See *J. Cas.*, ill.
2. 271.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady,—lo, ¹⁰upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd!

50

Enter CHATILLON.

What ¹¹England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

^{11.} *The king of*
England: 'coldly'
= *calmly*.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as ¹²I;

^{12.} *Was able to*
land.

His marches are ¹³expedient to this town,

60

^{13.} *Expeditions.*

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An ¹⁴Até, stirring him to blood and strife;

^{14.} See *J. Cas.*, ill.
1. 294.

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:

And all th' unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

15. See Cor., iv. 7.
25.
16. Comp. below,
450.

17. *Ships*.
18. See Walker, ii.
325; and comp.
*Acad., below, iv. 1.
61.
19. *Damage*.

With ladies' faces and fierce ¹⁵dragons' ¹⁶spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
To make a hazard of new fortunes here :
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English ¹⁷bottoms have ¹⁸waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and ¹⁹scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums within*
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome, then ; we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, RICHARD, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
20 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

20. See B. and Sh.,
p. 302.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return 90
From France to England, there to live in peace !
England we love ; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast ²¹under-wrought his lawful king.
Look ²²here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his : 100
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And ²²his is Geffrey's : in the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,

21. *Undermined* ;
'his' = *its*.
22. Pointing to
Arthur.

*22. I.e., whatever
was Geffrey's is
now his = Arthur's.

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which ²³owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

^{23.} Are the right owners of: see Ant., iv. 8. 24.

110

To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. ²⁴Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

^{24.} See Ant., iii. 10. 29.

K. Phi. Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

120

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent!

Aust. Peace!

Rich. Hear the ²⁵crier.

^{25.} Ordering 'peace,' 'silence.'

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Rich. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

²⁶An 'a may catch your hide and you alone:

^{26.} If he: Abb., 101. and 402.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks ²⁷dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

140

^{27.} Prov. Mortuo leont leporis insultant: hares leap, trample on, insult over, a dead lion: 'smoke' = curry, beat severely.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Rich. It lies as ²⁷sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

^{27.} Pleasing to the eye, becomingly.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—

150

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child ; go, child ; go to it' grandam, child ;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave :
I am not worth this ²⁸coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps !

Const. Now shame upon you, ²⁹whêr she does or no !
His ³⁰grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;

Ay, with these crystal ³¹beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy, thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.

Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;

The ³²canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. ³³Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That she's not only plaguèd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removèd issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd ; her sin his injury. (d)

Eli. Thou ³⁴unadvisèd scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son. (e)

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
A woman's will ; a ³⁵canker'd grandam's will !

28. *Snuff.*

29. *Whether :* see
Cor., iii. 1. 308.

30. *The wrongs
which she inflicts
on him.*

31. See J. Cms., iii.
1. 307.

32. See the Second
Commandment.

33. *Mad woman :*
see K. Henr. 5. v.
1. 17 ; 2 K. Henr. 6.
v. 1. 122, 123.

34. See above, 45.

35. *Infected ; hence
venomous, wicked.*

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate. 200
 It ill beseems ³⁶this presence to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
 Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

36. *Me to give encouragement.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath ³⁷warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

37. *Summoned: see J. Cas., v. 1. 5.*

K. John. England, for itself:—
 You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle ³⁸parle,— 211

38. *Parley.*

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are ³⁹advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamage:—

39. See *K. Henr. 5.*
 II. 2. 153.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
 All preparations for a bloody siege
 And merciless proceeding by these French
 Confront your city's eyes, your ⁴⁰winking gates;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,

220

40. *Shut.*

By the compulsion of their ⁴¹ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been ⁴²dishabited, and wide havoc made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

41. *Cannon: now spelt 'ordnance.'*

42. *Dislodged.*

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
 Who painfully, with much ⁴³expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—

230

43. See above, 60.

Behold, the French, ⁴⁴*amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a ⁴⁴faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust ⁴⁵accordingly, kind citizens,

*43. *Confounded.*

44. *Profitious, disloyal, deception.*
 45. I.e., distrust.

46. *Fatigued.*47. *Worn out*: 'for,'
prefix = privation,
injury: Abb., 441.48. *Spoken.*49. *In defence of.*50. *Grassy plains*:
see Walker, II. 348.51. *Is the right
owner*: see above,
100.52. *Unmolested re-
treat*: see Cor., I.
6. 3.53. See Ant., II. 6.
46.54. *Foolishly ne-
glect*: see Cor., II.
2. 156.55. *Fr. rondeur*,
circle.56. *I.e., in Arthur's
behalf, for whom.*

And let us in, your king; whose ⁴⁶labour'd spirits,

⁴⁷Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

240

K. Phi. When I have ⁴⁸said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:

⁴⁹For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these ⁵⁰greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you

250

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppress'd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that ⁵¹owes it, namely, this young prince:

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;

And with a blessed and ⁵²unvex'd retire,
With ⁵³unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruise'd,

260

We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.

But if you ⁵⁴fondly pass our proffer'd love,
'Tis not the ⁵⁵rondure of your old-fac'd walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.

Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In ⁵⁶that behalf which we have challeng'd it?

270

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time

Have we ⁵⁶ramm'd up our gates against the world.

^{56.} *Closed tightly.*

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses, 280
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,
To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,
Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you ⁵⁷compound whose right is worthiest, ^{57.} *Agree.*
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence, 290
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful ⁵⁸trial of our kingdom's king!

^{58.} *Combat to decide the question.*

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Rich. Saint George, that swinge'd the dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his ⁵⁹horse' back ⁶⁰at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—

^{59.} See Walker, *Sh. Vers.*, p. 253.
^{60.} S. George and the Dragon, common sign of an inn.

Aust. Peace! peace! I say,* no more. 300

Rich. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Rich. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To Louis*] and at the other
hill

Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c.*]

⁶¹ *After excursions, enter a French Herald, with trumpets,*
to the gates.

^{61.} In some editions
sc. 2. begins here.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, ⁶²by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French

^{62.} Form of adjuration: see Cor., iv.
5. 155.

310

Triumphantly display'd, (*f*) who are at hand,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach, 330
Commander of this hot ⁶³malicious day :
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the ⁶⁴dying slaughter of their foes : 330
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might be-
hold,

From first to last, the onset and ⁶⁵retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be ⁶⁶censured :
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power :
Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even.
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both. 340

*Re-enter, on one side, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, RICH-
ARD, Lords, and Forces ; on the other, King PHILIP,
LOUIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away !
Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy ⁶⁷confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

63. Full of hate.

64. Play on the word ; as below in 338.

65. See above, 330.

66. Estimated : see J. Cœs., iii. 2. 17.

67. The shores which confine thy land.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear, 350
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead,
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Rich. Ha, majesty! how high thy ⁶⁸glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth Death ⁶⁹line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, ⁷⁰mousing the flesh of men.
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?
⁷¹Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stainèd field,
 You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

First Cit. The king of England, when we know the
 king. 370

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater ⁷²power than ye denies all this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;

⁷³King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Rich. By heaven, these ⁷⁴scroyles of Angiers flout you,
 kings, 380

And stand ⁷⁵securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me:—

Do like the ⁷⁶mutines of Jerusalem, (j)

68. *Vaunting.*

69. *Fortify.*

70. *Mamocking,*
tearing in pieces, as
a cat does a mouse:
comp. Cor., II. I.
121, note (b).

71. See *J. Cæs.*, III.
 I. 296.

72. *Divine provid-*
ence, which has
given victory to
neither.

73. See *K. Henr.* 5.
 II. 4. 27.

74. *Scabby fellows.*

75. *Carelessly.*

76. *Factions, who*
combined against
the Romans.

Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their ⁷⁷soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down ³⁵
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

77. *Terrifying*: see
Ant., II. 5. 21.

That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face, and bloody ⁷⁸point to point ;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy ⁷⁹minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day, ⁴⁰
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

78. *Sword to sword.*

79. *Favourite.*

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of ⁸⁰the policy ?

80. I.e., *that which*
you call p.: Abb.,
92

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

81. See above, I. 1.
139.

Rich. ⁸¹An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, ⁴¹
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;

82. *With confused*
violence: Fr. *plé-*
mele.

And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, ⁸²pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi.

Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their ⁸³drift of bullets on this town. ⁴

83. *Shower.*

Rich. [*aside*] O prudent discipline ! From north
south,—

84. *Into*: see J.
Ces., v. 3. 102.

Austria and France shoot ⁸⁴in each other's mouth :
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away !

First Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe awhile to st

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;
Win ⁸⁵you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with ⁸⁶favour; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of ⁸⁷Spain, the Lady

Blanch,

431

Is niece to England:—look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If youthful* love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If ⁸⁸zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins ⁸⁹bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete.—(h)

O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;

And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closèd gates; for, at this match,

With swifter ⁹⁰spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ⁹¹ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,

The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion; no, not Death himself

In mortal fury half so ⁹²peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Rich.

Here's ⁹³a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

470

85. For you.

86. Full permission.

87. Alphonso, K. of Castile, who married Eleanor, d. of K. John.

88. Earnest.

89. Confine.

90. Eagerness: comp. above, 68.
91. See J. Cass., l. 2. 271.

92. Bold, resolute: see Cor., III. 1. 358.

93. I.e., spelt in the text: Johnson 'Baw' = guest, approved by Walker, II. 294.

94. Comp. *K. Henr.*

5, v. 2. 147.

95. *Sound beating,*
as with a cudgel.96. *Bones.*

He ⁹⁴speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce;
 He gives the ⁹⁵bastinado with his tongue :
 Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his
 But ⁹⁶buffets better than a fist of France.
 Faith, I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. [*aside to K. John*] Son, list to this conjunctia,
 make this match ;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now-unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon ⁹⁷green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

97. *Inexperienced.*

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward
 first

To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
 Can in this book of beauty read " I love,"
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea—
 Except this city now by us besieg'd—
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,

98. *Equals.*

⁹⁸Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

Lou. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in ⁹⁹that orb.*
 I do protest I never lov'd myself,

99. See Note (A).

Till now infixèd I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering ¹⁰⁰table of her eye.

100. Picture: *Vr. tableau.*

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*]

Rich. [*aside*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor:—this is pity now,

That, ¹⁰¹hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be

101. *The punishment of traitors.*

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:

If he see aught in you that ¹⁰²makes him like,

520 102. *Pleases him.*

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or if you will, to speak more properly,

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?—What say you,
 my niece?

530

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love
 this lady?

Lou. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
 Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand ¹⁰³marks of English coin.—

103. *Value 15s. 6d.*

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

540

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your
 hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
 That I did so when I was first ¹⁰⁴assur'd. (*i*)

104. *Assured, betrothed.*

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made;

For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. (*k*)
 Is not the Lady Constance in this ¹⁰⁶troop?
 I know she is not; for this match made up
 Her presence would have interrupted much:
 Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lou. She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have
 made

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came;
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
 To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
 And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;
 Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all except RICHARD. The Citizens
 retire from the walls.*]

Rich. Mad world! mad kings! mad ¹⁰⁶composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly ¹⁰⁷departed with a part;
 And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
 As God's own soldier,—¹⁰⁸rounded in the ear
¹⁰⁹With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling ¹¹⁰Commodity—
 Commodity, the bias of the world;
 The world, who of itself is ¹¹¹peisèd well,

106. *Company.*

106. *Compact,
 agreement.*

107. *L. q., parted.*

108. *Whispered;
 corruption of
 'rounded,' Sax.*

109. *By: Abb., 193.*

110. *Self-interest.*

111. *Poised on
 'itself,' Abb., 228.*

Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head ¹¹²from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But ¹¹³for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to ¹¹⁴clutch my hand,
 When his fair ¹¹⁵angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, There is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, There is no vice but beggary:
 Since kings break faith ¹¹⁶upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee!

112. *Away from:*
 see J. Cass., 1. 2. 25.

590

113. *Because:* Abb.
 151; 'because' re-
 dundant.

114. *Clench, close.*

600 115. *Gold coin,*
value 10s.

[*Exit.* 116. *In consequence*
of: see J. Cass., iv.
2. 108.

ACT III.

(*Breach between King John and Pope's Legate, and consequent rupture with France.*)

SCENE I.—*France. The French King's tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
 Shall Louis have Blanch! and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so—

I trust I may not trust thee: for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.

1. *Susceptible.*

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me:
For I am sick, and ¹capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;

2. *Make peace.*

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot ²take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

3. See Cor., v. 6. 53.

4. *Rising above:*
see Cor., ii. 3. 119.

5. *Abb., 292.*

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable ³rheum,
Like a proud river ⁴peering o'er his bounds?

⁵Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so

As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die!—

Louis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

6. *Quiet, calm.*

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be ⁶content.

7. *Offensive to the*

eye, unsightly.

8. *Black-ish.*

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of displeasing blots and ⁷sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crookèd. ⁸swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content;
 For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
 And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not ⁹France forsworn?
¹⁰Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to ¹¹under-bear.

50

61

9. *The king of Fr.*10. *Poison him to death.*11. *Endure.**Sal.*

Pardon me, madam,

may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the ¹²state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

70

12. *Chair of state, seat of dignity; here the ground.**[Seats herself on the ground.]*

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,
 RICHARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the ¹³alchemist,
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course that brings this day about
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

80

13. *See J. Cap. I. S. 127.*

Const. A wicked day, ¹⁴and not a holy day!— *[Rising.]*

14. *See B. and Sh., p. 230.*

15. *Seasons*: see B. and Sh., p. 330.

16. *Still remain there*.

17. *Except*: Abb., 128.

18. *Pledged*.

19. Play on the two meanings of the word—1. portrait; 2. false coin: see Sh. Koy, p. 34.
20. *Dissyll.*: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 174.

21. *The wrong done to me and my son*.
22. See B. and Sh., p. 313.

23. The lion's skin which he wore: see H. I. 145; and below, 131.

24. *Flatterest*.

25. *Rampant*.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high ¹⁵tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must ¹⁶stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
¹⁷But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,—
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not ¹⁸pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a ¹⁹counterfeit 100
Resembling ²⁰majesty; which, being touch'd and triel,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our ²¹oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, ²²against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day 110
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set arm'd discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Limoges (*a*)! O Austria! thou dost shame
²³That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight 120
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ²⁴sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ²⁵ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my ²⁶party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that ²⁷a man should speak those words to me!

Rich. ²⁸And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Rich. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope ²⁹Innocent the legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn, and, ³⁰force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So ³¹slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 Tell him ³²this tale; and from the mouth of England
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall ³³tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
 So, under Him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the Pope; all reverence set ³⁴apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

^{26.} Part, in support of my cause.

130

^{27.} Not a woman.

^{28.} R. naturally shows resentment towards A. for the treatment of his father, Cœur de Lion: see Note (b).

140

^{29.} Innocent 3, A.D. 1198-1216.

^{30.} Used as the simple 'by force.'

150

^{31.} See J. Cms., iv. l. 14.

^{32.} What I have said.

^{33.} Levy tithe or toll.

160

^{34.} Set aside, thrown off.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale ³⁵sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with ³⁶revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

35. I.e., by the sin
of such practices.

36. Support these
devilish arts to
gain money.

170

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonizèd, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

180

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have ³⁷room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

37. See J. Cas.,
l. 2. 162; Sh. Key,
p. 34.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no ³⁸wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

38. She claims
liberty to curse,
even though it may
be wrong to do so.

190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France ³⁹upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome. (*b*)

39. I.e., against
him.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

201

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lou. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend :

210

Forego the ⁴⁰easier.

40. Less grievous.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say ⁴¹but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd ?

41. Except what will—

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would ⁴²bestow yourself.

231

42. Act, if you were in my place.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves ;

⁴³And even before this truce, but new before,—

43. And (much need was there, because) only just—just before.

No longer than we well could wash ⁴⁴our hands,

240

To ⁴⁵clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful ⁴⁶difference of incens'd kings :

44. I.e., of blood.
45. Clap up = make by joining hands : comp. K. Lear, 5, v. 2, 150.
46. Quarrel.

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so ⁴⁷strong in both,

Unyoke this ⁴⁸seizure and this kind ⁴⁹regreet ?

47. Forcible whether in deeds of blood or of unity.

Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,

48. Grasp, end—
49. Exchange of salutation.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;

250

Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so !

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order ; then we shall ⁵⁰be blest

50. Most happy : see Cor., ii. 2, 50.

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

260

Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—

A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue.⁵¹ O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is most amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The ⁵²truth is then most done, ⁵³not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet ⁵⁴indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as ⁵⁵fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion: (c)
Therefore thy later vow against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;

And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy-loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou ⁵⁶vouchsafe them; but if not, then know
The peril of our curses ⁵⁷light on thee,
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight. (d)

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Rich. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lou. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

51. See B. and Sh.,
p. 76.

52. See B. and Sh.,
p. 241.

53. *When it does
not do what was
sworn.*

54. See J. Cms., iv.
3. 82.

55. See Cor., iv. 7.
56; J. Cms., iii. l.
188.

56. *Condescend to
accept:* see J. Cms.,
ii. l. 336.

57. For '*lights*,' by
attraction after
gen. plur.: see below,
iv. 2. 229; Abb.,
412.

Shall braying trumpets and loud ⁵⁸churlish drums,—
 Clamours of hell,—be ⁵⁹measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me!—⁶⁰ay, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

Lou. I ⁶¹muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such ⁶²profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from
 thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! 330

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Rich. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald ⁶³sexton Time, 63. Grave-digger.
 Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
 Which is the side that I must go ⁶⁴withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win; 340

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lou. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lives.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. ⁶⁵Cousin, go draw our ⁶⁶puissance together.

[Exit RICHARD.

58. See above, ll. 1.

76.

59. Music.

60. Generally

coupled with 'me'

= ah! me: see be-

low, v. 3. 14; J.

Cms., ll. 4. 48;

'alack,' see ll. 1.

118.

61. Wonder. He

speaks to his father.

62. Matters of such

deep importance.

64. Abb., 196.

65. To Richard,

really together.

66. Armed force.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay't, nothing but blood,—
 The best and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's
 hie!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter RICHARD, with AUSTRIA's head

Rich. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
 And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,
 While Richard ¹breathes.

1. *Takes breath.*

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep thou this boy.—Cousin, ²make
 up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
 And ta'en, I fear.

Rich. My lord, I rescu'd her;
 Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
 But on, my liege; for very little pains
 Will bring this labour to an happy end.

2. *Go to the place
 where my mother
 is.*

10
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another part of the plains.*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR,
 ARTHUR, RICHARD, HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. John. [*to Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall
 stay behind,
 So strongly guarded.—[*To Arthur*] ¹Cousin, look not sad:
 Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

1. *Nephew: see L.
 348.*

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [to Richard] Cousin, away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou ²shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in ³this utmost force.

2. See above, i. l. 48; and on 'angels,' ii. l. 600.

10

Rich. ⁴Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray—
If ever I remember to be holy—
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

3. See B. and Sh., p. 17.
4. In allusion to forms used in the greater excommunication: see Words. 'Ecc. Biog.' l. 219.

Eli. ⁵Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[Exit RICHARD.]

5. As trisyll.; see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 140.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[Takes ARTHUR aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

21

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. 30

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of ⁶gauds
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

6. Dances, toys.

40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, 'keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—

7. Possess.

A ⁸passion hateful to my purposes ;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of ⁹brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But, ah, I will not !—yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

8. Disposition.

9. Here, as brooding : Abb., 374.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
¹⁰Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

10. See Cor., l. l. 141.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me :—dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your ¹¹majesty.

11. As dissyll. : see Walker, Sh. Vera., p. 174.

K. John.

Death.

Hub. My lord ?*K. John.*

A grave.

Hub.

He shall not live.

K. John.

Enou

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
 Hubert, remember.—Madam, fare you well :
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

12. To Arthur : see above, l. 348.

*K. John.*For England, ¹²co

Hubert shall be your man, t' attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[E

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the ¹flood,
A whole armado of ²convented sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

1. *The sea.*

2. *Assembled.*

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody ³England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

3. See II. i. 32.

Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 10
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.—
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

Enter CONSTANCE.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I ⁴defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ⁵ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this ⁶gap of breath with fulsome dust;
And be a ⁷carion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! ⁸Misery's love,
O, come to me!

4. *Resistence.*

30

5. *Encircled—with worms which form thy household.*

6. *The mouth out of which breath issues.*

7. *Skeleton.*

8. *On woman's sex.*
Abb. 420.

9. Afflicted one:
comp. Cor., II. I.
164.

K. Phi.

O fair ⁹affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that ¹⁰fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a ¹¹modern invocation.

10. Savage, cruel,
skeleton = death.

11. Ordinary: see
Ant., v. 2. 197.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

12. See B. and Sh.,
p. 321.

I am ¹²not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!

13. Likely.

For then 'tis ¹³like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason

14. See Cor., v. 6.
17.

How I may be deliver'd ¹⁴of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I ¹⁵feel
The different plague of each calamity.

15. And am able to
distinguish.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what ¹⁶love I note

16. I.e., for her son,
which has made
her hair grey.

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will. (a)

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, ¹⁷father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :

17. See B. and Sh.,
p. 299.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday ¹⁸suspire,

80

18. Breathe.

There was not such a gracious creature born.

But now will ¹⁹canker-sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

19. Grief preying
like a worm.

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague-fit ;

And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him : therefore never, never

90

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You ²⁰hold too heinous a respect of grief.

20. You take too
excessive thought.

Const. He talks to me that ²¹never had a son.

21. Comp. 3 K.
Henr. 6, v. 5. 62.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

²²Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

22. Reminds.

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

100

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Disheveling her hair.

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

[Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lou. There's nothing in this world can make me ²³joy :

23. To be glad.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

110

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter ²⁴shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

24. Disgrace—i.e.,
of defeat.

That it yields naught but gall and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lou. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd ²⁵ Arthur is his prisoner?

Lou. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little ²⁶ rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that ²⁷ infant's veins,
The ²⁸ misplac'd John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place

²⁹ Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lou. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lou. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world
John lays ³⁰ you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act, ³¹ so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural ³² exhalation in the sky,

25. 'That' add.;
omitted metric
caused.

26. Obstacle: see
Cor., III. l. 76.

27. Young boy &c.
He was now about
15; see iv. l. 8.

28. Usurper.

29. Is scrupulous
about.

30. Abh., 220; B.
and Sh., p. 16.

31. Wickedly ex-
ecuted: see Cor., v.
l. 4.

32. See J. Cms., II.
l. 44.

No ³³scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lou. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
 But hold himself safe in his ³⁴prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
³⁵If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of ³⁶unacquainted change;
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks I see this ³⁷hurly all on foot:
 And, O, what better matter ³⁸breeds for you
 Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
 Is now in England, ³⁹ransacking the church,
 Offending charity: if but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To ⁴⁰train ten thousand English to their side;
 Ev'n as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king:—'tis wonderful
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their souls are topful of offence:
 For England go:—I will ⁴¹whet on the king.

Lou. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
 If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

(Imprisonment and Death of Prince Arthur.)

SCENE I.—Northampton (see i. 1). A room in the castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat ¹me these irons hot; and look you stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot

^{33.} Irregular action, freak.

160

^{34.} Imprisonment.

^{35.} 'That' redundant: Abb., 267.

^{36.} Strange: see below, v. 2. 32.

170

^{37.} Commotion: Fr. hurler = to howl.

^{38.} Gives birth: see Ant., l. 2. 197.

^{39.} See above, 3. 7.

^{40.} Draw.

180

^{41.} Excite.

^{1.} See above, III. 4. 148: 'look!' see Ant., III. 12. 100.

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

2. *Unbecoming.*

Hub. ²Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

3. *Speak.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to ²say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince. 10

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

4. *Faith as a
Christian.*

Only for wantonness. By my ⁴christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long; 20

5. *Suspect.*

And so I would be here, but that I ⁶doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day: 30

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I ⁶warrant I love you more than you do me.

6. Pronounced
as monowyll.,
warr(a)nt: Abb.
463.

Hub. [*aside*] His words do take possession of my
bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. (a)

[*Showing a paper.*]

7. See Cor., v. 6. 53

[*Aside*] How now, foolish ⁷rheum

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it! is it not fair writ?

40

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul ⁸effect:

⁸ *Purport, meaning.*

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head; 50

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"

Many a poor man's son would have lien still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning:—do, ⁹an if you will:

⁹ See above, ll. 1. 406.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

60

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes that never did ¹⁰nor never shall

¹⁰ Double neg.: Abb., 406.

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though ¹¹heat red-hot,

¹¹ See above, 'soft,' ll. 1. 75.

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench ¹²his fiery indignation

¹² *Its*: see Ant., III. 12. 12.

Even in the water of mine innocence;

70

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

¹³But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.

¹³ Only: Abb., 128.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

¹⁴An if an angel should have come to me,

¹⁴ See above, 59.

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd;—no tongue but Hubert's—(b)

Hub. Come forth! [Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough !
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert !—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Attend. I am best pleased to be ¹⁵from such a
[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your

Arth. O heaven !—that there were but a mote in y
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then, ¹⁶feeling what small things are ¹⁷boisterous then
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? ¹⁸go to, hold your tongue

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs ¹⁹want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert ;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !—
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

15. *Away fr.* : see
J. Cass., l. 3. 35.

16. *If you were to
feel.*

17. *Violently pain-
ful.*

18. Here term of
reproof: Abb., 185,
and Bible Word-
Book, s. v.

19. *Lack power
sufficient to plead.*

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being ²⁰create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will ²¹sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth ²²tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron ²³extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, ²⁴see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle ²⁵owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these ²⁶dogg'd spies with false reports:
And, pretty ²⁷child, sleep doubtless and ²⁸secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not ²⁹offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go ³⁰closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

20. Created: Abb.,
342; 'else'—i.e., if
you will not believe
me.

120

21. *Emt sparks.*

22. *See, irritate:*
here set on; see Sh.
Key, p. 64.

23. *Show.*

130

24. *Retain your
sight, with gr. 1/2c.*
25. *Owes:* see
above, ll. 1. 109

140

26. *Unfeeling,*
crust, like dogs:
comp. Cor., i. l. 25.
27. See above, III.
4. 134.
28. *Confident.*
29. *Do thee hurt.*

30. *Secretly.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A room of state in the palace. (a)*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and
other Lords. The King takes his 'state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

1. *Seat of state—*
i.e., his throne; see
III. l. 71.

2. Emblem of king-
ly dignity.

Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high ²royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

3. Trim, adorn.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To ³guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

10

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told ;
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.

20

4. Veer round.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigurèd ;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to ⁴fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new ⁵a fashion'd robe.

5. 'A' misplaced :
see Walker, Crit.
Exam., l. 128.

6. Eagerness, vain
desire to excel.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in ⁶covetousness ;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—

30

7. Wound, hurt.

8. Blemish.

As patches set upon a little ⁷breach
Discredit more in hiding of the ⁸fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

9. Our wishes.

10. Stop, and rest
satisfied.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear't ; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of ⁹what we would
Doth ¹⁰make a stand at what your highness will.

11. Supply.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall ¹¹indue you with : meantime but ask

40

What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I—as one that am the tongue of ¹²these,
To ¹³sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies—heartily request (*b*)
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in ¹⁴rest you have in right you hold,
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—then move you ¹⁵to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good ¹⁶exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To ¹⁷grace occasions,—let it be our suit,—
¹⁸That you have bid us ask,—his liberty;
Which for ¹⁹our goods we do no further ask
Than ²⁰whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.

Enter HUBERT; *whom* King JOHN *takes aside.*

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that ²¹close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful ²²battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must ²³break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence

12. The lords
present.
13. Express, give
voice to.

50

14. Tranquillity:
see above, 7.

15. Confine: mew =
a cage for hawks.

60 16. Study.

17. Wherewith to
excuse and set off
their designs.
18. See above, 43.
19. The benefit of
our lives.
20. To the extent
that.

21. Dark, cloudy.

22. Armies.

80 23. Burst, like an
impostume.

24. See III. 4. 134.

25. *Keep back the
s. h. of death.*

The foul corruption of a sweet ²⁴child's death.

K. John. We cannot ²⁵hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

26. *Away from here
—i.e., in another
world: see below,
1. 4. 30.*

This must be answer'd either here or ²⁶hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me!
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

27. *'Greatness—' no,
—i.e., shamefully.*

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive ²⁷it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forc'd grave.

28. See above, 1.
132.

That blood which ²⁸ow'd the breadth of all this isle, 10
Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Ereunt Lond*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in France? 11

29. *'All in Fr.' are
coming to Engl.*

Mess. ²⁹From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land.

30. See II. 1. 60.

The copy of your ³⁰speed is learn'd by them;

For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

31. *Messengers:
abs. for conc.; see
III. 4. 37.*

K. John. O, where hath our ³¹intelligence been drunk
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's ear,
That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?

120

Mess.

My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard,—if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How ³²wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

130 ³² *Ill my affairs*
³³

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John.

Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tidings.

Enter RICHARD and PETER of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Rich. But if you be ³³afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

140

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was ³⁴amaz'd
Under the ³⁵tide: but now I breathe again
³⁶Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will

Rich. How I have sped among ³⁸the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely ³⁷fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's ³⁸a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

150

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

³² See Ant., III. 2.

³³

³⁴ Stunned.

³⁵ Prob. in reference to *tideings*.

³⁶ As prepos. above.

³⁸ See above, III. 2. 2.

³⁷ Filled with fancies.

³⁸ See Holinshed, A.D. 1215, vol. II. p. 211.

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon he says 160

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

39. *Safe custody.* Deliver him to ³⁹ safety; and return,

For I must use thee. [*Exit HUBERT with PETER*]

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Rich. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury

With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,

And others more, going to seek the grave

Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night 170

On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies:

I have a way to win their loves again;

Bring them before me.

Rich.

I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

40. *None of my subjects as en.*

O, let me have ⁴⁰ no subject enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! 180

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,

And fly like thought from them to me again.

Rich. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

[*Exit RICHARD*]

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;

And be thou he.

Mess.

With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT. (c)

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

Four fix'd; and the fifth did whirl about 190

The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

41. *Grandmothers, old women.*

Hub.

Old men and ⁴¹ beldams in the street

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear;
 And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
 Told of ⁴²a many thousand warlike French
 That were embattailèd and rank'd in Kent:
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

200

42. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 12, and Abb., 87.

210

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
 fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I'd mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. ⁴³No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke
 me?

43. 'Had none,'
 Pope. But the text
 is defensible, see
 Dyce. 'Provoke'
 = instigate.
 44. See J. Cms., ii.
 l. 183.

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By ⁴⁴slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
 More upon humour than ⁴⁵advis'd respect.

220

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

45. Deliberate re-
 flection.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
 earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation!
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
⁴⁶Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
⁴⁷Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

230

46. See above, iii. l.
 301.
 47. Noted, written
 down.

This murder had not come into my mind :
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly ⁴⁸ broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made :
 pause,

240

When I spake darkly what I purposèd,
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 And bid me tell my tale in express words,
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.— 250
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reign
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,—
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

260

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensèd rage,

270

48. See J. Crea., II.
 1. 156.

And ⁴⁹make them tame to their obedience! (*d*)
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And ⁵⁰foul-imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all ⁵¹expedient haste!
 I ⁵²cónjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

49. Reduce them.

50. The sanguinary
eyes of my foul
imagination.51. See above, II. I.
229.52. See Cor., v. 2.
75.[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the castle.*

Enter, on the walls, ARTHUR, disguised as a ship-boy.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
¹There's few or none do know me: if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die and ²go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*]
 O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*]

1. See above, I. I.
234; Abb., 335.2. 'Go' and 'stay'
should properly
come before 'die.'

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet ³him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

3. The Dauphin.

12

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
 Whose ⁴private with me of the Dauphin's love
 Is much more general than these lines import.

4. Oral communica-
tion . . . goes
greater lengths.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, ⁵or e'er we meet.

20 5. See B. and Sh.,
p. 38; Abb., 131.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
 The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us:

6. *We will not be as the lining to adorn.*

We will not ⁶line his thin bestainèd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Rich. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, we best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Rich. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

7. *Anger.*

Pem. Sir, sir, ⁷impatience hath his privilege.

Rich. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison:—what is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

8. See I. I. 163.

Sal. ⁸Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?

9. *Even: see Sch. 'Lux.' and comp. Abb., 29.*

Or do you ⁹almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, ¹⁰the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's ¹¹arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever ¹²wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

10. *Comp. Cor., I. 9. 73.*

11. *Play on word—from heraldry.*

12. *Fierce-looking: Fr. ¹²chaude, a disease of the eyes; see Dyce's Gloss.*

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Rich. It is a damnèd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!—
 We had a kind of light what would ensue:
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
 The ¹³practice and the purpose of the king:—
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this head,
 By giving it the ¹⁴worship of revenge.

60

13. *Insidious device.*

70

14. *Honour to come from avenging it.*

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
 Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Rich. Your sword is bright, sir; ¹⁵put it up again. 80

15. *I.e., Lest it lose its brightness.*

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
 By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman? (*a*)

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare ¹⁶defend
 My innocence against an emperor.

16. *Maintain.*

90

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not ¹⁷prove me so;

¹⁸Yet I am none: ¹⁹whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

17. *By provoking me to kill thee.*
 18. *Hitherto.*
 19. *Whose soever tongue.*

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Rich.

Keep the peace, I say.

20. Wound.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall ²⁰gall you, Falconbridge.

21. Abb., 362.

Rich. Thou ²¹wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

22. See K. Henr. 5.

ll. l. 7.

Or I'll so maul you and your ²²toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renown'd Falconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big.

Who kill'd this pri

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;

23. Employed as in
a trade.

And he, long ²³traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt*]

Rich. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub.

Do but hear me, sir:—*

Rich. Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so

24. See B. and Sh.,
p. 121.

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince ²⁴Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Rich.

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

Ever spider twisted from her womb will serve
 To strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

140

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
 I left him well.

Rich. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am ²⁵amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and ²⁶scamble, and to part by the teeth
 Th' ²⁷unowèd interest of proud-swelling state.
 Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
 Doth ²⁸dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers ²⁹from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a ³⁰sick-fall'n beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he whose cloak and ³¹cincture can
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses ³²are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

150

160

[*Exeunt.*

25. *Confounded*:
 see above, ll. 232.

26. *I.e., Scramble.*

27. *Without its
 owner*: see ll. 1.
 100.

28. See above, l.
 130.

29. *Foreign*: see
 above, ll. 1. 102.

30. See *J. Cms.*, v.
 l. 96.

31. So Pope: *Fol.*
 'center' = *Acervi*:
 preferred by Sch.
 'Lex.'

32. *Must be speed-
 ily dispatched.*

ACT V.

*(French Invasion. Revolt of Nobles. Death of King.)*SCENE I.—*Northampton. A room in the palace.**Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The ¹circle of my glory.

1. *My crown:* for
the history, see
Note (c) on iv. 2.

Pand.

Take't again

[*Giving King JOHN the crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are ²infram'd.

2. *Set on fire.*

Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To ³stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

3. Adj.: see *K.*
Rich. 2, l. 3. 142.
4. See *Sh. Key.* p.
18.

This inundation of ⁴mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be ⁵qualified:

5. *Abated, moderated.*

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:

6. *L.g., Convert.*

But since you are a gentle ⁶convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

7. See iv. 2. 151.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the ⁷sun
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
 But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Rich. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life 41
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Rich. So, on my soul, he did, for ought he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow 50
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to ⁸become the field:
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 O, let it not be said!—⁹Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors,
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
 Led by the Dauphin.

Rich. O inglorious league!
 Shall we, upon the ¹⁰footing of our land,

8. Grace, adorn.

60 9. Range abroad,
 jumps upon your
 prey.

10. The ground we
 tread on.

Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? shall ¹¹a beardless boy,
 A ¹²cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
 And ¹³flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time

Rich. Away, then, with good courage! ¹⁴yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Ex

11. The Dauphin.

12. Pampered.

13. Make fierce,
 eager for fight—as
 a dog fed with flesh
 only.

14. Still may easily
 be a match for—

SCENE II.—Near St Edmund's-Bury. (a) The Fra
 camp.

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,
 BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 [Giving him a written pa

1. As quadrisyll;
 Abb., 477.
 2. Rough draft,
 original copy.
 3. Stipulation,
 agreement.

And keep it safe for our ¹remembrance:
 Return the ²precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair ³order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

4. The agreement.

Sal. Upon our sides 'it never shall be broken.

5. Going over to an
 enemy.

And, noble Dauphin, albeít we swear
 A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith
 To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd ⁶revolt,
 And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this ⁶metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker! O, and ⁷there
 Where honourable rescue and defence

6. Sword.

7. I.e., must do so
 there, &c.

8. Calls upon—I.e.,
 to take their side.

⁸Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!

But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O my ⁹grievèd friends,
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a ¹⁰stranger-march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spur of this enforcèd cause,—
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow ^{*10}unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who ¹¹clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might ¹²combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not ¹³to spend it so unneighbourly!

9. *Grieved.*

10. See above, l. 12.

*10 See above, III.
4. 168.

11. See Cor., I. 6.
37.

12. As France and
England did in the
wars of Crusades.

13. Abb., 350.

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
 Between ¹⁴compulsion and a ¹⁵brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

20

30

40

50

14. *Necessity of
reform.*

15. *Love of country.*

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As Louis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine—
 And even ¹⁶there, methinks, an angel spake:
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

16. *In what I have
 now said.*

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Pand.

Hail, noble Prince of France!

17. *I.e., Thing I
 have to say.*

The ¹⁷next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
 Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome:
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
 That, like a lion ¹⁸foster'd-up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

18. *Comp. Æsch.
 Agam., 651.*

Lou. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:

19. *Made a tool of.*

I am too high-born to be ¹⁹propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest ²⁰to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, ²¹by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?

20. *See 2 K. Henr.
 4, III. 2. 99.*

21. *See above, III. 4.
 144; Pandulph's
 own words.*

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my ²²claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have ²³bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded ²⁴set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

100

22. Claim upon
 their services.

23. Prob. called by,
 coasted: see Dyce's
 Gloss.

24. The sum of
 games (at cards or
 tennis) which de-
 cides the contest.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

110

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I ²⁵drew this gallant ²⁶head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To ²⁷outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—[*Trumpet sounds.*
 What ²⁸lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

25. Assembled.
 26. Armed force.
 see Cor., iii. 1. 1.
 27. Face down.

28. Blown vig-
 orously.

Enter RICHARD, attended.

Rich. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
 My holy lord of ²⁹Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

120

29. See above, iii. 1.
 140.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not ³⁰temporise with my entreaties;
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

30. Come to terms.

Rich. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd; and ³¹reason too he should:
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This ³²harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
 This ³³unhair'd sauciness and boyish troop,
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd

130

31. See Cor., iv. 5.
 32: should be.
 32. Dressed in
 armour: see Ant.
 iv. 8. 15.
 33. Beardless: see
 above, i. 71.

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, even at your door
 To cudgel you, and make you ²⁴take the hatch;
 To dive, like buckets, in conceal'd wells;
 To crouch in ²⁵litter of your stable planks;
 To lie, like ²⁶pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake
 Even at the crowing of your nation's ²⁷cock,
 Thinking his voice an arm'd Englishman;—
 Shall that victorious hand be ²⁸feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 Know that our gallant monarch is in arms;
 And, like an eagle o'er his ²⁹aery, towers,
 To ⁴⁰souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate ⁴¹revolts,
 You bloody ⁴²Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
 For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, came tripping after drums,—
 Their thimbles into arm'd gauntlets chang'd,
 Their ⁴³needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lou. There end thy ⁴⁴brave, and turn thy face in
 We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a ⁴⁵brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Rich. No, I will speak.

Lou. We will attend to neither
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest and our ⁴⁶being here.

Rich. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
 And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the ⁴⁷welkin's ear,

24. Leap over the
 A. = half door, to
 hide within.

25. Straw on the
 floors of your
 stables.

26. Things given in
 pledge.

27. Lat. Gallus,
 which is also a
 Frenchman.

28. See Cor., I. I.
 200.

29. Young brood of
 an eagle, also the
 nest.

40. Pounce upon.

41. Dracsters.

42. Emperor N.
 killed his mother
 Agrippina.

43. Needles: Abb.,
 465; see B. and Sh.,
 p. 315.

44. Defiance, boast-
 ing.

45. Fr. brabble =
 quarrel, broth.

46. Right to remain.

47. Sky's: Germ.
 'wolke' = cloud.

And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand—
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need—
 Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
 A ⁴⁸ bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

180 *48. Skeleton.*

Lou. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Rich. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT. (a)

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O, tell me,
 Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
 Lies heavy on me ;—O, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
 Desires your majesty to leave the field,
 And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply,
 That was expected by the Dauphin here,

10

¹Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands. (*b*)

This news was brought to ²Richard but even now :

The French fight coldly, and ³retire themselves.

K. John. ⁴Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up,
 And will not let me welcome this good news !—

Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

1. See 8h. Key, p. 74.

2. Sir Richard F. : see IV. 3. 41.

3. *Retreat* : comp. Cor., I. 3. 26.

4. *Alas me* : see above, III. 1. 213.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French :

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,

1. *Notwithstanding any thing that may happen.*

¹In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore-sick hath left the field

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

2. See above, 2. 152.

Mel. Lead me to the ²révolts of England here.

3. *Successful.*

Sal. When we were ³happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal.

Wounded to death. 1:

4. *Betrayed: see*

Sh. Key, p. 41.

5. *Undo what you have done, as thread from eye of a needle.*

6. *Frenchman—i.e., Louis.*

7. *Turbulent.*

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are ⁴bought and sold;

⁵Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;

For if the ⁶French be lord of this ⁷loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take

By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at St Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar where we swore to you

2:

Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true? (a)

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

8. *Dissolves, melts away.*

⁸Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

9. *Advantage.*

Since I must lose the ⁹use of all deceit?

Why should I, then, be false, since it is true

10. See above, iv.

That I must die here, and live ¹⁰hence by truth?

2. 90.

I say again, if Louis do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of ¹¹rated treachery,

11. *Valued at so much.*

Even with a treacherous ¹²fine of all your lives,

12. *Play on word—'end' and 'mult.'*

If Louis by your assistance win the day.

3:

4:

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and ¹³rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee:—and ¹⁴bescrew my soul 50
 But I do love the ¹⁵favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;
 And, like a bated and retirèd flood,
 Leaving our ¹⁶rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have ¹⁷o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death 60
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The French camp.*

Enter LOUIS and his train.

Lou. The sun of heaven ¹methought was loth to set,
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When th' English measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire. O, ²bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our ³tattering colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lou. Here:—what news! 10

13. See J. Cass., li. 4. 21.

14. Prop. a curse be on / here form of asseveration; Abbt., 126.

15. Aspect; see Ant., li. 5. 40.

16. Exuberance = rebellion.

17. See III. I. 23.

1. See Cor., iv. 5. 161.

2. Finely.

3. T.q., tattered: see Ant., iii. 13. 95.

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
⁴Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

4. See above, 3. 11.

5. See Ant., iv. 9. 6.

6. Mild form of imprecation: comp.

4. 60.

Lou. Ah, foul ⁵shrewd news!—⁶beshrew thy very heart!—

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The ⁷stumbling night did part our weary powers?

7. See 3. John xi. 10.

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord. 20

8. Your allotted parts: see Ant., iv. 3. 32.

Lou. Well, keep ⁸good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*An open place near Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter, severally, RICHARD and HUBERT.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Rich. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Rich. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Rich. Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hubert I think?

1. Quite right.

Hub. Thou hast a ¹perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe 10
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Rich. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

2. Memory—unkind in not enabling me to recognise you at once.

Hub. Unkind ²remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

3. Fr. without.

Rich. Come, come; ³sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, 21
To find you out.

Rich. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Rich. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: (a)
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had ⁴at leisure known of this.

Rich. How did he take it? who did ⁵taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolv'd villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Rich. Who didst thou leave to ⁶tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Rich. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And ⁷tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these ⁸flats, are taken by the tide,—(b)
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I ⁹doubt he will be dead ¹⁰or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*

4. *Slowly, after delay.*

5. *Acted as his 'taster'; see Dyce's Gloss.*

6. *Guard, takes care of.*

7. *Call us not to endure: see 1 Cor x. 13.*

8. *Low ground on the coast.*

9. *Suspect: see above, iv. 1. 71.*
10. *See iv. 3. 20.*

SCENE VII.—*The orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,

It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him. (a)

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.— 10
Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
1 In their continuance will not 2 feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, 20
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that 3 indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so 4 rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT, with Attendants carrying King JOHN
in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, 5 marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors. 30
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill 6 fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my 7 maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course 40
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so 8 strait,

1. If they endure long.

2. Be sensible of.

3. Chaos: see Sh. Key, p. 57; comp. Ov. Met., l. 7.

4. Comp. Ov., *ibid*

5. See J. Cæs., l. 2. 236.

6. Dissyll: Abb., 480.

7. Stomach.

8. Niggardly.

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemn'd blood.

50

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And ⁹spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to ¹⁰set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And ¹¹model of confounded royalty.

9. See above, ll. 1.
456.
10. See Ant., v. 2.
306.

Rich. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, God ¹²he knows how we shall ¹³answer him;
For in ¹⁴a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the ¹⁵washes all unwarily
Devour'd by the unexpected flood.

60

11. Image.

[*King JOHN dies.*]
Sul. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—¹⁶but now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I ¹⁷run on, and even so stop. 70
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

16. Only just now.

Rich. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you ¹⁸stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;

17. In my course of
life.

18. Notes: below.
119: comp. Dan.
viii. 10.

80

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we :

19. *Gone to bed.*

The Cardinal Pandulph is within ¹⁹at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and ²⁰respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

20. *Self-respect.*

Rich. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinew'd to our own defence.

90

21. *Almost.*

22. *Much of his baggage: see B. and Sh., p. 32.*

Sal. Nay, it is ²¹in a manner done already ;
For many ²²carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

23. *Lords: see below, 119; and K. Henr. 5, iv. 1. 25.*

Rich. Let it be so:—and you, my noble prince,
With other ²³princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

100

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Rich. Thither shall it, then :

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do ²⁴bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

24. *See above, l. 1. 150.*

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

110

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

25. *No more than.*

Rich. O, let us pay the time ²⁵but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

26. *See above, iv. 1. 62.*

This England never did—²⁶nor never shall—
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

27. *See 100.*

Now these her ²⁷princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,

120

28. *Encounter.*
29. *To grieve.*

And we shall ²⁸shock them: naught shall make us ²⁹rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES ON KING JOHN.

ACT I.—Scene 1.

(a) The character of King John is bad enough, without having to bear the blame of faults which were not his. Properly speaking, he was no usurper, nor is he so represented in Holinshed, or any of the Chroniclers. Shakspeare suffered himself to be misled in this, as in so many other instances, by the *Old Play*, on which see *Introduction*, p. 354. It was not then an established point (see Hallam, 'Const. Hist.') that a nephew, being son of the next brother of the sovereign, as Arthur was of Geoffrey, should succeed in preference to a younger brother. Dr Hook remarks that "the law of succession cannot be said to have been established before the accession of the Stuart dynasty. Henry VIII. assumed that he had a right, with the consent of Parliament, to nominate his successor. Parliament, dreading the succession of Mary, Queen of Scots, called upon Elizabeth to do so."—'Lives of Archbishops,' vol. ii. p. 623. In King John's case, both the nomination of his father (see below, ii. 1, note e) and the ratification of the estates of the realm, which assembled at Northampton for the purpose (see Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 273), concurred to justify his succession. "Shakspeare himself is mainly responsible for the prevalency of this belief of usurpation. I do not say he created it, for he found it in the *Old Play*."—COURTENAY, vol. i. p. 2. But this scene has been said to be historically inaccurate in other respects. "I do not find," says Courtenay, "either in Holinshed or any other history, English or French, that Chatillon or any other diplomatic agent was sent by Philip Augustus [King of France] to King John; or that the crown of *England* was demanded by the French king on the part of Arthur. Philip

apparently, and with reason, disclaimed an interest in the disposal of that crown; whereas, of the transmarine possessions of the kings of England, as well as of Brittany, he claimed to be lord paramount." Shakspeare's version of the fact is probably due to what took place at a later period; for it is certain that, according to Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 330), the Dauphin, in 1216, alleged his right to the crown of England, "not only by his new election of the barons [at that time], but also in the title of his wife, whose mother, the Queen of Castile, remained only alive of all the brethren and sisters of Henry II., late king of England." Again, p. 332—"The chiefest points that were laid [before the Pope] by Louis' procurators were these; that *by the murder committed in the person of his nephew Arthur*, he had been condemned in the Parliament Chamber, before the French king, by the peers of France, and that being summoned to appear he had absolutely refused so to do, and therefore had by good right forfeited *not only his lands within the precincts of France, but also the realm of England*, which was now due unto the said Louis, as they alleged, in right of the Lady Blanche, his wife, daughter to Eleanor, queen of Spain." Moreover, at the very time when John succeeded to the throne, it is plain from Holinshed, p. 274, that the French king was waiting for an occasion to renew hostilities with England, and had actually invaded Normandy in the summer of that year, which brought John back from England, soon after his coronation, with the speed described, ii. 1. 60; and nothing could be more natural under the circumstances than that King Philip should openly assume the championship of Arthur's cause, as Shakspeare represents, although Holinshed has omitted to state expressly that such was the case *at that time*. But two years afterwards, when Arthur had been taken captive and put in prison, Holinshed does tell us (p. 286) that the French king, and also certain nobles of Brittany, "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places," in his behalf; and further, that it was the apprehension of a continuance of such wars so long as Arthur lived, which eventually led John "through the persuasion of his counsellors," to resolve upon his destruction.

(b) A thin face is compared to a very thin coin, such as were current in Shakspeare's time, of the value of three farthings, bearing Queen Elizabeth's head, with a rose behind.

(c) Coleridge has drawn attention to the circumstance that this character, who is named in the *dramatis personæ* as "servant to Lady Falconbridge," appears but this once, and utters only four words; and he considers it an instance of Shakspeare's minute

attention to the least details, no less than to things of greatest moment. A further remark (slightly strained, perhaps) is made by Professor Reed upon the same incident. He writes: "When [Philip] Falconbridge is about to extort from his mother the secret of his parentage, a sense of delicacy leads him to desire a conference with her alone, and he requests the attendant to withdraw. The meek answer which pleased Coleridge's fancy is simply—

'Good leave, good Philip.'

I refer to the passage for a reason different from Coleridge's, and to notice the spirit of Falconbridge's playful reply, as he says—

'James,
There's toys abroad. Anon I'll tell thee more.'

Now, I beg you to notice the familiar and affectionate tone of this intercourse, as they address each other by their Christian names; and then the fine, gentlemanly, and considerate feeling which prompts Falconbridge to promise the old servant—his old domestic friend—to tell him more after a while, as a kind of indirect apology for even asking him to withdraw. Minute as the instance is, it is a historical illustration of the gentleness with which the genuine principles of chivalry looked down to the humble, as well as upward to the high born."—'Lectures,' p. 71.

ACT II.—Scene 1.

(a) "Shakspeare is correct in placing Angers in the possession neither of John nor Philip [at this time]; and it is true that just before the expiration of the truce [previously concluded between them for 50 days—terminating on August 15, 1199], a personal conference took place between the kings, at Butevant [Holinshed, p. 277], which I suppose is that which the poet describes as occurring under the walls of Angers, when he again makes Philip, without any warrant in history, the champion of Arthur's claim to the crown."—COURTENAY, vol. i. p. 6, *sq.*

(b) The introduction of the Archduke of Austria is a mistake, borrowed from the Old Play. Leopold, the Duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison on a former expedition (1193), died in 1195. The Lámoges, who is confounded with him below (iii. 1. 117), was the owner of the Castle of Chaluz, before which Richard was slain in 1199.

(c) "Constance is here evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery."—LETTSON.

(d) The modicum of sense, and the tautology of the three lines which follow, together with the metrical defect in the third, seem to warrant their omission :—

" Her injury the beadle to her sin :
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her ; a plague upon her ! "

Johnson complains of the "perplexity" of the passage. Walker puts a *quære* to the third line, and Lettson, to make it metrical, proposes to read—

" And all for her, *and by her* ; a plague upon her ! "

King Philip may well condemn "these ill-timed repetitions ;" and more than enough remain to justify the condemnation.

(e) "There is contemporary authority (Howden, p. 791) for the dying declaration of Richard in favour of John, though he had formerly declared Arthur his heir."—COURTENAY. Doubtless his change of purpose was caused, more or less, by his mother's influence—"the woman's *will*," to which Constance, playing upon the word, alludes ; and the mother, we may suppose, was influenced by jealousy of her daughter-in-law.

(f) In this line I have transferred "triumphantly displayed" from the end to the beginning, which makes the sense easier, and is confirmed by the use of the word "display," just below in v. 337. Comp. also *Lucrece*, 272. See Preface, p. xl, *Transpositions*.

(g) This allusion is not found in the Old Play, but Malone traces it to a passage of a work, written in Hebrew, and translated into English, in 1575, under the title, "A compendious and most marvellous History of the latter times of the Jewes Commonweal," &c.

(h) The seven lines there omitted appear so unworthy of Shakespeare, even as put into the mouth of a citizen, that I was unwilling to retain them in the text :—

" If not complete, O, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not [but] that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

¹ Lettson conj.

The same may be said of the quibbling distich which is put into the mouth of Louis, below 519 :—

“ Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.”

At the end of the preceding line I have changed “in her eye,” into “in that orb,” to avoid repetition of the former words, which occur two lines above. Comp. Massinger, ‘*Virg. Mart.*’ iv. 1.

“ Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes;
Let not that orb be broken.”

(i) The intelligent reader, it is believed, would gladly part with such quibbles as this, which here and elsewhere disfigure the present play (see above, 340, 348; iii. 1. 7, 9, 65, 142, 184, 187; v. 4. 39; 5. 15; 7. 37, 38); but they form an element of speech too characteristic of our poet's time, as may be seen even in sermons (such as those of Bp. Andrewes), to allow us to think that their omission, however desirable upon literary grounds, would be justifiable. On this point Mrs Montagu has well observed: “As Falstaffe, whom the author certainly intended to be perfectly witty, is less addicted to quibble and play on words than any of his comic characters, I think we may fairly conclude he was sensible it was but a false kind of wit, which he practised from the hard necessity of the times: for in that age the professor quibbled in his chair, the judge quibbled on the bench, the prelate quibbled in the pulpit, the statesman quibbled at the council board; nay, even majesty quibbled on the throne.”—‘*Essay*,’ p. 108. Similar conceits may be seen in *King Richard II.*, i. 3. 18; 1 *King Henry IV.*, i. 3. 32; 2d Part, iv. 4. 268; *King Henry V.*, Chor., ii. 26; v. 1. 79; 1 *King Henry VI.*, i. 1. 120, 209; 2d Part, ii. 1. 95; iii. 2. 204; 3d Part, ii. 1. 95. In the present instance, however, I think it proper to add S. Walker's remark (‘*Crit. Exam.*’ 1. 273), and it is with regret that I have shrunk from adopting his correction:—“It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—there being no quibble intended (?), or anything else to justify it—can have proceeded from Shakspeare. Read ‘when I was first *affied*’—i.e., *betrothed*. See *Tam. of Shrew.*, iv. 4 [49].”

(k) In regard to this marriage, Shakspeare, according to Courtenay, p. 11, *sq.*, has departed from the truth of history in several respects. 1. The Princess Blanche was in fact in her own country when betrothed, and the queen-mother went to fetch her. 2. The representation of the marriage settlements, 545-50, is not borne

out by history. 3. Immediately after the conclusion of the marriage contract, Shakspeare (iii. 1) brings in Pandulph, the Pope's legate, as reproving John for refusing to accept Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury. But the election of Langton did not take place till five years afterwards, and the interdict and excommunication were still later.

ACT III.—Scene 1.

(a) It would seem as if Shakspeare had taken "Limoges" for a title of the Duke of Austria: but it was really the title of a different personage—viz., Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges. See above, ii. 1, note (b). The mistake was made in the *Old Play*, where we read of "Lymoges, the Austrick Duke." Whereas the facts are thus given by Holinshed: "The same year (1199) Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coinacke, killed the Viscount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain, as ye have heard [p. 269, sq.] in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell."—Vol. ii. p. 278.

(b) Between lines 198 and 226, 21 lines have been omitted. They add nothing of importance to the dialogue, which is spun out more than enough without them; and between quibbling and coarseness, they provoke exclusion which no reader can regret. I give them here:—

"*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil: lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, Hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal. [In text.]

Rich. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs
Because—

Rich. Your breeches best may carry them.

[Seven next lines as in text.]

Const. O, Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need
Which only lives but by the death of faith
That need must needs infer this principle—
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep thy need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved and answers not to this.

Const. O be removed from him and answer well !

Aust. Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Rich. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout."

(c) This speech is evidently designed to mimic the casuistical teaching of the Church of Rome. Though some lines in the same strain are there omitted, enough has been left to do ample justice to the poet's intention. The lines excluded are as follows :—

"By¹ which thou swear'st against the thing thou swears't ;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;
Else what a mockery would it be to swear !
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear."

(d) "The play makes Pandulph occasion a renewal of the war, by exciting Philip to turn against John as an enemy to the Church and excommunicated by the Pope. But, according to the histories, Philip had, in 1202, espoused Arthur's claims to John's possessions on that side of the sea, had married Arthur to his daughter Mary, and recommenced the war, notwithstanding the treaty of the preceding year, and a renewal of friendship at Paris, where John had visited him by invitation."—COURTENAY, p. 15.

Scene 4.

(a) "The distracted mother's apparently irrelevant speech, 'to England,' &c., is in fact a rejoinder to the French king's words addressed to her on her entrance [20]. At the time he uttered them, her thoughts were too much engrossed to notice them ; but afterwards—with that curious operation of the memory's ear which gives the echo of a sentence spoken to an absent-minded person many minutes subsequent to its sound—they recur to her, and she answers them in a wild and reckless spirit of despair. By the very repetition of King Philip's words this is indicated, as if he would recall her to the point now at issue."—"Shakespeare Key," p. 71.

¹ Johnson's conj. for "By what ;" Hanmer, "By that."

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*

(a) Courtenay points out an inconsistency between this scene and scene 3 of the foregoing act. "The fine scene between John and Hubert, in which the latter undertakes that Arthur shall be put to death, is a creation of the poet, and one for which we are infinitely indebted to him. But surely there is an inconsistency between this scene and that (which is taken from the Chronicles) in which Hubert, without any indication of an attempt to murder the prince, proceeds to put out his eyes [see Holinshed, p. 286]. For *this* he had, according to Shakspeare, a written authority (which the *Old Play* gives at length); yet in the subsequent interview with the king [iv. 2] he is made to produce a warrant for the murder."—P. 18, *sq.* Again, "Shakspeare has done quite right in giving the character, implied by 'pretty child,' and 'innocent prate,' &c., to the prince and his talk; but it is not quite consistent with that in which he appears in the late revolt."—*Ibid.*

(b) To make the best of this line, I have (following Knight and Walker) combined the two suggestions—of Steevens, who omitted "him" after "believed," and of Boswell, who recommended a mark of *aposeiopesis* to be placed after "Hubert's" to indicate that the sense is interrupted.

Scene 2.

(a) Shakspeare places King John at Northampton, i. 1, and again, iv. 1; without historical authority in either instance. But see above i. 1, note (a), on the meeting of Parliament which took place there. "King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death."—MALONE, on iii. 3. 78; see also on iv. 1. 1. "Our author has deviated from the history [in bringing Arthur to England]; but there is no circumstance either in the *Old Play*, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John *seems* to have been in that town." There is a further deviation from history, in representing the King, at the opening of this scene, as "once again crowned" at Northampton. "His second coronation was at Canterbury, 1201 [1202, Holinshed, p. 285]. He was crowned a third time at the same

place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202."—MALONE. John's first coronation, like every other (with perhaps the single exception of his son, Henry III.) since William the Conqueror, took place at *Westminster*. It was on Ascension Day, May 27, 1199—see Holinshed, p. 274, *sq.* There had been an instance of a second coronation (which took place at Winchester) in the case of his brother, Richard I., "on his return from his captivity, as if to reassure his subjects. This was the last trace of the old Saxon regal character of Winchester."—Dean Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' p. 53; who adds: "The disastrous reign of John brought out the sole instance, if it be an instance, of a [first] coronation apart from Westminster. On Henry III.'s accession, the Abbey was in the hands of Prince Louis of France, Shakspeare's Dauphin. He was accordingly crowned in the Abbey of Gloucester."

(b) "I do not find that any of the English lords interfered, as in this play, in behalf of Arthur. One sentence in the passage of Holinshed [referred to in the next note] . . . is the only authority for the interest excited in England [by the prince's death] of which Shakspeare has drawn a picturesque description: 'Old men and bedlams in the streets,' &c. Nor can I trace, even to the *Old Play*, the objection made by the peers to a repetition of the ceremony of the coronation."—COURTENAY, p. 23, *sq.*

(c) "The scene in which the king reproaches his minister for complying too readily with his commands was apparently suggested by a passage in Holinshed [A.D. 1202, vol. ii. p. 286]; and this is perhaps the only passage which leads me to believe that Shakspeare did not *entirely* rely upon the *Old Play*. That piece describes King John as repenting vehemently, but there is nothing upon which these fine touches, beginning 'It is the curse of kings,' &c. can have been founded. . . . The circulation of the report of Arthur's death, and the contradiction of it, are taken from the Chronicle [Holinshed, p. 286]; as is also the prince's loss of life in an attempt to escape; though this is only stated doubtfully as one of many rumours [see *Introd.*, p. 357]. Other reports made John the murderer of his nephew with his own hand. . . . Shakspeare has followed the *Old Play*. . . . I do not offer any decided opinion upon the manner of Arthur's death. . . . Mackintosh apparently believed John to be the murderer."—COURTENAY, p. 20, *sq.* "Impenetrable mystery hangs over his death, and all that can be discerned in the darkness of it is the guilt of King John. . . . The essential guilt of it lies *there*, and it does not

matter greatly whether Arthur pined away in prison to an early death, or whether John perpetrated the deed of horror with his own hand."—Professor REED, p. 72, *sq.* "He was accused of the murder of his nephew. He was, as *Duke of Normandy*, tried by his peers, and *found guilty*. To enable their suzerain, the King of France, to enforce their sentence against a vassal, more powerful than the suzerain, they united their forces with his."—Dean HOOK's 'Lives,' ii. 687; see also 715. "Philip, who *believed with the rest of the world* that John had murdered Arthur, summoned him again to be tried on the accusation made by the barons of Brittany."—STUBBS, i. 518.

(d) Hubert de Burgh was not yet ennobled; hence Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, applies to him the epithet of "Dunghill!" in this altercation with the lords. Holinshed describes him as "a right valiant man of war as was anywhere to be found."—Vol. ii. p. 293.

(e) It is remarkable that Shakspeare assigns no cause for the revolt of the barons, excepting the imprisonment and death of Arthur; whereas historians impute it to his profligacy, effeminacy, neglect of business, and pecuniary exactions. To the last, indeed, as regards the clergy, there is reference in the commission given to Sir Richard Falconbridge: see iii. 3. 7-11; iv. 2. 145. Moreover, he places the first communication with Louis immediately after the death of Arthur—or rather, before his death was actually known; involves Salisbury in it; and refers to a meeting of malcontents at St Edmunds-Bury. See next scene, 11-17. And the next act opens with the preparations of the king of France to invade England, in conspiracy with the discontented barons, and John's surrender of his crown to the Pope, which did not occur till 1213, more than ten years after the death of Arthur. See Courtenay, p. 28, *sq.*

ACT V.—Scene 2.

(a) "Edmunds-Bury, I believe, is an interpolation by the editors, on the authority of the *Old Play*; that town is not mentioned in the Chronicles. It does not appear *where* Shakspeare meant to place the engagements to which he refers,—nor indeed are the histories at all precise."—COURTENAY, p. 31.

Scene 3.

(a) "The Chronicles tell of no operations of Hubert in that part of the country; his service consisted in a gallant and successful defence of Dover."—COURTENAY, p. 32.

(b) "I find nothing of the loss of a French flotilla on the Goodwin Sands; but the loss of part of John's army in the washes of Lincolnshire is warranted by the Chronicles."—COURTENAY, p. 31. See below, sc. 6, note (b).

Scene 4.

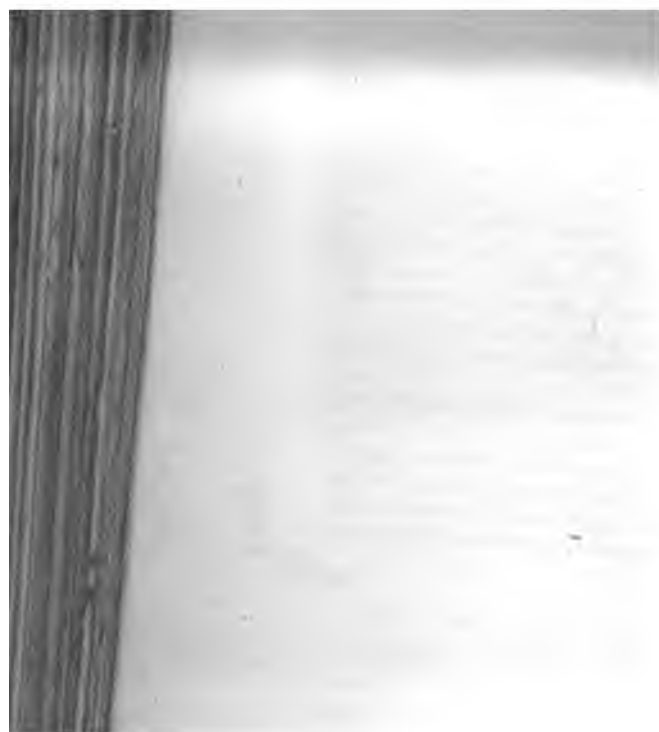
(a) The death and confessions of Count Melun are mentioned by Holinshed, on the authority of Matthew Paris—vol. ii. p. 334.

Scene 6.

(a) "Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark of a *fever*."—MALONE. See above, 3. 3. Holinshed mentions "the tale," introducing it with the words "there be which have written," and referring to "Caxton" in the margin, but he himself records that John died of an ague at Newark—p. 337, *sq.*

(b) "The king hasted forward till he came to Wellestrede Sands, where passing the washes, he lost a great part of his army, with horses and carriages; so that it was judged to be a punishment appointed by God that the spoil which had been gotten and taken out of churches, abbeys, and other religious houses should perish, and be lost by such means together with the spoilers."—HOLINSHED, vol. ii. p. 335.

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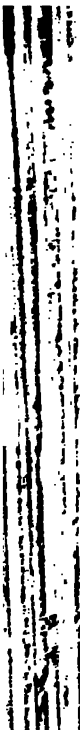
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